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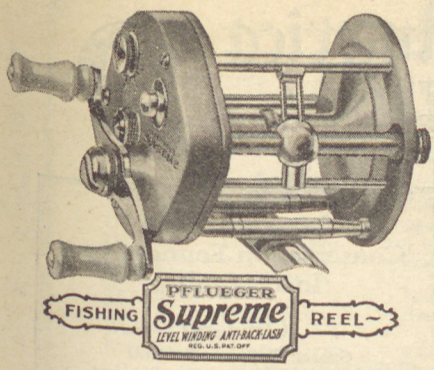

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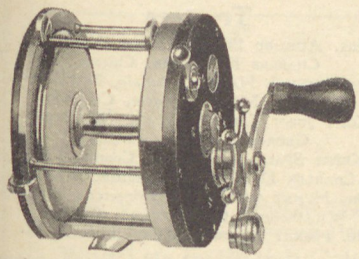

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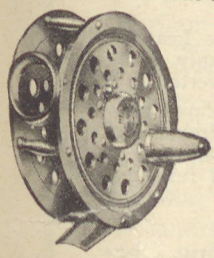

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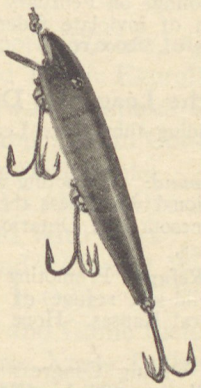

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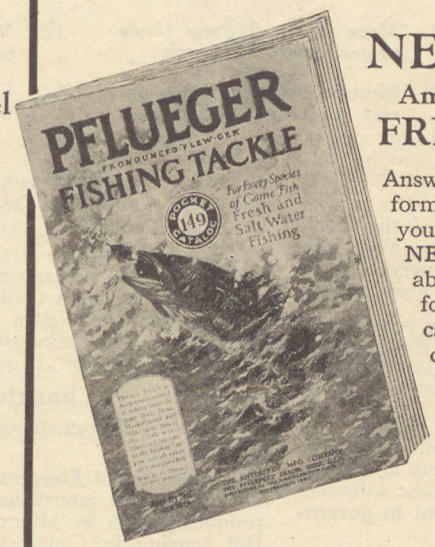

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A NATIONAL non-profit organization, without religious or political affiliations, composed of public-spirited men and women throughout the United States who are coordinating their efforts in local chapters to protect our woods, waters and wild life, and to restore and perpetuate opportunities for the healthful enjoyment of the great outdoors.

The Izaak Walton League has become the strongest national conservation organization in the land, and OUTDOOR AMERICA *is recognized as the voice of the outdoor people of America.*

The League has been a prime factor in molding a nation-wide conservation sentiment and in substituting wise use for abuse and waste of our outdoor resources.

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League's Conservation Platform

1. **Encourage appreciation of America's outdoor resources.**
2. **More outdoor recreation to develop better Americans.**
3. **Eradicate pollution to safeguard health and aquatic life.**
4. **Protect and extend our forests and replant idle lands.**
5. **Restore drained areas and prevent unwise drainage.**
6. **Better protection for wild life and more refuges.**
7. **More fish and game farms to perpetuate the supply.**
8. **More trained workers to direct conservation affairs.**
9. **Stop the sale of all wild game and game fishes.**
10. **Enforce conservation laws and respect private property.**
11. **Mold public sentiment and teach conservation in schools.**
12. **Cooperate with others striving to accomplish like aims.**

What the League Has Done

The far-reaching benefits and accomplishments of the Izaak Walton League of America will, in a large measure, always be those local achievements which because of their very number will not attract wide publicity. A few outstanding projects are:

1. Upper Mississippi Refuge: Started campaign in 1923 resulting in setting aside the Upper Mississippi Wild-Life and Fish Refuge between Rock Island, Illinois, and Lake Pepin, Minnesota, containing 300,000 acres devoted to the preservation of wild life and to recreation.

2. Elk Refuge: Started campaign early in 1925 and saved the Jackson Hole elk herd by raising $40,000, purchasing and maintaining 2,000 acres of haylands, and focusing public attention upon the needs of these animals. Refuge presented to government in 1927.

3. Bass Law: Sponsored the enactment of the Hawes law, approved by President Coolidge May 20, 1926, to stop the marketing of black bass throughout the United States.

4. Superior Forest: Saved the Superior National Forest in northern Minnesota as a wilderness area.

5. Pollution Campaign: In 1927 inaugurated the first real nationwide anti-pollution campaign, resulting in a program of water purification far greater than ever before attempted.

6. Horicon Marsh: In 1924 started a concerted campaign to restore the Horicon Marsh, Wisconsin, containing approximately 40,000 acres, as a wild-life and fish refuge. Set aside by the Conservation Commission as a wild-life refuge in 1928.

7. Western Ducks: Promoted a "Save the Western Ducks Campaign" in 1927. Legislation approved by President Coolidge, April 24, 1928, to appropriate $350,000 for flooding almost 100,000 acres of the Bear River Marshes, a big step in saving the waterfowl of western America.

8. National Forests: Took a prominent part in securing legislation in 1928 establishing a definite program of national forest purchases in the Lake States, the South and the East.

9. Royal Gorge: Through the efforts of the League, and cooperating groups, the destruction of the beauty of the Royal Gorge in Colorado by power interests was averted in 1928.

10. National Refuge System: The League played an outstanding part in the passage of the Norbeck-Andresen Refuge Bill (signed by President Coolidge on February 18, 1929), establishing a nationwide system of inviolate federal refuges, and authorizing the expenditure of $8,000,000.

What the League Is Doing

A few of the outstanding things the League has under way nationally are:

1. International Playground: Promoting a campaign to create and develop an international wilderness recreational and timber producing area in Minnesota and Ontario. Shipstead-Newton Bill pending in Congress.

2. Cheyenne Bottoms Refuge: Promoting a plan to establish a permanent lake and wild-life refuge of 20,000 acres in the Cheyenne Bottoms, central Kansas. Hope Bill pending in Congress.

3. Fisheries Program: Urging Congress to enact the White Five-Year Fisheries Bill to establish a definite, comprehensive program of expansion and development of fish rearing and research activities. Affects thirty-three states.

4. Forest Protection: Supporting legislation to establish a program to protect National Forests against fires instead of spending several times the sum now appropriated to extinguish them. Englebright-Cutting Bill now before Congress.

5. Bass Law Enforcement: Sponsoring legislation to stop the sale of black bass in the few remaining states, and endeavoring to secure funds from Congress for the enforcement of the Hawes Act. Hawes Enforcement Bill pending in Congress.

6. Scenic Assets: Vigorously opposing the destruction of such outstanding scenic assets as the Great Falls of the Potomac near our National Capital and the Cumberland Falls in Kentucky.

7. Pollution: Continuing a nationwide campaign to clean up all inland and coastal waters.

Defender of Woods, Waters and Wild Life

Outdoor America

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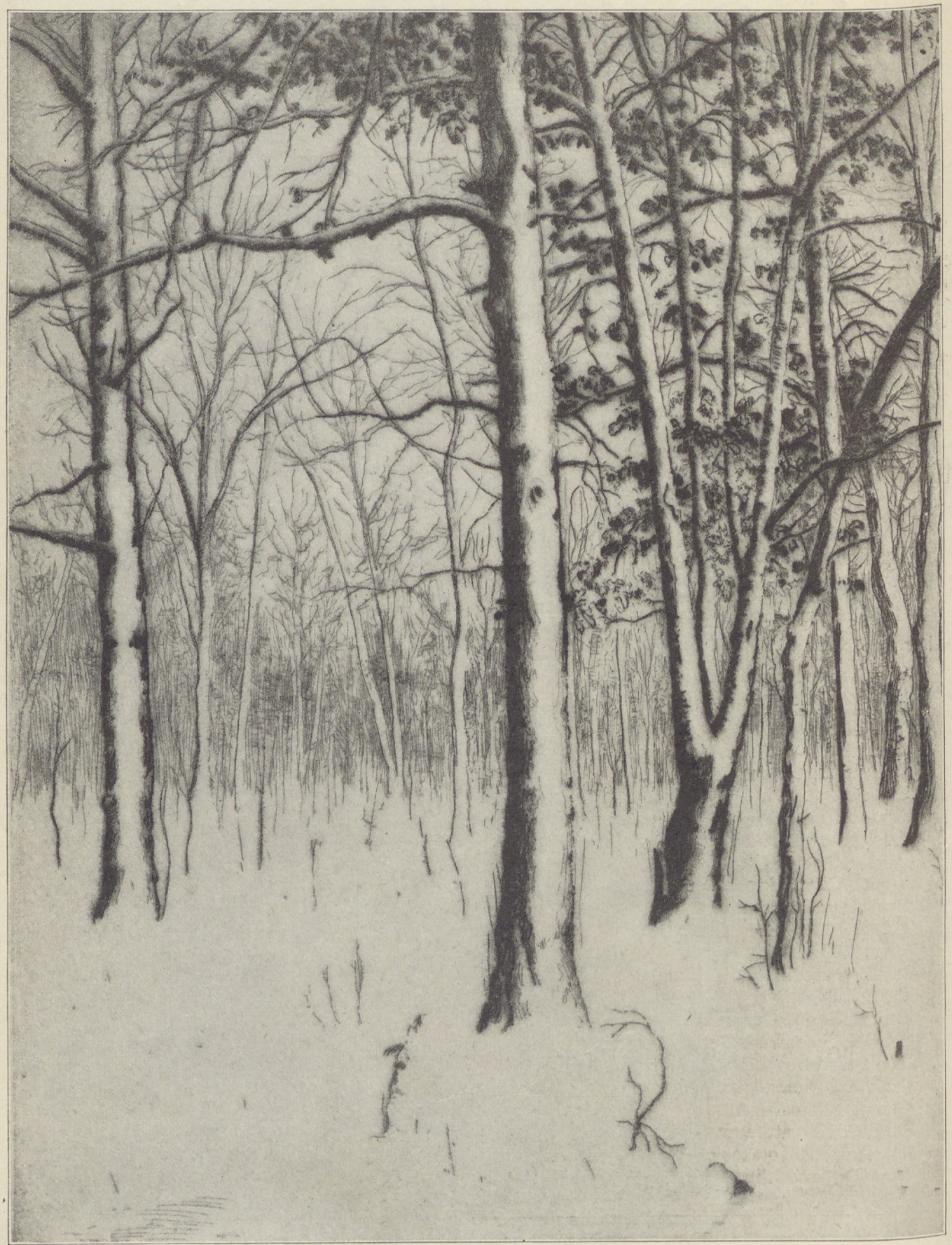


The Last Snowstorm

From original etching by Lee Sturges

The Vanished People

By
EDISON MARSHALL

Drawings by Frank Hoban

A Thrilling Adventure Story by the famous author of "The Missionary"

Somewhere in these tremendous areas, there must be lowlands where temperature rises sufficiently to permit vegetable and animal life. . . . In some Antarctic Valley, perhaps shut in by towering mountains, a thrilling discovery may await us.—*Commander Richard E. Byrd.*

I.

WHEN Doctor Adam Weismann felt discouraged, the view from his window cheered him. No wonder—it was one of the finest marine views in the world. Sydney's waterfront is imposing at all times; now the southern summer had lent it a dreamy beauty peculiarly Australian. For twelve miles up the coast the wharf lights sparkled and glowed. New stars, white, warm, and near, not cold and remote like his own Dakota stars, glimmered in the hushed waters of the bay. Hundreds of ships lay sleeping in the docks, or drowsed at anchor.

Adam felt queerly about ships. The big liners from San Francisco and London merely made him homesick, but the little ships, the battered freighters and disreputable tramps that came and departed God knows where, wakened in him an extraordinary delight. True, there was bitter mixed with the sweet, as in all life's higher moods. What was back of it he did not know—it seemed to be a vague yearning which his scientific mind could not dissect or dispel. He wondered uneasily whether he himself had sailed in too well-traveled ocean lanes, and had lost some splendid fulfillment beyond the sky line.

Yet he had no cause to complain. He had gone far, for one of his years. His patients found it hard to believe that a man so young, scarcely thirty, with a lean youthful face and the lithe hard body of a football star, could hold honorary degrees from two Universities, and be the foremost authority on an obscure Oriental disease. He had won these distinctions fairly. In his own limited field he stood alone. Except for him the new malady would have still remained beyond the lights of science. He had isolated its bacillus, and although he had named it Coral Fever—partly because of one of its symptoms but principally because the first cases were discovered in Samarai, at the gate of the Coral Sea—his fellow doctors spoke of it as "Weismann's disease." True, Coral Fever was not yet a menace to society. Cases of it were extremely rare, and were but slightly infectious. However, his discoveries were considered important enough to win him not only honors, but some financial backing to continue his study.

Scattered cases of the disease had appeared among Sydney 'longshoremen, and this fact accounted for Adam's presence in the city. He had engaged rooms on the waterfront, close as possible to his patients, and was already well-liked and respected in Port Jackson's underworld. Yet perhaps this last was not altogether due to his scientific attainments. The dive-keepers and drug-smugglers knew little of bacteriology. They did, however, know that the young scientist was a "man's man," that he could handle his sick stevedores like babies, and that his blond head towered above even the lean mariners from Christiania and Stavenger.

Tonight he was spending a typical lonely evening. For an hour he watched the moonlit harbor, then turned on his radio to hear the latest reports from Byrd's Antarctic expedition, less than three thousand miles distant. At last he picked up a book—Osborn's "Men of the Old Stone Age" and settled himself for an hour's quiet reading.

His mind was relaxed, but his body kept an arresting look of wild animal vigilance, even when slouched in his chair. It suggested a sleepy lion, tawny, lazy, but instinct with vigor, youth, and power. Less and less he seemed the scientist; more and more the adventurer exiled from his wilderness. One might sense a mysterious symbolism even in his physical features. He was of German descent, and his hair was yellow as a plainsman's, the exact color of new gold from the gravel of nameless rivers. His blue eyes had the shade and shine and depth which home-bound dreamers picture in uncharted polar seas.

An hour before midnight there came a timid knock on his door. When he answered, a Danish sailor stepped into the room.

Adam's eyes kindled. His occasional contacts with such men comprised the bright spots of his studious life. The Dane was a man to notice twice even in the polyglot caravanserai which is Sydney's waterfront. He was a superb specimen; save for his tawny hair and eyebrows, all six feet of him was white as milk.

"I'm Lars Kristenson, Captain of de *Penguin,*" the Dane began in labored English. "Can you coom wit' me to see a sick man?"

"Why don't you go to one of the regular doctors? I don't take general practice. I do only special work."

"But we coom all de way from Wellington yust to see you. No odder doctor can fix him. His mouth and lips dey turn pink."

Adam knew what this meant. There is only one disease that tints the mucous membrane of the mouth and throat a bright coral pink. "Is the man carrying fever?"

"He got hunner and t'ree. He not eat for t'ree days."

Adam nodded grimly. The symptoms tallied only too well. At once he put on his hat and followed the Dane into the street.

It was a fact that he felt not the slightest uneasiness about this midnight errand. In the first place, it is a doctor's duty and province to go on unknown missions at all hours. In the second place, Adam's scientific interest in the case put him off guard. Finally—and most significant—he was not naturally a timid or a nervous man. His imagination was active enough, but it conjured up forms of beauty rather than bugbears of terror. He had that sense of security, often mistaken and treacherous, which is the psychological outgrowth of great height and powerful physique. He felt perfectly able to take care of himself, and never stopped to think that his superb physical strength would avail him nothing against a knife concealed in the Dane's arm-pit, or the black-jack of a thug waiting in an alley.

But his guide led him safely to a nearby wharf, and down the plank onto the deck of a ship. For one brief moment Adam paused and looked about him.

He was not in the least alarmed, in fact rather pleased, to find himself aboard one of the vagabond ships seen from his window. This was a vessel of perhaps four hundred tons, with steam and auxiliary sails, and the lines of an ice-breaker. As yet there was no way to guess her nationality; her flag was not in evidence, and her crew seemed to be a typical mixture of Scandinavians, English, and Germans such as sail most all ships on the seven seas. Among the latter, there was a fair sprinkling of other nationalities. The officer on the deck seemed to be a Finn—at least he had the immense shoulders and undersized legs of the skiff-bred men of Helsingfors—and there was an immense negro, probably a steward or ship's cook, standing by the rail just forward of the cabin.

His eye roved to what seemed a shapeless gray shadow on the after deck. Under close scrutiny it evolved into a seaplane. Adam was frankly mystified. Such a vehicle might readily appear on the manifest of an ocean liner, but it seemed singular, to say the least, on the deck of a small tramp steamer. But before he could begin to guess its sig-

nificance, his attention was directed to a tall man who came out of the cabin to greet him.

The thought occurred to Adam that the sailors of this little ship seemed to run large. Six foot men are not common—actually they appear not oftener than one in a hundred—yet he had seen four of them in practically four seconds. The Dane, the Negro, and the Finn were fully six feet, and this giant in the doorway was at least two inches taller, the equal of Adam himself. The latter wondered with some amusement if this were mere chance, or whether superb stature was a qualification for membership in the crew, anent the Doones of Bagworthy and the bodyguard of Frederick the Great.

As the man emerged into the deck light, Adam eyed him in astonishment. He did not in the least conform to the usual deep-water type. Physically he was fit—supple, so lean that he looked emaciated, and probably hard as steel cable—but his deep-set eyes, peering through pince-nez, his bulging forehead, and certain indescribable thought-lines over his brows and around his eyes marked him as a brain-worker rather than a man of his hands. His powdered-gray hair, black mustache and small beard had received their careful trimming elsewhere than in a waterfront barber-shop, nor had his garments come from a cut-rate clothing store frequented by seamen. He was a sallow-skinned, rather severe-looking individual, about forty-five years old, with the sign of the Slav in his round head and cast of features.

There were further signs in his speech. He spoke well, but with an accent recalling the guttural languages of the Danube countries. "Is this Doctor Weismann?"

"Yes, sir—"

"I was told I would find you here, but I was afraid I would have to pursue you all the way to Samarai and your more distant seats of operation. I am Karl Belgrade."

Adam breathed deeply. "Karl Belgrade the ethnologist—the anthropologist?"

"Of course."

"You are a long way from your usual seats of operation yourself, Professor. The last time I heard of you—and I've been hearing of you, off and on, ever since I started to school—you were in Patagonia, excavating burial grounds."

"Permit me to say that your own work, with Coral Fever, is quite well known too." Belgrade spoke in a patronizing tone, but Adam knew by hearsay some of the great Slav's peculiarities, and took no offense. "So we have brought the *Penguin* all the way from Wellington to see you."

"The *Penguin?*" A vague memory flitted across Adam's brain. "Haven't I heard of her?"

"Possibly, if you have kept up with polar exploration. She was famous at one time, as the flag-ship of the ill-fated Gilbert Expedition to the Antarctic Continent, in 1908."

"I remember reading about her, in Gilbert's diary. But it seems to me she was lost, with all hands."

"So the world thinks. Really she was abandoned on the ice. But she came to life—I'll tell you the story later. Now will you come and see the sick man?"

Adam followed Professor Belgrade into a small stateroom forward of the cabin. Lying on the cot was an elderly man in the throes of fever.

Adam did not have to look twice at the emaciated, pink-lipped face to recognize Coral Fever. He had expected nothing else, after hearing the Dane's description of the

As Adam sprang for the rail, the big negro shot through the air and tackled him, football fashion, about the knees.

symptoms. And even as his pity went out to the man, he was ashamed to find a certain relish in the situation. It was, from a scientist's viewpoint, a beautiful case. Adam had never seen the disease take hold of a man of such advanced years. It was a great opportunity for study.

He began to give his patient a general examination. With his stethoscope he tested the heart and lungs; he took the blood pressure and the pulse. And now, for the first time, he took an interest in the sick man not as a case, but as an individual. He could not remember when he had looked upon a face quite like this.

Suddenly it occurred to him that the man might not be as old as he appeared. His hair was white, his face deeply lined and wrinkled, but the texture and resiliency of his skin were that of a man in early middle-age. Could it be that this pitiable havoc of human kind was only forty-five or fifty years old? And now Adam noticed that he was curiously marked. The top of one ear was missing, and three fingers were gone from his right hand. To complete the sorry picture, one eye was decidedly off center, giving him a sinister appearance.

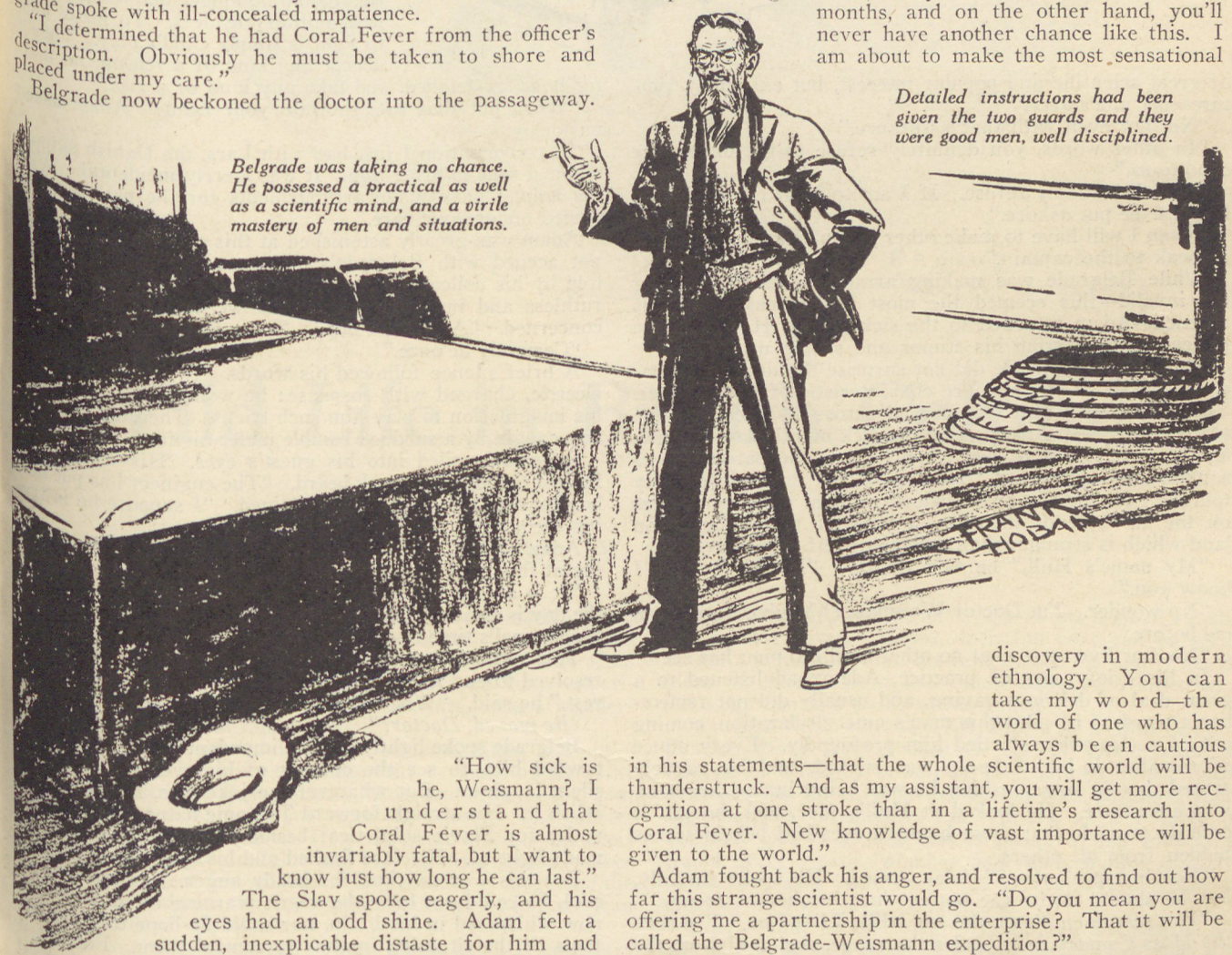
The crossed eye was probably a congenital defect, but his other disfigurements were plainly the result of accident and disease. Indeed, Adam found himself thinking that what was now a broken, battered wreck was at one time a goodly vessel. The wasted frame was once powerfully muscled, the multilated right hand strong as a bear's.

He turned to Belgrade, waiting impatiently beside the door. "This man looks as if he's been through the devil. If I'm not mistaken, the fingers and ear were frozen off."

"Yes, but that is not what you came to determine." Belgrade spoke with ill-concealed impatience.

"I determined that he had Coral Fever from the officer's description. Obviously he must be taken to shore and placed under my care."

Belgrade now beckoned the doctor into the passageway.



Belgrade was taking no chance. He possessed a practical as well as a scientific mind, and a virile mastery of men and situations.

Detailed instructions had been given the two guards and they were good men, well disciplined.

"How sick is he, Weismann? I understand that Coral Fever is almost invariably fatal, but I want to know just how long he can last."

The Slav spoke eagerly, and his eyes had an odd shine. Adam felt a sudden, inexplicable distaste for him and his affairs. "He's in the last stage of the infection. Even if his general condition were good, he'd go out within a year. As it is, it is a matter of weeks."

"Be definite, Doctor, if you can." Belgrade rubbed his lean, wiry hands. "How many weeks?"

"That depends entirely on the care he receives. With proper care—the right food and treatment—he may live from four to eight weeks. Otherwise a week or two will see the finish."

"A week or two! That won't help me at all. And you, Doctor, are the only man who can keep him alive longer than that."

"That's probably true. You see, Coral Fever is a new disease—unknown until the present century. I am the only doctor who has gone into it thoroughly, and there's no standard technique for treating it. This is why he must be put ashore under my care."

"But Doctor—he can't be put ashore. I need him here, on the ship. I can't continue my expedition without him—he alone can guide me into the country I want to enter. So that means—you'll have to come with us."

He was wholly in earnest. His tone was determined, and there were tell-tale signs of excitement in his sallow countenance. "That's out of the question." Adam answered coldly. "I have my own work to do here."

"But you don't understand. I am offering you a wonderful opportunity. Your assistants can do your work here, and after all, it's a minor matter compared to this. Coral Fever! An obscure Oriental disease that may take off two score useless lives each year."

Adam began to bristle. "You don't seem to think that the life of that man in the cabin is altogether useless."

"I alone have made it useful. He is merely one of a particularly fecund species—of no more importance, actually, than one ant in a hill—and it is just a trick of Fate that his life has suddenly become so desperately important to science. Be reasonable, Doctor. I grant that you have accomplished a good deal, but you won't miss two or three months, and on the other hand, you'll never have another chance like this. I am about to make the most sensational discovery in modern ethnology. You can take my word—the word of one who has always been cautious in his statements—that the whole scientific world will be thunderstruck. And as my assistant, you will get more recognition at one stroke than in a lifetime's research into Coral Fever. New knowledge of vast importance will be given to the world."

Adam fought back his anger, and resolved to find out how far this strange scientist would go. "Do you mean you are offering me a partnership in the enterprise? That it will be called the Belgrade-Weismann expedition?"

"We can safely leave that for the future. In any event, I shall see that you get proper credit in my reports, and besides, you will have the satisfaction of helping me add to the world's store of knowledge."

"It is very tempting, of course. Just the same, I have my own work to do, and I can't go with you."

"Even though I assure you that the trip will not only be

"His terrible ordeal had made him queer—it was possible he had been tortured by the natives—at times he raved of a chamber of horrors that he called the Cave of Death"—

of great scientific and popular interest, but extremely venturesome and novel?"

"No, not even with that assurance."

"In other words, you definitely refuse to go, under any conditions."

"Yes, I definitely refuse. If I am to treat the sick man, he must be put ashore."

"Then I will have to make other plans. Excuse me while I speak to the captain."

While Belgrade was making arrangements for moving the invalid—this seemed the most likely reason for his absence—Adam returned to the sick room. He found the patient aroused from his stupor and sitting up in bed.

This seeming miracle did not surprise the doctor. Occasional bursts of strength are characteristic of Coral Fever. The professional zeal that flashed across his face was due solely to his desire to question the sick man before he sank again. But Adam paused when he saw the patient's eyes sunken and glittering. He could not talk dependably tonight. He was in that curious rational state which lies on the far side of delirium, a kind of fourth-dimension land which is stranger than delirium itself.

"My name's Hull," he said clearly. "I don't believe I know you."

"No wonder. I'm Doctor Weismann. You've never seen me before."

"No, but I've seen what no other civilized man has seen."

In his brief years of practice, Adam had listened to a great deal of delirious raving, and usually did not remember a word of it. But this man's quiet declaration, coming out of a clear sky, startled him profoundly. Every ounce of romance in his make-up was stirred, and he vaguely sensed that in some fashion he was being hurled headlong into adventure. He looked at Hull's face, and thought it entirely possible that those haunted eyes had beheld scenes hidden from all others.

"For instance, what?" Adam asked. He spoke casually, lest he should excite the patient into incoherent frenzy.

"I've seen men die on the ice, while I lived on. I've seen the Moss Country, lyin' under the range, sheltered from the cold South wind. I've seen the *Maun ig Mere.*"

"I don't know what that last means. What language is it?"

"It's a language no livin' Englishman has heard, except me. The words mean the 'Cave of Death.' They'll put Belgrade in that cave too, if he don't look out. As for me, I'll be rich, and get square with them at the same time. Gold and ivory and fur." He chuckled quietly. "Women too. Plenty women, and not too bad looking, neither."

At this instant the conversation was interrupted by Belgrade's return. To Adam came a queer feeling, psychic and inexplicable, that himself and this Slav were somehow at odds, that what seemed a casual acquaintance was actually a far-reaching, vital enmity the potentiality of which was violence and death. But Adam's sophisticated mind refused to accept such a far-fetched notion. It seemed too absurd for credence. Belgrade, smiling and bright-eyed, was offering him a smoke. "I am always entertained by human beings," he said.

He spoke as if human beings were some odd kind of animal, exhibited for his amusement in a zoo. "In what way?"

"I was thinking then of the typical Nordic's incorrigible love of violence. A Danish seaman—and he is typical of the blond North—hates to use his brain almost as much as one of your own countrymen, but give him a chance to thrash around and use his muscles, he is immediately enthusiastic. I shall no longer marvel at prominent military leaders. To incite men to fight is simply child's play. They'll accept any kind of a reason, no matter how far-fetched, and take any kind of a risk."

"What put that thought into your head?" Adam asked curiously.

"A conversation I just had with Lars, the Danish skipper whom I sent to bring you. It was merely incidental. With his help, I have made arrangements for the patient to be placed under your care."

Adam was greatly astonished at this easy victory. It did not accord with Belgrade's character: according to tales told by his colleagues, the great anthropologist was utterly ruthless and invincible, when the welfare of science was concerned. "At once, I hope. There is no time to be lost."

"Certainly at once."

A brief silence followed his words. To Adam it seemed electric, charged with suspense: he wondered what caused his imagination to play him such tricks. Then his attention was caught by a subdued rumble under his feet.

Belgrade smiled into his guest's eyes. His white teeth flashed through his black beard. "The engineer has put new bearings on the shaft," he explained. "I suppose he is trying them out."

Adam nodded. "Industrious fellow, to do his experimenting at this hour of night."

"It is all the same to a sailor. You probably know that the day is divided roughly into four hour periods. It is now Macdougal's time to stand watch."

This seemed an especially trivial conversation, and Adam resolved to end it. "It's *my* time to be in bed, getting some rest," he said. "When can the patient be moved?"

"Be moved, Doctor?"

Belgrade spoke lightly, almost impudently. Adam whirled toward him, to see the corners of his eyes crinkled with silent laughter. But whatever the joke was, Adam did not relish it. His straightforward Teutonic nature had no sympathy for Slavic subtleties; besides, he felt he was being made light of. His face flushed and his eyes glistened.

But this was no time for heady anger. Unless he kept cool, he could not hear the vague warning of his instincts, now whispered in his brain, nor could he hope to grasp the facts of the situation in time to control them. Perhaps it was already too late. Belgrade's air of impudence implied that the affair—whatever it might be—was settled.

"You agreed that the patient was to be moved."

"I did agree to that. It is now being done."

"Please tell your men to take him to the Mercy Hospital near my quarters. Now I must be going."

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Photograph by Walter Hastings

Wild Life in British Columbia

By
M. W. LOVING

WHILE my hunting trips in British Columbia in 1928 and again in 1929 were of short duration, I did have the opportunity to appreciate fully, both from personal experience and interviews with experienced hunters, trappers and local residents, what a wonderful country it is for hunting.

The country—mountains, river bottoms, lakes, swamps—one wishes to hunt, not to mention the varieties of big game—moose, caribou, sheep, grizzly, black and brown bear, goat and mule deer—are optional with the hunter. The courteous treatment one receives from the game officials and their willingness to give reliable and helpful information, makes the non-resident feel at home. The country is large and the Canadian bushman thinks of square miles as we in American cities think of city blocks.

I have always preferred to hunt alone, but it is necessary under the British Columbia laws for a non-resident to be accompanied by a guide or resident of the province. I was lucky through friends in Vancouver and Prince George to locate a real hunter-guide, Joe Dale of Woodpecker, B. C., 38 miles south of Prince George. Joe has been in the Caribou and Fort St. George districts of British Columbia for more than 35 years.

Joe has never been a guide. He farms a small ranch on the Frazier River. Moose, deer and bear can be secured within a mile or more of his ranch when his family needs "a piece of meat." Deer and moose have been killed in the fields, garden and roads to his ranch.

My first thrill on the 1928 trip was a ride down the Frazier River from Prince George to Woodpecker with George B. Williams, prominent merchant of Prince George. Williams has an enviable reputation with bushmen, including trappers, prospectors and miners, as a reliable provisioner, and is a man who is proud of his country and wants every visitor, whether fisherman, hunter or tourist, to be favorably impressed. He served several years as a member of the Game Commission.

George told me the river trip offered chances at game and in this he was right. He has a small river boat which we used equipped with an outboard motor. My first chance was a coyote about five miles below Prince George. I took three shots, all quite close, but the coyote ducked into the timber, unhurt but excited. It is hard to hold close in a boat on a rough river with the motor running. The river was about 300 yards wide at this point, but we were within 100 yards of the coyote. About ten miles further down, we

passed through a cañon, the width of which was less than 80 yards. To see how George handled the boat in the rapids, dodging rock ledges and whirlpools, was something you cannot soon forget.

About dusk I saw a dark object moving near the edge of the timber which I thought was a bear. I signaled George who turned his boat upstream, and as we were nearing a gravel bar I realized that I had to shoot quick or else pass up the shot. I stood in the rocking boat—the water was very swift at this point—and took a snap shot at the animal now in the edge of the timber. When we landed I was quite embarrassed to find that my bear was a very large porcupine. Naturally, this experience was not mentioned until I read "Trails of the Hunted," by James L. Clark. Mr. Clark, whose hunting experiences in Africa, Asia, Alaska and elsewhere are extensive, says it is a common mistake in the mountain regions for experienced hunters to mistake, and often spend time and energy in stalking porcupine for grizzly bear. This is because it is hard, particularly in poor light, to appreciate the relative sizes of game with their surroundings. At the time, George eased up my feelings by saying that it was a dashed fine shot.

We landed at Joe's ranch after dark and spent the evening discussing hunting experiences. Then George and I took our sleeping bags to Joe's hay rick and enjoyed an outdoor sleep.

Since I had a complete camping outfit, including grub, tent, sleeping bag, cooking utensils, etc., Joe and I decided we would hunt along the Frazier River, camping where convenient. The first day was hot and dry, and we saw nothing, but when we crossed a small brook, Joe produced a rare fishing outfit, consisting of a string 6 feet long and a hook. He cut a piece of red flannel from his under outfit, and with a small pole cut locally, caught a nice

My camping outfit in the wilderness country.

brook trout. Then he took the trout's eyes, placed them on a hook and caught a dozen more trout. I cooked them and the reader knows the rest.

The next day it rained, which means in British Columbia, that you get wet from all angles. Joe's method of hunting is to walk 'em up, so only woolen clothes were worn by either of us while hunting to minimize the noise. Our camp was only a short distance from his house, and during our absence, three moose, bull, cow and calf, crossed the river and passed within 100 feet of my tent, and Mrs. Dale and her three children saw them.

On the following morning we hunted "b'ar" and saw some fresh signs, but in the afternoon the rain let up, and we crossed the Frazier River and headed west into a spruce forest. After climbing two benches we entered a third, and walked into three moose. Joe pointed out a cow that was running into the bush with another moose, which we both thought was a bull. I started to run after them to get a shot at the bull when we both were astonished to see a very large bull get up within 25 yards of us. He had been asleep, and stood head on to me. I shot him between the eyes, the terrific impact knocking him straight backwards and down, but in a moment he rose to his feet, and I shot him through the spine and then the work began. The bull was in excellent condition, fat as butter.

We skinned him and packed out the meat, the horns and the hide, which weighed 94 pounds. This hide was later tanned and made into a very fine aviator's coat.

This trip lasted only eight days out of Jasper, Alberta, with less than three days of actual hunting. Joe said he would cruise out some country east in the Caribou Mountains, so we could try for caribou and bear in September, 1929. I had become tired of hunting in thick bush and wanted high, open country for a change.

Joe learned from trappers familiar with the country that it would be necessary to pack horse feed into the mountains and only one week before I arrived this last September, did he have an opportunity to cruise out the area we were to hunt.

Ready to start down the Frazier from Prince George.

Barney's shack was our destination. It is about 35 miles east of Woodpecker, 15 by wagon trail and 20 miles of rough mountain trails full of windfalls.

On September 16, we got under way and it was hot and dry. We completed the wagon trip and 4 miles of trail and camped on the shore of a small lake full of trout. Joe saw a black bear on the trail, but before I could get into action, he vanished as bears can. The trip to Barney's shack was completed the next day. On the trail, we killed four fool hens (spruce grouse) with rocks. I fried three for lunch, and it is hard to describe how delicious they were. Even ruffed grouse in that country are so tame we could get at least one good chance with a rock. We killed several with a .22 pistol near Joe's home.

Arriving at Barney's shack late in the afternoon, we found the usual supply of dry wood, salt and tea, which it is customary to leave as a supply for the next man.

We hunted both South and North Mountains for caribou, saw three big bulls which disappeared in the thick brush before we could get our rifles into action.

The proper way to hunt caribou is early and late when they feed on the meadows. With the clear moonlight nights, these caribou were too early, or too late in their feeding to fit in with our plans. Also a snow storm hit the mountains and kept going at full speed for two days. Wet snow is bad business in thick bush.

However, regardless of the snow, we decided to circle North Mountain. Grub and horse feed were low, and we had to hunt. We jumped three moose, two of which, evidently a cow and a calf, went straight up the mountain. The bull, we later found out, sneaked ahead and slightly to the left. We passed on our course about 200 yards when

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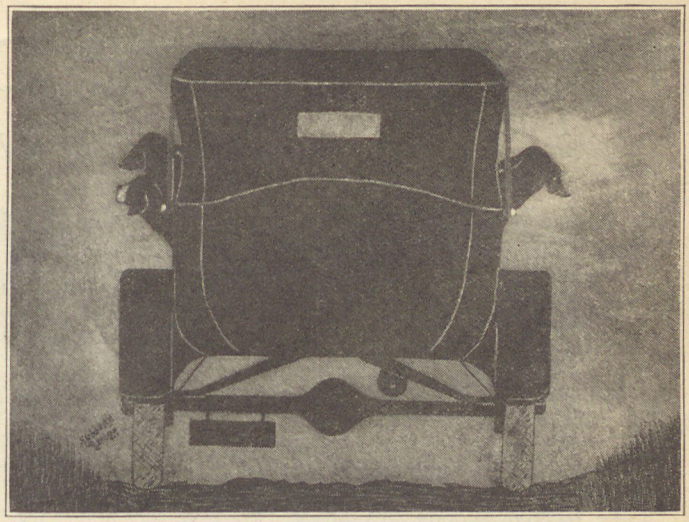
Coon Huntin'

By
W. P. HUBBARD

Drawings by the Author



THE car sputtered and rattled its way across the delta headed for the old Gordon Ranch that nestled close to the foothills bordering the lower Sacramento valley.

Shortly after nine o'clock we pulled into the barnyard and unloaded. There was Jack, Eddie, and myself, along with three of the best black and tan coon hounds we had, the pick of three packs.

Including Frank Gordon's best hound we had four dogs, Eagle, Trigger, Woof, and Mischief.

A full moon shone down from overhead, reflecting a silvery sheet on the frost-covered ground. The air was cool and brisk, a typical October night.

Coming to an old board fence we climbed over and started on through the scrub timber bordering the creek. Occasionally one of the hounds up ahead in the creek bottom would let out a deep Ow-wo-wo-wo, telling us they were busy looking for fresh tracks of coons where they had come down to water.

From the baying, things were getting interesting, so we sat down on an old log to listen and await developments. Shortly the whole pack took tongue and started up the creek bottom. We followed along as best we could, keeping in a general direction with the baying of the hounds. When we came out on a small meadow we stopped to rest and listen. The baying came clear over the night air. It sounded as if the coon were making a big circle coming back almost to the spot where the hounds had first jumped him. More baying. All the time it came closer and closer. Then when only a small stand of timber remained between us and the hounds it stopped. When it began again it was the short, snappy, quick tree bark. The coon was up. We were off on the run. Our flashlights flickered as we crossed the meadow in nothing flat. At the edge of the timber we started fighting our way through underbrush. Stumbling over ground creepers and fallen logs we came out a few minutes later on a rise of ground where the hounds were barking tree around the base of a giant oak. When the hounds saw our flashlights flicker on the tree they increased their barking until it echoed and re-echoed back and forth from the foothills.

Circling the tree slowly we tried to locate or flash the coon's eyes. After ten minutes without success we doped it out that the coon had either climbed out on one of the lower limbs, crossed to an adjoining tree, and then scrambled down and beaten it, giving both the hounds and us the slip, or he was in a hollow of the tree. Woof walked over to the base of the oak and began to sniff around a hole that extended down under the tree. Just then Trigger walked out under one of the lower limbs and began to bark excitedly. Jack threw up his flashlight and there in the fork of a limb, under a dense tangle of mistletoe, was the coon. Only part of his tail showed as it hung over the side of the limb. The hounds saw this and another turmoil of barking ensued.

Eddie being the smallest fellow in the bunch was elected to climb the tree. After some boosting, pushing, and growling we finally got him up to the first limb, where he could climb up and shake or poke the coon out. All this time the hounds were kicking up a hullabaloo down below. When Eddie went out as far as he dared go he began to shake the limb violently. The coon began to lose his footing, then slipped loose, and fell downward amid a shower of dead twigs and leaves. Before he hit the ground Woof grabbed him. Amid the squealing of the coon and the growling of the hounds we watched the fight with our flashlights. A few minutes later the battle was over and the hounds walked off leaving the coon in a tangle of dead leaves, twigs and grass. Woof had a split ear, Mischief a scratched nose, but other than that all the hounds were O. K.

Don't think a coon can't fight, 'cause he can. I've seen one coon in an open space successfully stand off seven hounds, two of them part airedale with fighting reputations, until he tried to run, when they caught him.

We put the coon in the gunny sack and walked down the creek a half mile where we stopped for a smoke, and to give the hounds a rest. After a time we followed the creek down to the road where we headed for the marsh. The hounds worked ahead in the creek bottom.

When almost to the marsh, the hounds, which were way up ahead, let out a couple of uncertain yelps. A few seconds of silence and it began again. This time a steady Ow-wo-wo-wo. We walked along until we came out on a point of land that ran half way out across the marsh. A couple of ducks flew up with a swishing of wings, stood out black as they passed across the moon, and then vanished into the darkness again. We stopped to listen. Off to our left we heard the hounds baying and running in the shallow water. Ahead of the hounds, and sounding as if it were coming our way we heard another splashing. We strained our eyes and ears for sight or sound of the maker. Then through a small cane-brake that grew in the center of the marsh out popped a coon. Lickety-split, he

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The Lure of the Lake

A Story of Sky Blue Waters and Exceptional Muskalonge Fishing

By
FRED C. FLETCHER

FEW of us in America realize the magnitude of that lakeland region that lies in western Ontario. This region is known as the Rainy River basin, and it contains several thousand lakes, the principal one of which is the great Lake of the Woods.

Lake of the Woods lies about two hundred and fifty miles northwest of Lake Superior and is almost as large as one of our Great Lakes themselves, although the expanse of water of course is not so great. By actual measurement, it is one hundred and seventy-five miles long and one hundred and ten miles wide. It is estimated to have upward of fifteen hundred islands, and they say that the shore line of this lake would reach across the Atlantic; in other words, it is more than three thousand six hundred miles in length.

The lake is cut up into several distinct regions, each one of them containing different types of fishing. We did the majority of our angling in one of the more remote portions called Whitefish Bay, but over to the east of us were other equally as fishy waters known as Kakog Lake, and east of there, connected by water, Pipestone Lake. When I say "connected by water" I should make some explanation, for lying in the center of this immense lake is an equally immense peninsula known as the Aullean. It is a form of mainland, but nevertheless a peninsula. As an example of its size there is one portage that we had to make where there was a strip of rock less than one hundred feet wide over which we carried our luggage and the canoes. If one elected to cross this strip of rock less than one hundred feet wide by water, one would have to travel more than a hundred and twenty miles to reach the other side.

The Motion Picture Bureau of the Canadian National Government had long been anxious to get some movies made in this famous lakeland region and invited eight or ten of America's best-known bait casters to join in the making of a moving picture for distribution around the world—a picture that would reveal the wealth of fish life in the Canadian provinces, and demonstrate that within the lakes that stretch from coast to coast there are sufficient piscatorial assets to insure the Canadians of today and tomorrow an endless chain of happiness and wealth.

Leaving Chicago, our destination was Rainy River, Ontario. We were met by Mr. Ernest Poole, head of the Fish and Game Division of the Canadian National Railways, and found that he had made all arrangements for our care and comfort, and also for the transportation by water, which begins at this point. Ordinarily the entire trip would be made by boat from Rainy River right up into Whitefish Bay—a distance of eighty-five miles; but owing to low water conditions—the lake levels being down some four or five feet—it was impossible for the "Clipper" to get across the rock bar at the mouth of the river. The "Clipper," be it known, is a sturdy, well-built, tug-like vessel that covers the broader expanse of the Lake of the Woods, and is used for various purposes—i. e., hauling freight, passengers, towing logs and serving the commercial fishers of the lake.

At the end of a thirty-two mile auto journey, we reached Sabaskong Bay at six-thirty in the evening. We found the "Clipper" waiting for us and proceeded on our way to Cedar Island Camp, where all Mr. Ernie Calvert's guests are put up for the first night and allowed to pick out their future site, depending upon the kind of fish they are after and the amount of water they wish to cover. They have a choice of any one of several marvelous outlying camps, such as Whitefish Bay, Heights-of-Land, Pipestone, etc.

The trip across the lake was beautiful. It occurred just at sundown, and the islands with their marvelous shore line changed rapidly from masses of rock and trees into soft shades of greys and purples that gradually blended into the softer blues of the waters on whose bosom they rode. Gradually night fell and flickering signal lights began to appear from one island to another. Shortly after we saw the far distant lights of Cedar Island Camp, and were informed this was as far as we could go that day. When we arrived at the dock at Cedar Island, shortly after nine o'clock, we learned we had traveled almost forty miles across these beautiful waters.

This 40 pound muskie, 54½ inches in length, was landed alive—taken into the boat by the guide's skilled hands.

Early in the morning we were "straining at the leash" to get up into our permanent camp, and shortly after breakfast we found the guides had things in readiness for our departure. Here we split into pairs. It was my good fortune to draw Mr. Ernie Poole, our splendid host and my good friend, who together with Pete, the guide, led the way into the wilds.

Our first stretch of water lay about twelve miles to the eastward where we crossed the narrow portage or strip of rocky land that I have previously described. There we entered the waters of Whitefish Bay, and

"Lake of the Woods is studded with beautiful islands, fifteen hundred in number, and its waters are the purest and the bluest that I have ever seen."

I was struck with the difference in color. Feeling perhaps it might be due to sky conditions I made inquiry, and was advised by Mr. Poole and also by the guide that there is a decided difference in bottom and in rock formations which causes the waters of Whitefish to be a deeper blue than the other. When I say blue, I mean *blue*—they are absolutely the bluest inland waters I have ever seen, and the clearest. There is no spot in this great expanse of water where you cannot take a cup and drink from the edge of the boat with the same enjoyment that you would a fine glass of distilled water.

This seemed peculiar to us living down here in the States, accustomed to polluted waters running by our door, but up there there is no one to pollute the water, and even the bottom of the lake is rocky so that the storms do not lash it into a foamy, brown mass, but simply stir its depths, and a few minutes after the storm and the lashing of the waves have passed, it is once more a crystal clear cup of beautiful, natural water.

Our second journey was up into Whitefish Bay, about ten or twelve miles beyond the portage, and there we found a more primitive camp, but one equally clean, compact and comfortable. There we divided into parties, part going into one cabin, part in another, and of course a headquarters' cabin where meals were served and the camp crew and guides were taken care of, because Whitefish Bay Camp had been set aside for our party. This was very thoughtful on the part of Mr. Calvert.

In planning this party, we had tried to pick out a period in the month of September when the equinoctial storms would have passed, but unfortunately our calculations must have in some way gone askew, because we not only picked the equinoctial period—but we picked the very center of it, and during the six days of stay in the woods it rained every day. Perhaps this is why they call it the Rainy River division, because we certainly saw a lot of rain, and some fog.

The reader will ask, perhaps, "What about the fishing?" Well, I am coming to that part of the story. Like most of the narratives that I have had the pleasure of relating, fishing always seems to me to be the least interesting. It is sort of the "sauce" to the story, rather than the story itself. When one finds a grand expanse of water with natural shore lines, fishing is almost assured and it only depends on how hard you work and with what skill your guide handles your craft.

In the finest fishing waters of the world the best bait caster or angler could waste 90 per cent of his time if he were not himself sufficiently educated to know the whereabouts and habitats of the fish, or was not fortunate enough to have some one with him who could coach him on these pertinent facts that have much to do with successful angling.

Once more dividing into pairs, we sallied forth on Sunday morning, fully intent upon proving for ourselves the claims of our fellow sportsmen left behind in the States, that here in Lake of the Woods grew the largest muskalonge that swim in American or Canadian waters. However, when the evening shadows fell on Sunday night there was no evidence in camp to prove this assertion. There were many stories, however, of big fish seen and perhaps one hundred or more jackfish or Great Northern pike thrown back into the waters unharmed, because we were not seeking pike but wanted to hook their more heroic relative, the muskalonge of the north.

In going after muskalonge in this region, the fisherman must be satisfied to make an almost unbelievable number of casts and devote as much time as may be necessary to getting hooked up with one of these interesting but most

Two of Pittsburgh's outstanding sportsmen, Mr. George Franklin and Mr. Edward Bayard, shown leaving for an hour's sport after lake trout.

elusive "Tigers of the North." They are there, and in numbers, but the waters are wide and the fish so ferocious that he does not permit a rival to be near his regular habitat or hiding place. The most successful fishing while we were there was found around the rocky reefs that are just protruding above the level of the lake. Most of these reefs are surrounded by a reef bed, or perhaps wild rice; at any rate, there is cover there for these giant fish and they are very apt to stay in the same spot week after week and month after month. Knowing this, the wise angler does not waste his time after covering one reef carefully and possibly circling it the second time, but turns on his motor and starts toward the next one.

It was not my privilege to tie up with one of these finny fighters either on Sunday or Monday or Tuesday or Wednesday, and I can assure you that I worked hard each day—perhaps not so hard as I did on Thursday, though, because I realized the time was drawing to a close and unless I hooked a fish on Thursday or Friday, in all probability I would be compelled to return to the States without having achieved the mission on which I had really entered into this expedition.

And so on Thursday I chose not only my companion, but was fortunate enough to be able to secure one of the best guides in the camp, and with my sturdy little fishing pal, Bob Silvey, and our good guide, Pete, we left the camp without telling anyone just where we were going. On each of the preceding days the motion picture crew had elected to follow various boats and their crews. It was known when we first went in that Mr. Clark, Ivar Hennings, Ernie Poole and myself were compelled to leave at the expiration of the first week, and therefore our boats were to be favored on these first few days.

So we started at eight-thirty in the morning, immediately after breakfast, and after motoring about a mile and a half against a good stiff wind to waters that Pete had selected, Mr. Silvey and I immediately got busy and worked hard trying to hook up with a fish that would be a credit to the camera and the capture of which would be a thriller for thousands of sportsmen all over this land and likewise in Europe.

It was not until late afternoon that I experienced the fishing thrill of my life. I had not had, on this entire trip up to this time, a strike from a fish that weighed any more than seven to nine pounds, and had not taken one of them into the boat for keeping. This morning perhaps our boat had thrown back as many as thirty or forty fish, all of them unharmed, so when I made this last cast for the day into a pocket in the rocks where there was apparently a weed bed at one side and a bunch of wild rice in back of it, I saw a sudden swirl of water that announced the presence of a big fish. If he would only strike!

I began doing some quick thinking, figuring what would make him strike. Reeling up slowly, giving him an opportunity to follow, we brought the bait across the weed bed and then detecting what was apparently his wake following the lure, I made up my mind that I had him interested and sped up the bait in a pretended effort to take it away from him. This apparently teased the "big boy," because he immediately got into action, and in a second there was a smashing strike that nearly took the rod out of my hands, but I fortunately was prepared for him and, temporarily letting him have the bait, allowed him to start for the bottom before definitely giving him a firm counter strike, at the end of which I felt the single hook sink home through one of what I hoped would prove to be his jaws, rather than his lip. Immediately there was action—plenty of it.

He did not, contrary to my expectations, come up. I hoped to see him flash his beautiful silver length so that I could see how much of a foe we had to fight, but instead he sought to go deeper. The wisdom of my guide was immediately apparent. He did not get excited—he did not even give instructions, but simply gave his undivided attention to the handling of the boat, assuming that I knew enough about fishing without his instructing me. He was, however, unduly alarmed about the severe "rainbow bend" in my sterling rod, for which I had no fears whatsoever, because it had stood many tests and had never failed me. Once I believe Pete did say, "I am afraid he will break that rod." I said, "No, if the line will only hold, we will land him; the rod I know will not break."

(Continued on page 49)

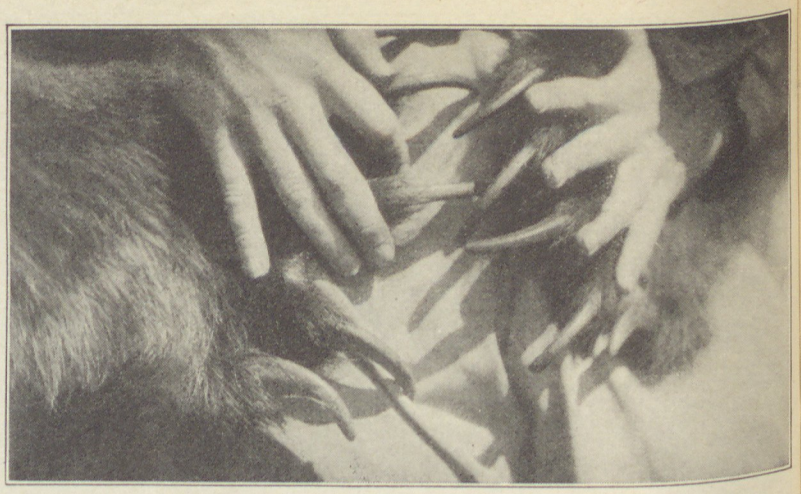
"On a spit of rocky shore line we ate lunch and related stories of former trips into the woods."

Lake of the Woods.

Gem of the northwest.

Bagging a Brownie

By
EDWARD L. KEITHAHN



"Brownie's Claws" that help him scale rocky slopes.

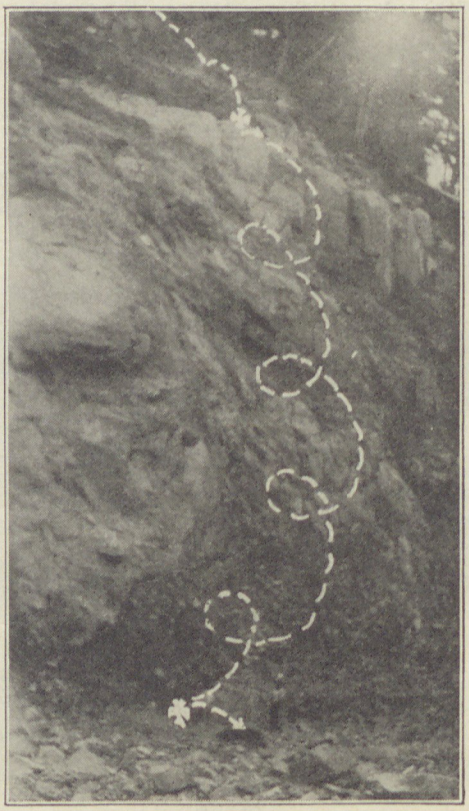
ONLY yesterday a misled black bear, charging downhill pell mell, slapped me in the right hindquarter and bowled me ten feet into a muddy pool.

This is not an attempt to start an argument for I know that black bears rarely, if ever, attack human beings. But in this particular instance, if I judge the bear's intentions correctly, I was mistaken for another bear presumably eating humpback salmon, and the boost I got was merely a playful push designed to drive off an associate. It was just dusk and I was crouched down skinning out the last paw of a bear I had shot about an hour previously. When I landed shoulder-deep in the pool I turned quickly, emitted a cry that only a cornered genus homo can emit when he's dropped his knife and can't reach his gun, and Blackie Bruin reared up, looked scared, slid off through an opening in the devil's clubs, and I saw no more of him.

That happened in Hamilton Bay, Kupreanof Island, about ten miles from Kake, S. E. Alaska. The incident is still so vivid in my mind that I had to tell it, in spite of the fact that this is going to be a brown bear story concerning an eventful hunt on Admiralty Island about forty miles N. W. of Kake.

All last winter I listened attentively to the weird tales of the native Thlingets concerning the terrible brown bears of Admiralty Island; bears that come out in throngs and fight back to back; bears that have human intelligence and can tell from whence came the bullet and can find the hunter no matter where he hides. They told of wounded brownies that will run to cover, dig a shallow hole in the trail, burrow down chin-deep and await their attacker—to tear him to pieces when he comes up. I heard the story of "Wabash Bill" Ryden who came out of a brownie tangle with eighty-seven tooth marks in his body, not to mention the clawing and hugging he received—how he crawled seven days toward the beach, and was rescued, sent to Sitka for treatment and recovered. Then I was told of the seven varieties of brown bear found and classified there by C. Hart Merrian, not to mention the bear whose ribs are reputed to grow solidly against each other so as to form an impregnable armament.

They told me the Admiralty bear was a cousin of the Kodiak, and although not so large, was fiercer and faster in his attack. I listened to the tales of the spear hunts of the Russian régime when men would plant the butt end of a heavy spear in the ground and impale the onrushing bear on the point (the hides were in demand in those days for shakos). Another that impressed me was the story of the heroic native youth who tied a knife in each hand and crawled into a seven-chambered cave to kill a wounded bear—to find it already dead. And lastly the modern tale of the brownie struck by a .30-06, that turned around angrily, slapped its companion off a log and went on its way.



Showing the circuitous route of the "Grand Descent."

I had a sneaking suspicion that most of the tales were told to impress me (a Cheeckako in these parts), but when spring arrived there was nothing I craved more than a brownie hunt, and when I went out to engage a guide only three men in the whole village cherished the idea, and only one was available.

So just four days before the spring season closed, my brother, Johnnie Wilson the guide, and I started across Frederick Sound enroute to Pybus Bay in Johnnie's little gas trawler. That night we anchored in the north arm of Pybus Bay and went ashore to see if we could catch a bear grazing on the beach grass. We sat under a tree watching a promising spot until dark, but no bear showed up, although the deer came out and grazed around like so many sleek Jersey cattle.

Early the following morning we pulled out for Big Pybus, anchored close in and then started afoot to the rock slides about three miles back. Bear signs were fairly numerous along the way, and we lost count of the deer we saw somewhere after we passed the twenty mark. They seemed to be only mildly interested in our presence, and in most instances stood still, or continued to graze until we had passed.

At the horseshoe-shaped head of the valley where it narrows into a series of cañons with towering rocky walls and slides at foot, we took a stand and began scanning the surrounding slides with the field glasses.

Brown bear come out earlier than their black cousins so, true to nature, about three P. M. we spotted one coming down the mountain to feed on the green patches below the snowline. Johnnie peeled off and started up the slide with me close at his heels while my brother, who was not hunting, stayed behind with the camera and our other duffle. The native, natually fleet of foot, soon had me winded as we worked up the forty-five per cent grade toward our quarry. I dared not call him back as the wind was blowing directly toward the bear, and I was afraid he would hear me and scamper into the nearby fringe of hemlocks. So after a half mile climb, having lost sight of the guide, I changed my course and turned left to work up the upper edge of the cañon.

Reaching the edge of the bluff I

(Continued on page 54)

Who Shall Pay?

By
FRANK STOKES, JR.

Drawings by Clemens Gretter

STANDING upon the new bridge recently constructed over the Colorado River about six miles below the historic Lee's Ferry in northern Arizona, one marvels not only at the greatness of nature but, also, at the ability of civilized man. Five hundred feet above the river, spanning a gap eight hundred feet wide, weighing nearly 3,000,000 pounds—and not a single upright, not one under-support.

I belong to the race of men whose work this is, yet I wonder how it was done. I gaze upon it without comprehending. The primitive Navajo, standing by my side, is no more abashed than am I. Yet, though I fail to understand, though I fail to understand other marvels of civilization such as airplanes and radios, still more difficult of comprehension is the civilized race of which I am a part.

Nature has spent thousands of years in making the gorge over which this bridge is built. Civilized man has spent thousands of years slowly advancing to the point where he could span this gorge. How can it be possible for a race of men to attain the ability to construct this bridge and still remain uncouth in matters far more simple?

It does not surprise me to read in history that foreign ships once paid tribute unto arrogant Carthage; and that humble Carthage later paid tribute unto Rome. The nations of antiquity were progressing, but they had not the ability to build airplanes and radios. Nor could they have constructed this wonderful bridge. It does surprise me, however, to learn that a race of people (my race of people) after having progressed so far as to be able to do these things, still, under sham and pretense, demand tribute and levy unjust taxes upon a weaker race just as did the nations of old.

This awe-inspiring bridge over the Colorado stands as a monument to man's achievement. At the same time it cries aloud—though silent as the Sphinx of Gizeh—of a certain barbaric aspect of human nature seemingly still prevalent though much older than the Sphinx—man's inhumanity to man.

FOR many years the people of Arizona have felt the need of more roads and better roads. Roads oftentimes require bridges, and bridges are the most expensive part of roads. It, at first, appears strange that all inter-state highways worth mentioning extend east and west. A glance at the map will explain this; for the northeast section of the state is blocked by the Navajo reservation, while diagonally across the northwest section extends the Colorado River, encased for many miles by the mighty Grand Canyon.

Being one of the world's greatest wonders, the Grand Canyon is a tremendous asset to the state. Thousands of people visit it yearly; and to them all it seems to say, "You shall go no farther than this." Even civilized man, with all his ingenuity, must build his bridges, not where he wishes, but where the canyon permits. Such a place is in the vicinity of the famous Lee's Ferry.

So, realizing the importance of highways, particularly north and south, public spirited organizations and individuals in Arizona began a campaign to the end that Federal aid be obtained for the construction of a bridge at or near Lee's Ferry. Many reasons have been given to prove the need of bridging the Colorado at this place. From the standpoint of white citizens and for the benefit of white citizens, most of these reasons are non-refutable.

—I have been told that the Indian President of the Navajo Tribal Council had political aspirations—

However, one argument is foolish. Parts of Mohave and Coconino Counties extend across the canyon and form the northwest corner of the state. This region is sparsely inhabited. A glance at the map will show why these few settlers must travel many hundreds of miles to reach their county seats only a short distance away on an air line. A glance at the map will also prove, to any unbiased person, that morally, geographically, and by the dictates of the Grand Canyon, the northwest portion of Arizona should belong to Utah anyway. In which case Utah would be forced to bear her portion of the Lee's Ferry bridge expense.

It is true, as Engineer Ralph A. Hoffman said, that "This bridge is of especial interest to the states of the Rocky Mountain region as it opens a new route across the greatest of all natural barriers; and is the only crossing by either highway or railroad between the town of Topoc, Arizona, and the junction of the Green and Grand Rivers in Utah, a stretch of 600 miles of rough mountains and deep canyons." Mr. Hoffman states further that the bridge is justified "by the importance of the route and by the proposed development of bus and freight lines through this territory."

It is true, as Governor Dern of Utah said, that "Increase in north-south traffic from Salt Lake to Nogales will be another result of the construction of this bridge. A large percentage of the traffic now goes east and west. But there are conditions which make a direct north-south route from Utah to Arizona desirable. The heat becomes too intense for comfort in Phoenix during the summer months, while the cold of Utah winters causes many citizens of this state to think of the genial climate of Phoenix at that time of the year. The bridge will make it more convenient for the citizens of either state to visit the other."

It is also true, as Governor Phillips of Arizona has said, that the bridge will connect such well-known and heavily traveled east and west highways as the Santa Fe, Lincoln, Victory, Old Oregon Trail, and the Yellowstone, "and will bring to Arizona thousands of automobile travelers to enjoy our glorious scenery."

Henry H. Blood, Chairman State Road Commission of Utah, considers the highway made possible by construction of the Lee's Ferry bridge as an absolute necessity to the states of Utah and Arizona. Both states will receive much profit from the tourist trade alone, for in this vast territory there is the Grand Canyon, the Petrified Forest, the Painted Desert, the Navajo country, the Hopi mesa-villages, Kaibab Forest with its 40,000 deer; Houserock Valley with its buffalo; Zion and Bryce Canyon National Parks.

It becomes very evident, as one delves into the subject, that the white citizens of Arizona and Utah consider the Lee's Ferry bridge as a thing of paramount importance to them. For several years before its construction, efforts were made to secure Federal aid. At last by an Act of March 3, 1921, the Secretary of the Interior was directed to make an investigation and report to Congress as to the necessity and cost of the proposed Lee's Ferry bridge, with his recommendation as to how much should be paid by the United States, "to be reimbursed from the tribal funds of the Navajo Indians."

Pursuant thereto, an investigation was made by an engineer of the War Department, placing the estimated cost at $200,000. This report was transmitted to Congress by the Secretary of the Interior with his recommendation that half of the $200,000 be charged against the Navajo tribal funds. Accordingly, an Act of February 26, 1925, authorized an appropriation of $100,000 to be repaid (sometime) from the tribal funds of the Navajos.

"Why should this appropriation be reimbursable from Navajo tribal funds?" I recently asked a certain prominent person. "This appears to be a pet scheme of Congressmen to get things for their respective states that they could not get otherwise," he answered. "It is difficult to get things past the southern and eastern Congressmen. The fact of the matter is a great many other jobs similar to this have been charged to the Navajos during the past twenty years."

During a council held in the summer of 1925 the Navajos objected to this charge against their tribal funds. While as late as January 1926, according to a resolution adopted by the Arizona Good Roads Association, the Arizona state legislature had failed to make a similar appropriation to match what I choose to call the Navajo Fund. The Good Roads Association indorsed the construction of the bridge "as absolutely necessary for the proper development of the resources of Arizona and the promotion of trade and travel between the states of Utah and Arizona" and urged that the state legislature "make the appropriation necessary for the construction of this bridge at the earliest possible date."

The Navajos did not consider the bridge "as absolutely necessary" to them, for the bridge-site was at a remote point on the reservation and could only be of limited benefit to them, and that indirectly. So they again protested the charge made against them during their Tribal Council held at Fort Defiance in July 1926.

During the preceding February a member of the House of Representatives offered an amendment striking out the words "reimbursable from tribal funds of the Navajo Indians." This amendment was vigorously opposed by Carl Hayden of Arizona who won a victory, perhaps because he said, "I am sure that no one who is at all informed will dispute the fact that the Navajo country offers more inducements for the expenditure of money in prospecting for oil than in any other section of the great Southwest. The lack of a law to permit the drilling of oil wells on Executive-order Indian reservations is the only thing that stands in the way of great activity in many parts of a vast area now closed even tighter than though it were behind the great wall of China.

"The former Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Fall, ruled that Executive-order reservations were open to entry under the general law of February 25, 1920. Prospecting for oil took place and discoveries were made. Then, by reason of an opinion of the Attorney General of the United States, reversing Secretary Fall's decision, all operations ceased. Later the Federal Court in Utah decided that Fall was right, but the case has been appealed to the Supreme Court, so no one can tell what the final result will be.

"In the meantime I have introduced an oil leasing bill that is now under consideration by the Committee on Indian Affairs which, if enacted, will, in my opinion, make the Navajo Indians even richer than the Osages. I say this advisedly, having seen the limited area of the Osage oil lands and the great territory which is now occupied by the Navajos."

When the bill came up from the House of Representatives—strange as it may seem—Senator Cameron of Arizona was instrumental in having the reimbursable feature stricken out. Upon receipt of the Conference Report the Senate again supported Cameron. The House, however, insisted on retaining the reimbursable feature, and so it finally passed the Senate, but not until it had been strongly opposed by Senators Cameron, Bratton of New Mexico and others.

Since Representative Hayden stressed so strongly the oil prospects in the Navajo country and considered that some-

Why should the Navajos, already poor, pay $100,000 towards the great Lee's Ferry Bridge when all the benefits of the bridge go to the white citizens of Arizona?

time in the future the Navajo Indians would be "even richer than the Osages"; and since he used this supposition —the possible existence of oil on Navajo lands—as an argument in favor of placing a mortgage, as it were, upon these Indians because of this "long-shot" possibility, I considered it advisable to obtain an opinion from as great an authority as I could find. From some one, as the Representative said, who is informed. So I sought an interview with Ralph Arnold, a geologist, a paleontologist, an oil expert than whom, I believe Mr. Hayden will admit, a greater authority cannot be found.

"Mr. Arnold," I said, "have you ever done any oil work on the Navajo Reservation?"

"Yes."

"Are you familiar with the situation there concerning oil?"

"Yes; I believe so. To a certain extent at least."

"Just what are the inducements in the Navajo country for the expenditure of money in prospecting for oil?"

"The inducements are great—for the expenditure of money. But I do not consider the chances so good for the making of money. In fact, so far as the Navajo Reservation is concerned, it should not be taken seriously as a future oil section. This is merely my opinion, you understand."

"A protest was made because one little band of fifty sheep were grazing within two miles of the bridge."

The Navajo Indians, I believe, have been greatly wronged, not by oil but by the mere *supposition of oil*. Certain Navajo lands were even withdrawn—I would like to say *confiscated*—during the administration of Albert B. Fall in order that oil interests might operate. Luckily the Fall administration came to an abrupt end. But the land that was wrongfully taken away at that time *has not yet been returned* even though most of the Navajo Reservation is, at this very moment, over-populated. One person to the square mile is too many for that desert region.

Attach the Navajo's financial future for a bridge he will use but little? Yes! Permit him to obtain more land to relieve the congested condition now prevalent? No! For I am told on good authority that plans for the Indian Bureau to increase the area of the reservation have met with opposition from the counties of northern Arizona.

Nor is this all. Prior to the $100,000 attachment levied against Navajo tribal funds for the building of the Lee's Ferry bridge, charges were made against them for the construction of four other bridges that do not even touch their reservation; namely, at Bloomfield, Farmington, Winslow, and Canyon Diablo. Nor is this all. But it is enough. In fact, it is too much. Let me confine myself to that marvelous structure six miles below the famous old Lee's Ferry.

Instead of the estimated cost of $200,000 that span across the Colorado, when completed, represented an expenditure of approximately $329,000. Morally the situation is not altered by the fact that the charge against the Navajos has not been increased. In the beginning, as I understand it, the state of Arizona—desiring the bridge—was to pay half; and the Navajos—not desiring the bridge—were to be charged with the other half.

Now, according to information I have received from the Phoenix Chamber of Commerce, the population of Arizona in 1929 has been estimated at 500,000. Whether or not Indians are included, I do not know. But I shall be liberal and subtract 100,000 for Indians. This leaves 400,000 people to pay half the costs of a structure the other half of which was charged to not to exceed 40,000 Navajos.

In 1925, when the "reimbursable" appropriation was made, deposits in all Arizona banks amounted to $69,915,825.13. At the same time Navajo tribal funds amounted to $116,000. It is "beside the question" to state, as Representative Hayden stated, that there was no desire to "sock" this comparatively small amount of money. The reimbursable clause was put into that bill, and Representative Hayden fought to keep it there.

After the formal dedication of the Lee's Ferry bridge in June 1929, I wrote to many Chambers of Commerce and prominent individuals throughout the state of Arizona asking this question: "I wonder if you would mind telling me how you personally feel about this charge against the Navajos? Do you consider it right and just or do you believe that the Navajo Indians should be relieved of this obligation?" So far, of all the answers I have received, only two persons have expressed themselves as of the opinion that the charge is unjust. One of these persons has requested that I do not use his name; the other, Mr. Harold S. Colton of the Northern Arizona Society of Science and Art, did not make this request, so I presume he does not care.

The answers I have received are interesting. Governor Phillips informs me that, "There seems to be a difference of opinion in regard to the use of the bridge by the Navajos. I cannot agree with you that they will not use it much. Some of this tribe are among the most extensive sheep raisers in our state, and the bridge gives them an opportunity to move their herds from the south rim to the north rim so as to take advantage of the grazing lands on both sides of the bridge. This is a distinct advantage, and I believe a majority of the Navajo Indians would so agree."

This would be an advantage (hardly worth $100,000 however) if the Navajos were able to take advantage of the advantage. Very recently a protest was made by white persons living on the north side of the Colorado, through their Senators and others, because one little band of less than fifty sheep had been found grazing on the north rim within a radius of two miles of the bridge. An indignant delegation of "Northsiders" met at the bridge and discussed the matter with the Indian Superintendent.

That the Navajos will benefit to a limited extent through tourist trade is the one point in which I agree with Governor Phillips.

Mr. Gavin, Secretary to Mr. Hayden (now a United States Senator) said, "I am also quite sure that the Navajo Indians have never protested against the construction of the bridge, but upon the contrary, Chee Dodge, President of the Navajo Tribal Council, personally advised Senator Hayden that he approved of the use of tribal funds for that purpose."

I personally know that Chee Dodge, at that time considered a very prominent Navajo, did so advise Senator Hayden. To this extent I pardon Senator Hayden for his stand. But had Senator Hayden never heard Chee Dodge spoken of as a "politician"? Had he never heard that Chee Dodge had an "ax to grind"? Furthermore, I have been told that Chee Dodge was "worked on" by persons desirous of having that charge made against the Navajos in order to the more easily get the bill through Congress.

P. G. Spilsbury, President Arizona Industrial Congress, W. L. Lindblom, Secretary Williams Chamber of Commerce, Governor Phillips, and others dwell on the fact that a great many Navajos (generally estimated at 2000, an estimate I had already seen given in Arizona newspapers) were present at the bridge dedication. This statement seems to be given as evidence that the Indians rejoiced along with the white citizens. I was not present at the dedication but others, present at the time, have told me that they would estimate the number of Indians at between 300 and 500. But even if 2000 is the correct estimation, I am surprised that more did not attend. For I know how well the Indian loves horse racing. The white people were putting on a big celebration with watermelons, soda pop and other things to eat. Besides, there were airplanes, perhaps radios, and many other wonders never before seen by them. I am inclined to believe that 2000 Indians did attend the celebration to have as good a time as possible but not to rejoice because the bridge was completed and a portion of its cost had been charged to them.

Even the bridge dedication was considered of tremendous value, from a publicity standpoint, *(Continued on page 67)*

Grinding for Snooks

By
ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

Snook fishing is at its best where salt water and fresh meet.

IF it should ever be your good fortune to hie yourself away to warmer climes to spend the winter especially a-fishing bent, and if perchance you should make the West Coast of Florida your objective, then it is that you will make the acquaintance of the snook. When I first heard the name mentioned in this southern clime it was to the effect that the fish was the most pugnacious battler that ever wore scales and that there was only one other fish in the swim that could hold a candle to it, and that was the tarpon.

I got away with that earful all right and thought nothing of it. Local enthusiasm was my verdict, local enthusiasm and local pride running wild. But shortly thereafter further testimonials on the behalf of the snook reached my hearing and it was then that I stole home, and lifting down Jordan's tome on fishes of the world to familiarize myself with the identity of the spirited one that beat anything that ever waved a fin in the water, I finally located what I was after. Said Jordan:

"The family of robalos (*Oxylabracidae* or *Centropomidae*) is closely related to the *Serranidae,* differing among other things in having the conspicuous lateral line extended on the caudal fin. These are silvery fishes with elongate bodies, large scales, a pike-like appearance, the first dorsal composed of strong spines and the second spine of the anal especially large. They are found in tropical America only where they are highly valued as food, the flesh being like that of the striped bass, white, flaky, and of fine flavor. The common robalo, or snook, *Oxylabrax* (or *Centropomus*) *undecimalis,* reaches a weight of fifteen to twenty pounds and over. It ranges north as far as Texas. In this species the lateral line is black. The smaller species, of which several are described, are known as *Robalito* or *Constantino.*"

That was all: that and nothing more. But at least I had found out the identity of the fish and fortified with this knowledge I felt that I could cope with the situation. I would give *Centropomus undecimalis* a try-out right in his native habitat. "Boy," said the man who had fished all over the North American continent, "there is nothing like this fishing for snook. Why they swim rings around the musky and they make a rainbow trout look like five cents. I know because I have fished for them all, big and little, and let me tell you the snook is the bird that puts the act in action!"

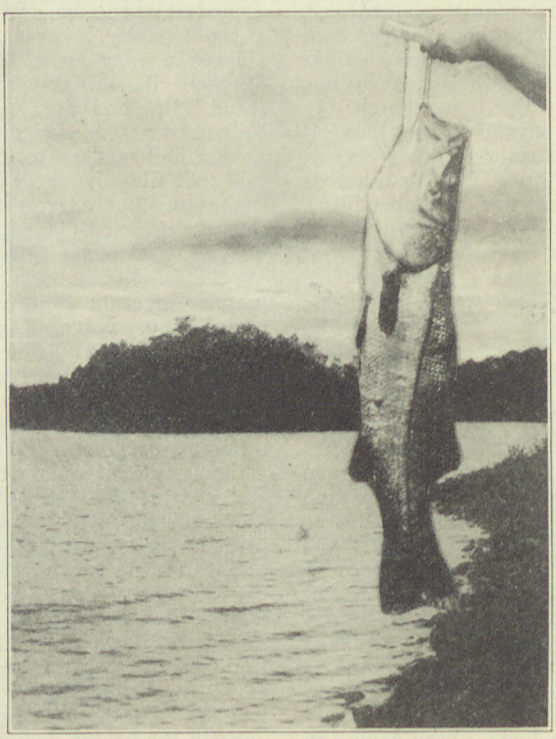
By this time I was getting on edge right and everywhere I looked in the water I saw a robalo, otherwise known as rovalia, snook and *Broohet de Mer.* You see at the time I was smitten with interest in this same snook I have been discussing there were few in evidence. What was expected was a run in from the Gulf up one of the rivers near Punta Gorda, the Myakka to be exact. But the run was slow in materializing and all hands and fourteen farmers from Iowa and three from Ohio were waiting for the ceremonies to begin.

Fishing was largely done at night and the darker the night I was told the faster they come and the larger they are. I was told among other things that some of these snook reached to twenty, twenty-five and even thirty pounds in weight. I was told to just imagine what it would be like to have a thirty pounder hit my lure. I held onto the railing of the Myakka bridge and clearing my throat I said: "Gosh!"

The waters of the Myakka for a distance of fifteen miles or more up from the Gulf partake of a salinity ranging from very salt to just moderate finally dwindling away as the fresh water of the upper stream changes the nature of it. It is in these upper waters of the Myakka that good bass fishing is to be had; but further down, where the water is salt, only the finny ones of the salt water are to be found.

The snook makes his run up stream to the point where salt water and fresh water meet. And it is when this run is at its height that night fishing is something on the order of an event with almost every cast of a plug in the water accounting for *Centropomus undecimalis* on a veritable rampage of activity. With respect to this night fishing let me pause for a moment to explain the particular attraction of it not to mention what one would call the phenomena of the situation. Indeed until you have fished at night in a water (as in the Myakka, or any of the Florida waters) that is surcharged with phosphorescence you have yet an experience awaiting you that is really second to none.

The darker the night apparently the greater is the phosphorescence in the water; the movement of every creature that swims within reach of your eyesight in the water creates a series of flashes and sparks, every rush of a fish denoted by a veritable milky way of light. The whole water seems to glitter and glisten with light, as though countless billions of diamonds had been sown broadcast over the whole reaches of that expanse. The sight is one so startling as to



Over forty inches in length! A beautiful specimen of robalo or snook. Note the singular black lateral line.

leave one spellbound, almost unbelieving, a phenomena that the inlander from the north counts one of the most remarkable sights within his recollection.

Now and then a large fish rushes violently into a school of mullet and the water seems to blossom into a shower of light, a dazzling display that repeats itself time and again as the bewildered school is harried by the marauder. Now and then a six to ten foot shark will pass by within view, his whole form perfectly outlined in the water; or, choicest of all, a tarpon, clothed in silver armor passes majestically by, a sight that will live long, indeed, in the memory!

"We established camp looking forward to snook activities. . . ."

So we had dropped down to El Jo-Bean and established camp looking forward to snook activities in the very near future. In the meantime the speckled sea trout put in their appearance and for a while the snook was forgotten in the onrush of events. Everybody was hard at it fishing for sea trout and the sport had was of an order that was indeed pleasantly reminiscent of steelhead trout fishing in some of the pools of the Rogue and other rivers that flow into the Pacific.

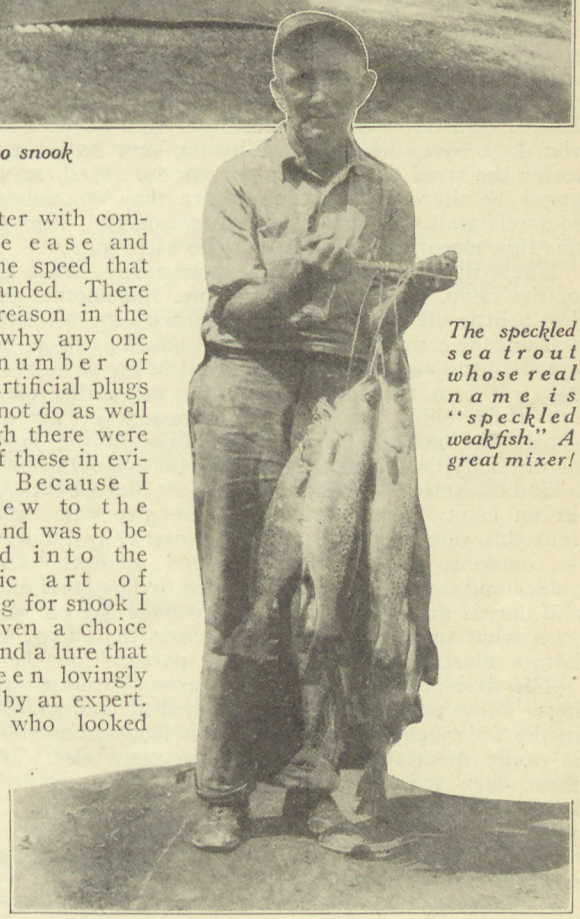
The fish has been erroneously named as "sea trout" whereas its true name is weakfish, "spotted weakfish" to be exact. It has a cousin in the Atlantic that is known as the common weakfish or squeteague. The speckled sea trout is an active fish in the water, and one must needs look to his thumbing of the reel or the sprightly one will throw the hook and be away like a flash.

I improved somewhat on this variety of fishing by trying out a bass fly and spinner, casting around the logs and pilings with results that were remarkable to say the least. Catching a speckled sea trout on fly rod tackle is something that is exciting from start to finish, and it is only after a most singularly energetic battle that the beautiful fellow may be landed. Fishing around the pilings of piers and bridges in the Florida waters often gives the fish that is hooked a means of freeing himself that one early learns to counteract although many fish are lost before precautions are taken. The pilings are liberally decorated with barnacles that possess razor-like edges. The line coming in contact with these means a lost fish every time for the fish seem to instinctively know that the pilings provide protection, even though they do not know that barnacles will cut lines.

For hot and heavy sport it is hard to equal that of snook fishing when an extensive delegation of them come in on a feeding run. And that is what we eventually ran into on the Myakka. I had despaired of the fish ever coming in, but they did; and what was more the conditions were, as one would say, propitious. We were to grind for snook.

Now the chances are ninety to one that few of my gentle readers have ever ground for snook simply because it is a method that is used in fishing for the snook only, and so far as I was able to learn one used around the Myakka only. It is a method that is as unique as it is deadly, added to which is the very simplicity of the tackle.

A cane pole of rather heavy dimensions some ten feet in length is the main strong-arm item in this outfit. To the end of this pole is attached a Cuttyhunk line strong enough to lift a twenty-five pound fish out of his native element with ease. The line hangs down a matter of three or four feet from the end of the pole, and to this is attached a lure cut from wood about six inches in length. To the end of this lure is attached a large ganghook—and there you are. Snook grinders (if I am allowed the expression) take great pride it seems in carving out these lures. They must be just so, pointed at both ends so that they may be moved through the water with comparative ease and with the speed that is demanded. There is no reason in the world why any one of a number of large artificial plugs would not do as well although there were none of these in evidence. Because I was new to the game and was to be initiated into the dramatic art of grinding for snook I was given a choice outfit and a lure that had been lovingly carved by an expert. Those who looked upon it stated that it could not be equalled for beauty and that the snook would fall all over themselves to pay court to my offering.



The speckled sea trout whose real name is "speckled weakfish." A great mixer!

I well remember the night the run was on. During the day the fish had arrived by the hundreds and the fishermen were awaiting the fall of dusk with an impatience that would not be quiet. It turned out to be a dark night, so dark in fact that you could hardly see ten feet ahead of you. The waters of the Myakka sparkled and glittered like a sea of priceless gems with here and there a dash of silver flame betokening the rush of a large fish, or here the twinkle of the minnow schools as they dashed about seeking safety from the larger fish that preyed upon them. The smallest parasite in the water seemed to send up a pin-prick of piercing light. It was a night of nights indeed, and, as the verdict had it—"The fireworks were wonderful!"

The railroad bridge that spans the Myakka at El Jo-Bean was our destination, and out on this our party wended its way, they with practiced feet stepping from tie to tie, though not so well with myself who was unaccustomed to night roving over such pathways. *(Continued on page 58)*

A "One Squirrel Man"

By
SAM L. WRIGHT, SR.

Drawings by Ferd Himme

—"my right shin put a slight abrasion in a misplaced chair—"

IT may be because I started too late in life, or something else, but I'm satisfied that I ain't no squirrel hunter.

You know I never thought I was, and never thought I wanted to be, but like a lot of other guys I fell when some one give me that come on, about what a good shot you are, and did you ever hit a squirrel as he was a-jumpin' from a mulberry tree to a hickory. Raspberries! Take it from me they can do their jumpin' solo from all what I care from here on.

But this guy says, you'll enjoy it! Don't wind the alarm clock I will wake you, says he, and when he yanked me outa bed before the sun had got a chance to get its pants on and shine on the new mown hay, I wondered if you hunted squirrels with a flashlight and a dip net like you do a covey of frogs. Why no, says he, we gotta be under the trees before the squirrels do. Well, says I, we gonna be there a long time before they do, unless them squirrels walk in there sleep. Any squirrel what gets up this time a-morning don't have to go after nuts.

I gets up tryin' to be quiet, so as not to wake the rest of the camp. I thought because me and another guy was jest a little off was no good reason why the self-respectin' folks of the camp should be out of a bunch of sleep. Let 'em catch a little nap while we wandered in the dark, thought I. My left foot carefully glided into the coffee pot, while my right shin put a slight abrasion in a misplaced chair, and not to have all the pain in the lower end of my body, my head caromed off the swingin' lamp with a kind of a metallic, holler sound. Just like a bunch of nails in an empty can. Earl, that's the guy who talked me into this squirrel hunt, and my worstwhile guide, not to be outdone, stepped on two dogs at onct. One dog yelped and the other howled, so I am told by good authority, and one of the guests of the camp shook her old man, and with what sounded more like sarcasm than fear, said the horses must be loose again and paradin' on the porch.

The first part of the trip was around stumps and over logs. Now and then a briar reached up and grabbed you in the face, and when you pulled it loose from your nose, it would invariably grab you some place else. It seems them dark complectioned briars get two grabs to your one. We climbed through wet g r a s s and mud puddles. Occasionally we climbed o v e r rocks, but mostly we stumped them with our toes. I never hit a rock, but one that I moved, and it was just a little rock.

By and by we climbed to the top of the hill. The sun was a-tryin' to come up, but was havin' a hard time, as it was so cloudy. Now, says Earl, from here on you have to quit tryin' to represent a tractor and move real quiet. Not a sound, says he. I promptly fell over a log and dropped my gun. Shh, says he, don't fall around like that. That guy thought I was tryin'. A few steps I took in what I imagined was real Indian fashion, when I found that somebody had left there cow layin' around loose, and I spraddled over her, my mouth blowin' her horn, and my hands jinglin' her cow bell. It sounded like a jazz orchestra tryin' to get in step. The cow came out of it before I did and galloped daintily over the hill, brush, rocks, and dirt a-flyin'. Bellowin' and mooin' as only a disturbed cow can. Now I know what the retreat was like at the Battle of Bull Run, and about what made the Bull Run.

—"the cow came out of it before I did, and galloped daintily over the hill—"

Some ten feet ahead Earl was again Ssh-ing me. Leave the cows alone, says he, we are after squirrels. Can you beat it? He seemed to think that disturbin' a cow when she was takin' her siesta was my usual line of amusement. That cow may have been dumbfounded when I run up on her like that without an introduction, but you can bet a blue stack that I didn't purposely try to butt in. I like my cows in the broad daylight with PLENTY of fence.

Ssh, says Earl, and trudges on.

This ssh-ing business was gettin' to be regular. He was havin' all the breaks. No cows, no rocks, no logs! I was havin' a field day and gettin' all the ssh-ing. I found myself wishin' he would fall over a cliff, or trip over a tin tub or somethin'. But who would leave a tin tub out in the woods, thought I. Can't tell, though, who would have looked for a cow sleepin' around loose like that. When all of a sudden both my feet started down a slippery hill before I knew we was a-goin', and my pants couldn't think fast enough, and they hit the mud flat-footed, and a sharp rock punctured my hip pocket. I couldn't hear Earl Ssh me on this one because I cussed so loud.

With but a few other minor casualties we arrived!

Set down, he whispered in a forced effort to be explicit, and yet quiet. Where, says I, in what I thought was a fairly good whisper. Ssh, says he, dont' make so dam much noise, the squirrels will hear you, set down on that moss.

That moss looked suspicious to me. Any chiggers? says I. A pitiful look he g a v e me, o n e of t h e m frozen looks, as if to say, figger a big man afraid of a little chigger. But a chigger digs in, hides and bites all the same time, and the more you dig after him, the more he goes in, and as you is the guy he is diggin' in—not so good. I like my chiggers to stay in there native haunts. I've known chiggers to bite policemen with there badges on. They just ain't no respecters of persons, and I've always been that skin they love to touch. One chigger can put a bigger trench in me than a steam shovel can put in a bunch of loose ground. And how! But I never jest had one. I gave a fertile home for whole troops of them. There brothers, brothers' wives, relations and friends. Sort of a picnic to them, or a home coming, gala day, or what have you. With misgivings and doubts, which soon was to be turned into cold reality, I set down. Right smack into a place

"—chiggers—the only one who missed climbing on was a paralytic—"

where all the chiggers in five counties had congregated and waited my coming, so to speak. The only one that missed climbin' on was a paralytic, and they was arranging to carry him aboard if somethin' hadn't a moved.

It was Earl. With a tiny Ssh he crouched forward.

From tree to tree he dodged like a Siwash stalkin' his prey. I saw him move, yet could not hear him. Every time he put his foot down I would say, now is where he spills the big noise, but nary a twig snapped. Reachin' some undergrowth he raised up carefully and brought his gun to his shoulder. I watched, holdin' my breath, and waited for him to shoot, when down comes the gun, and I heard Earl say something about a dam woodpecker. Not so hot.

We agin started our watchful and painful waitin'. Time passed slow and Earl would say, it was too windy, or too dry, too early, or too somethin' else. Centuries dragged by and finally in the quiet there came a noise from overhead that sounded like a express train, and before I knowed it, bang went Earl's gun and he had missed a squirrel. He said, tho, that somethin' had scared him, and that he was runnin' through the trees, and he didn't have a fair shot, and anyway it was a little early in the season, and what a guy should do was wait till they begin to cut on hickory.

What's the idear, says I, do these squirrels carry a pocket knife, and Earl says, no they chew on the nuts with there teeth, takin' the shell bark off, so they can eat it. By now he was a-talkin' almost outloud, but all of a sudden he grabbed my arm and give me a nother of his Ssh-es. This time it was a sure 'nough squirrel, and he stopped in a wild cherry tree, and begin to git himself some cherries. I was on the wrong side of the tree, but I got to see the shot made and the squirrel come down. He musta been the only one out that morning, or else the brother nut eaters heard the fire-works and stayed at home. So before long we called it a day, and went to camp.

The Standin' Committee of I-told-you-sos was on hand to greet me.

I figgered that even if I didn't get a squirrel or a shot at one, that I knew about how it was done, and when the time come for them curve tails to bite there hickory, I was ready and made the trip alone. I didn't do any of this flashlight huntin', but did manage it reasonably early.

"—the standin' committee of I-told-you-sos was on hand—"

Settin' myself down carefully on a big rock between some small cedar trees I begin to lissen. First a wood-pecker would start to hammer on the side of a tree, provin' that the early bird got the worm. I used to think that them birds was doin' a little carpenter work till I found out that they was diggin' for worms in the bark. Imagine a dumb bird dullin' his beak that a-way when he could hoe up the ground and do twict as much good. Well, when I got so I could recognize a wood-peckers plunk, plunk, I settled down to real lissenin'. All of a sudden I heard what sounded like a big noise and jumped up and forgot my gun. But it was just as well, because I learnt that it was only a crow startin' for the corn field. As he left he either said, Kaw, Kaw or Ha Ha, and I'm kinda thinkin' he was givin' me the laff.

I was gettin' purty well cought up on my lissenin', when right overhead I saw somethin' on a limb, movin'! Dam if it wasn't a squirrel. I managed to grab my gun, take aim and pull the trigger and down come the squirrel. Wow! First shot, one squirrel. He fell over the side of a bluff and I went after him, droppin' my gun. I found the squirrel and climbed back up. If that gun had legs and was a tryin' it couldn't have made me look more for it. Back to camp I raced to show my kill. Earl met me on the way and after proclaimin' Mr. Squirrel dead beyond a question of doubt, expressed the opinion that he was ready to die any way, and pointed to him. I looked at Mr. S. and Earl showed me how he had been shot before, by someone

"—this time it was a sure 'nough squirrel—"

what was usin' bird shot and the shot had nearly killed him, but not all. This squirrel had more sores on him than Job musta had boils. One eye was out and big welts was all over him. Not fit to eat, says Earl, so all I got to do with him was display him to the Standin' Committee as Exhibit A.

Next mornin' I was with the nuts again, and waitin' for the little squirrels. I felt somethin' droppin' around me, and when I looked up there set a squirrel lookin' right at me and throwin' the peelin's off the nuts right at me. With a kind of a stiff arm salute I throwed the gun to my shoulder and by the time I found whear the sight was the squirrel, with as much as to say, if you gonna start that shootin' I will be on my way. I shot, and believe it or not I hit him. Down he came, tryin' to hold on to every limb, but without much success and when he hit the ground he was limpin' around, and I run up and grabbed him at the business end and he just tied into one of my fingers, thas all. Didn't you know he would bite you, you nut, says Earl, why didn't you grab him by the tail, he continues. As if I would sneak up behind a pore little squirrel, and take a snatch at his tail. Grab 'em by the tail, they won't kick, says Earl.

No matter what time I went huntin' after that I always got one squirrel or less. Mostly less. I tried hidin' here and there and waitin' and watchin', but always after the first shot the squirrel elements was on there guard and gone from there. One shot was either one squirrel or one miss. I even cut myself a small cedar and carried it with me jest actin' like I was a tree, but no good. The trouble was, it was the noise that always scared 'em.

Unless I can learn to hit 'em with a blow-gun fixed up with a Maximum Silencer, I guest I will always be, just a one squirrel man.

The Story of Jim Childs

Concerning a Life Simply Lived Which Inspired a New Conservation Idea

By
HAROLD J. BOULTON

THE passing of one who loves nature thins the ranks of the far sighted men and women who strive to preserve and conserve in an age of destruction. Industrialization and the bending of all natural resources to the comfort of mankind is essentially a process of change, a change that destroys natural things and creates fabricated things.

In the strife and urge for greater advancement and the competition among peoples to produce cheaply, a failure to realize fundamental values is an ever present danger. Cheap lumber is more desirable than well regulated forest areas harvested with the aim of perpetuity; cheap, easy and quick disposal of industrial wastes more desirable than clear bright streams.

The few who desire to stop the wasting and destruction of a new country's heritage have not the purpose of turning back the hands of the clock, or blocking the progress of humanity, but the adjustment of a people's sense of values. These few can little afford to lose one of their number, regardless of his part in the defense, be it great or small.

THE James Lawton Childs Memorial Fund is a perpetual trust established by Edith George Childs in memory of her husband, James Lawton Childs.

The income from this fund is to be paid each year to that chapter of the Izaak Walton League which has done the most to stimulate and increase the production of trout, bass and other fishes within its territory for the benefit of the anglers of America.

The service rendered by these individuals is of such a nature that as a rule it passes with them. It is so much a matter of personality that it does not survive the individual except in so far as it has fired friends and associates. The marking of the spot where nature has received him, the placing of a monument commemorating his service to nature falls short of an adequate expression of loss. The rocky caverns, the forest ravines are his sepulcher and the mountains and tall trees his monument.

James Lawton Childs, angler, sportsman, nature lover, unfortunately was removed in the prime of young manhood from the accomplishment of his aims and ideals, but fortunately he left one who desires that the purpose of a life shall not fail for want of hands to carry it on; to perpetuate the sport he loved, realize his aim to make our streams a call to thousands to leave our towns and cities, enjoy nature, and become students of the wholesome philosophy of Izaak Walton. Mrs. Childs has taken the first step, blazed the trail, and may her idea take fire and be an ever mounting and ever effectual memorial to her husband.

James Lawton Childs was born in Cuba and spent his childhood near Havana. George Lawton Childs, his father, was a banker and a native of New York State, who became interested in Cuba from the banker's standpoint, and was one of the first American bankers there.

Even as a child, Jim was an angler. I have heard him tell of stealing off from servants who were charged to keep an eye on him, and keep him away from the water, and prevent these angling expeditions. I wish I could recall, or that Jim had told me more of this episode. I would like to know the circumstances, the nature of the waters fished, the equipment used, and the fish sought, but these things are lost. I will venture to say that his first, though perhaps not his last, fish was caught with a worm. He could not have been six years of age when he began to take an interest in those things which became so dear to him in later life. His interest in the woods and streams was inherent in him. It developed until it became one of the dominant factors of his existence and to which he devoted much of his life.

When Jim was about nine years of age, his father died and it was his wish that his boys be educated in the United States. In pursuance with his father's wish, Jim was placed in the New York Military Academy and from that time on, spent his winters in private schools and his summers in camps in Vermont. The Childs boys grew up in private schools and camps. It has seemed to me that these years in school and in camp gave Jim those qualities that were his in later life and developed in him those traits of character that we loved and admired. It can be seen that he was raised almost entirely by men. Men who were experts, but men who could devote only part time necessarily to each individual and the rest of the time the boy was on his own. Raised by men, Jim was a man before his years. He was hard, self-reliant. Thrown in with boys and alone when most boys are leading sheltered lives. And being able to take good care of himself, he developed confidence, and by reason of his

Preparing breakfast of trout in Potter County, Pennsylvania.

Harold Boulton and Jim Childs breaking camp on Trout Run.

"PERHAPS you have known a boy who loved to go fishing; who was always bringing home a horned toad, a snake skin, or a baby ground squirrel found by the roadside; a boy whose expert fingers could make the mere greasing of a boat a pleasure to see, and one who, after a summer spent on the stream, devoted long winter evenings to puttering over flies and rods and to the faithful perusal of endless equipment catalogues. Perhaps this boy belonged to you, or you thought he did, until his untimely death made you realize the precious companionship was only a loan, and that somehow you were supposed to carry on; that you had an obligation to fulfill. Such a boy was Jim Childs. For him a memorial that means more fishing for our boys is eminently fitting, and I feel that no organization is so able to carry forward Jim's work as the Izaak Walton League."

The above statement, made by Mrs. Childs when she established the James Lawton Childs Memorial Fund, is conclusive proof of a noble and unselfish spirit.

Mrs. Childs loved and lived in the outdoors as much as did her husband.

James Lawton Childs

whole training coupled with his natural strength of body and mind, he grew to be a manly man. He commanded the respect of his fellows. His singleness of purpose, strength of will and strong opinions, coupled with an ability to drive things home, though not conducive to general love by all his group, at least gained the respect of everyone.

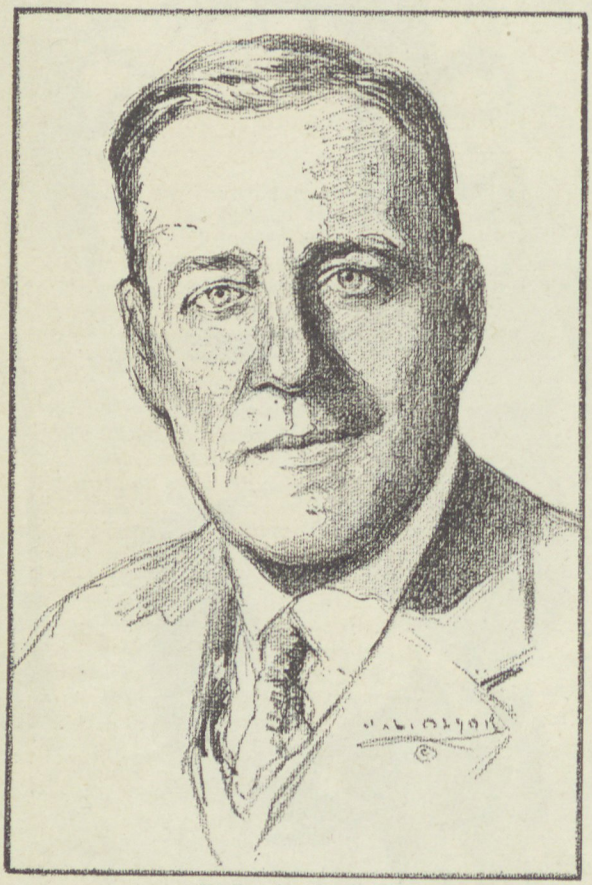
I met Jim nine years before his death. He was in Lawrenceville Preparatory School and was spending the summe in H. W. Heath's Tutoring Camp on Lake Champlain near St. Albans Bay, Vermont. I had finished High School and was going to Lawrenceville in the fall and went to the tutoring camp to make the fourth form. Mr. Heath was a master at Lawrenceville and the Camp, Kamp Kill Kare, an excellent tutoring camp was a fine place to do summer work in connection with Lawrenceville. It was my first time away from home and the disruption of my whole trend of life, made me feel very low. I was in my room writing home and very discouraged. My room door opened and Jim stood there with a huge old-fashioned hotel water pitcher in his hand. "Young fellow, how about some lemonade." We were the same age—"Young fellow," indeed, but it was the sour dough talking to the tenderfoot. My letter was put aside. We pushed back the books and spent the night settling the affairs of the world as only school boys in a bull session can.

From that night, Jim and I drifted together and became friends without conscious effort. We hunted in the woods back of camp and fished in Champlain. The love of fishing was the common interest that bound us in spite of the many things that might have forced us apart. We would wrangle and swear, but each fine day when the studies were over, we would be loading the boat for an afternoon's sport. We wandered over Champlain together seeking the hangouts of the small mouth, the pike or perch. Woods Bar, Butler's Island, Gull Island reef and the bays and shoals of Champlain would see us all summer, and week ends would find us back in the Green Mountains where we have

(Continued on page 65)

Biographies *By* Arthur B. Wilson

Outdoor



Willoughby Walling

Willoughby Walling

WILLOUGHBY WALLING, born in Louisville, Kentucky, is a man of exceptional versatility. More than that, an extra generous measure of energy and competence enter into everything that he undertakes. Naturally, the results mean interesting worth while accomplishments, enjoyed by others as well as himself.

Mr. Walling has become known as one of Chicago's most prominent bankers, recognized and highly regarded everywhere in financial circles.

And being an ardent Waltonian, he is an active participant in hunting, fishing, golf and other forms of recreation and sports.

The glory of nature, the mysteries and secrets of the great outdoors impress Mr. Walling in a way unusual. For he has the faculty of transforming his thoughts into poems of distinctive, original beauty. He is a poet of marked ability, possessing a true gift of lyrical expression—a fact not generally known because of a sense of modesty unseeking of publicity.

Mr. Walling has long been identified with the activities of the Izaak Walton League. At present, he is President of the Chicago Chapter, a National Director, and Chairman of the Executive Board.

Judge Henry Graass

ALTHOUGH engaged in many activities, Judge Graass has ever been a Waltonian on the job, and with shoulder to the wheel.

Judge Graass might well be called a member of the "original Waltonian family." Known and beloved by league delegates from the entire country, he has attended every national convention with a single exception. His work has been of a constructive nature in the building of outdoor ideals, his addresses, inspirational masterpieces in the spread of Izaak Walton principles.

Born in Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin, several years of teaching preceded his entrance into the legal profession. After graduating from the University of Wisconsin, Judge Graass became in succession—City Attorney of Sturgeon Bay for five years, District Attorney of Door County for nine years, a Wisconsin circuit judge in 1914, re-elected in 1920, and again in 1926.

As a hobby, Judge Graass maintains a camp at his summer home, Moonlight Bay, Wisconsin, for Boy Scouts. He has been vice-president of the Izaak Walton League, a National Director, President of the Green Bay Chapter, and President of the Wisconsin Division

Judge Henry Graass

Americans

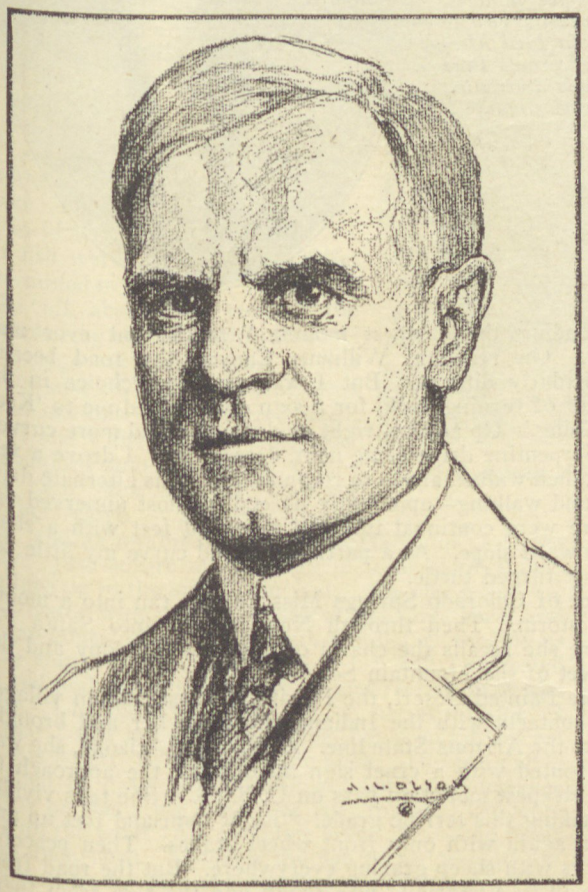
Portraits
By Julius L. Olson

Judge George W. Wood

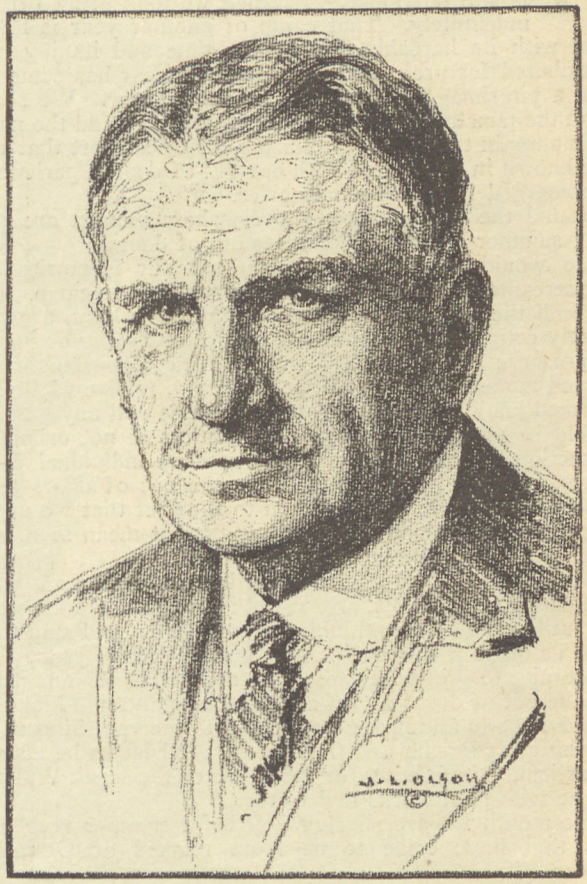
AS a boy, Judge Wood's first steps were taken in the outdoors. In his earliest years, accompanied by his father on fishing, hunting and camping expeditions, he became an outdoor lover, both through personal and hereditary instinct. Judge Wood's own words, better than others, express his thoughts on this subject.

"If more men and women went afield and became inoculated with the real spirit of the out-of-doors, there would be less work for the various social agencies. The misery which we see so often in the courts would be lessened by the fine spirit of sportsmanship which is absorbed in contact with nature. I have been accused of being bigoted on this subject, but if more people had this spirit, judges would have more time to go fishing!"

Judge Wood was appointed to the District Court of Iowa by the Governor in 1920, and has been three times re-elected. He and the Izaak Walton League have been inseparable. He is now a National Director of the league. Formerly, a National Vice-President, President of the Waterloo Chapter, President of the Iowa Division, Chairman of National Conventions, and a member of National Executive Committees.



Judge George W. Wood



Robert Scholes

Robert Scholes

REPRESENTATIVE ROBERT SCHOLES gave to the cause of outdoor life a most remarkable enthusiasm, ability and energy. Undoubtedly his greatest desire was to advance the conservation movement in Illinois, together with the cleaning up of all streams, and the restoration of ravaged fishing and hunting grounds.

A leader of Waltonism in both Illinois and the entire nation—a speaker of eloquence whose words and manner have created lasting impressions in the minds of all who listened—the personification of an ideal to be accomplished.

Robert Scholes served the people of his own Illinois in many ways. Born in Peoria, he became state's attorney for Peoria County, and held this office for six years. In the State Legislature, he was elected Speaker of the House in January 1925, and re-elected in January 1927. His influence enabled the Izaak Walton League to effect some of the measures in which it was vitally concerned.

He was a National Director of the Izaak Walton League, and the twice-chosen President of the Illinois Division in 1926 and 1927.

Women—Out of Doors

Edited by BETTY BENTON PATTERSON

MEMORIES of outdoor sports and pleasures linger on. The game we shot last season or even before, is still our game. The fish we took bring thrills indefinitely. That camp of another year is lived again with its hardship dimmed by time and its joy the remembered feature. The trek in our old car has come to mean a pilgrimage of rare delights in memory. We soon forget the punctures, the temperamental motor and the narrow mountain trail. Every difficulty or discomfort that we have known in connection with our out of door experiences is submerged in glorified memories.

Around the fires of homes everywhere women are reliving summer holiday experiences out of doors.

Life would be drab indeed without our memories of clear streams, hunting trips and the open road to camp. As we recall the sports of summer and the day's hunt, are we selfishly complacent because our particular fishing or hunting preserve appears secure from the illegal onslaught of fish and game hogs? Or do we, in sanity, realize what the informed know that only through vigilance will any stream or field be protected from the thoughtless if not criminal destruction by forces of greed and ruthless individuals?

Every woman or man who loves the out of doors and finds pleasure there must awaken to the fact that we must act now to save these natural beauties that mean so much to us.

We hear frequently, "If we had known the stream was to be dammed we might have saved it." If we had known! The futile cry of the unthinking sportswoman and man too.

Let us make it our business to know. Let us grasp the opportunity to join with those who are giving their best to save the out of doors for us and for our children. Make it our privilege to anticipate the menace to the vanishing wild life, the clear stream and the forest. And let us be active and articulate in fighting for the tenets of the Izaak Walton League with both works and words.

This month we are sharing delightful summer recollections that have come to us from readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA.

RUTH M. CALKINS boarded her small roadster on May 20 last and made a successful solo run from St. Louis to California, reaching Los Angeles June 10. "A Missouri Woman Hits the Trail" is Miss Calkins' caption for this achievement.

Miss Ruth Calkins who motored alone from St. Louis to Los Angeles in 21 days.

"I had never been west," she writes. "I had never seen a mountain or a desert; I gave no thought to punctures, engine troubles or the possible hazards of steep, rough or narrow roads. I tuned in with Mother Nature with a light heart and was her child, wild and free, for a time at least."

Miss Calkins reports an uneventful trip until she passed the Colorado line, when darkness overtook her. "Alone in the infinite silence and loneliness of country roads, I drove through the darkness hoping to find a place to spend the night. At 11 o'clock I arrived at a village, found me a place to sleep and turned in, not caring whether the bed was soft and downy or the hard strawlike substance that I recall it was."

This village was just 100 miles from Denver and the little car sped on for 88 miles when Miss Calkins came to the snow-topped mountains where the going was rough and steep. She welcomed the advice of an experienced mountain driver who helped her make the top of Mount Lookout, where Buffalo Bill rests. Then to Denver and on to Colorado Springs.

"I started out to see three of the wonders of the world in one afternoon," admits Miss Calkins, "the Garden of the Gods, Cave of the Winds, and the Seven Falls. My poor little car and I were equally unprepared for climbing and descending the steepest mountain roads that ever man built. On reaching Williams Canyon the road became particularly difficult. But I was given no choice in the matter of turning back, for a sign commanded me to 'Keep on Going.' Up and up, right angle curves and more curves.

Mrs. Stephen R. Roberts of Hollywood, California, a valiant fisherwoman, is shown with her 36-pound Chinook taken from the Rogue River in Oregon. Landing time one hour and forty-three minutes. We are indebted to Warden Fred Merrill of Grants Pass for this interesting photograph.

"Serpentine drive came next, descending. I drove a few feet, then walked ahead to reconnoitre. This alternate driving and walking—apparently no end—almost unnerved me. There were continual turns at every 10 feet with a steep downward slope. At a particularly bad curve my little car almost turned turtle."

Out of Colorado Springs Miss Calkins ran into a mountain storm. Then through New Mexico into Santa Fe, where she recalls the charm of the artist's colony and the "Street of the Mountain Son."

The Painted Desert, the Petrified Forest, Indian villages and contacts with the Indians interested her and brought her to the Arizona State line. At Oatman, Arizona, she was confronted with a cruel sign announcing the approach to "the steepest mountain pass on U. S. 66." She tells vividly of making this terrific grade. "Eight thousand feet up and down again with only front wheel brakes. Then peaceful valleys with sheep grazing everywhere. But the road from Oatman to Victorville was rough and the ride from there to San Bernardino, California, I made after night. There

was Cajon Pass, with huge flashlights to show the way which emphasized the canyon's black depths. I entered the pass at the summit and from there the winding road descended for many miles. Midnight at San Bernardino. Sound sleep. Next morning up and off for Los Angeles, where I arrived in the evening. Journey's end. A happy and thrilling experience."

MOTHERS who declare that they cannot go camping since the babies have come should find a deserved rebuke in Annette Victorin's inspiring account of her vacations "since Jimmy Junior came."

Mrs. Victorin writes that she had always enjoyed camping and fishing with her father, and states firmly, "No woman should pass up a vacation simply because she has become a mother and feels that her child is too small to portage along."

She admits that while Jimmy was very young she was not privileged to roam far from camp. "But," she adds, "the trees were there, and the air to fill my city-fed lungs and the deadening monotony of city routine was broken."

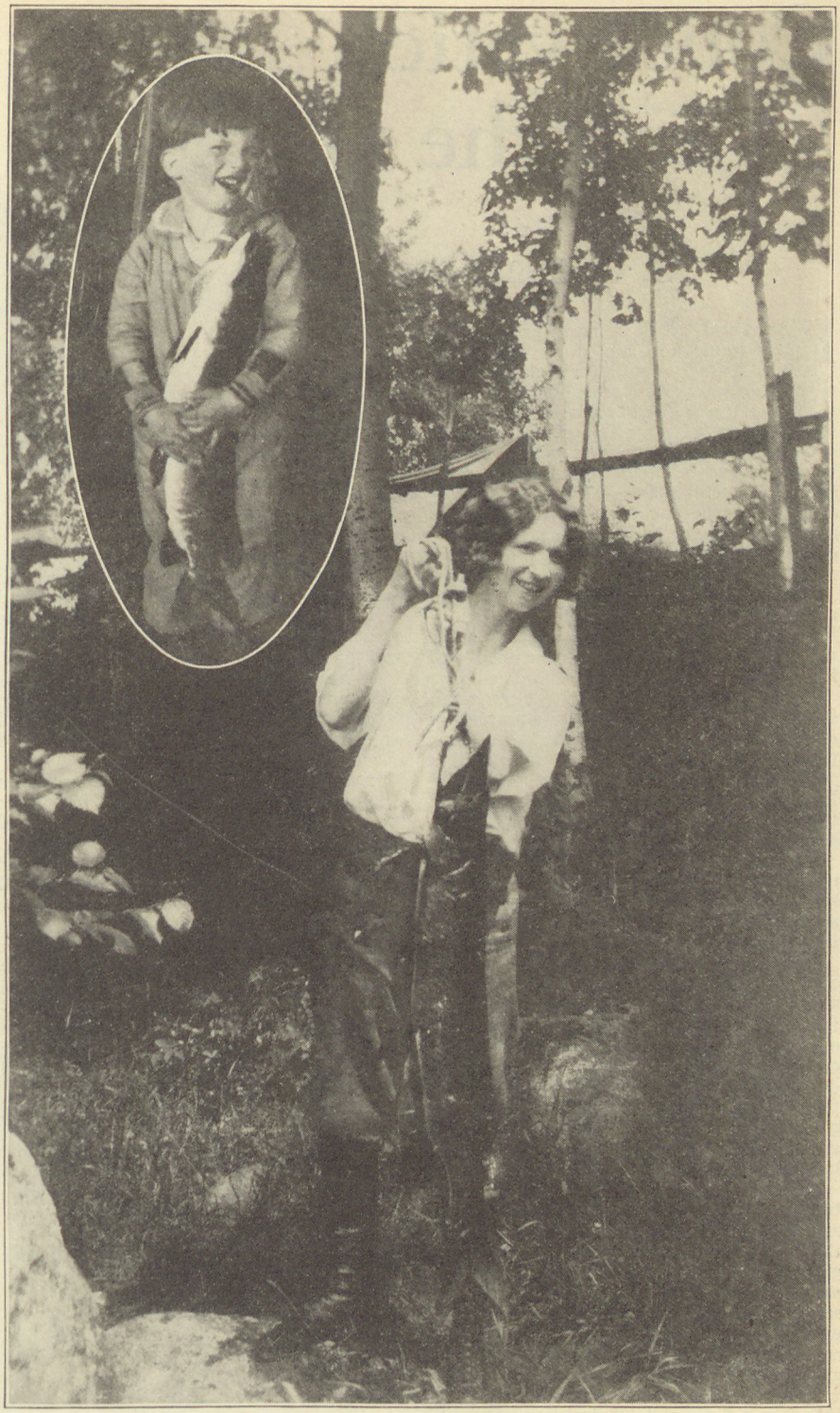
Jimmy was more than two years of age when the Victorins set out from Cicero, Illinois, in their car for Hayward, Wisconsin, to camp on a river that flows into Teal lake. Jimmy was comfortably disposed of in the back of the car. A cabin awaited the Victorins and the friend who went along. The camp in shape, the men went forth fishing. One day they went on an all day trip, leaving Jimmy and his mother in camp. Two rods against the wall, the tackle box with lines and lures lay temptingly open. A boat was tied to the little pier. Jimmy was asleep and scarcely roused as his mother wrapped him and tied him on pillows to the center seat of the boat.

Soon came the first strike and after setting the hook Mrs. Victorin played the fish for a few moments and dipped up a creditable pike for supper. Jimmy was awake and insisted on having the fish tied to him.

Bigger fish were there and Mrs. Victorin determined to catch one. For safety she broke off about two feet of the line, remembering an old guide's admonition, "Never go out with a spool of line you are not sure of." Then she selected a two and one-half inch silvered shell, with a red and white splash on its side. This was slipped onto the leader. Out—a smooth cast. But let Mrs. Victorin describe her catch. "Musky crave a swift bait, and as my lure was not a surface one, I reeled in quickly. Just before me a beautiful tiger came slowly after the lure up to the side of the boat. My spoon and the fish broke water with a great splash at the same time, and the fish was gone. Jimmy was saturated, but neither of us thought to stop. We had seen the big fish and I persisted with the red and white spoon casting and reeling over and over again. I hit close to a dead log. A tug at my line. I thought that I was hung on something, but a splash set me right on this point. I tried to set the hook. The fish pulled away. Then he gave a wonderful acrobatic performance and we saw he was a big one. The boat turned. We were drifting with the wind. My good line held. Tears ran down my cheeks unchecked. Suddenly the fish turned toward me. As I reeled in he lay still about a foot under water. Then alive again, he broke water. That is the last of him, I thought. But no, I could feel the tug. I gave him more line; he was still with me. Next I did what others will think absurd. Working my left foot, I managed to bring the small dip net close to me. So I insulted that big musky by dipping this foot and a half net into the water to make sure of him. Some way in coming toward me his tail came into the net's opening. And some way I landed musky, net and all in the bottom of the boat and fell on my knees on top of him. Hooks had made a sad mess of musky, net and my knickers. But that 14-pound 5-ounce fish was mine!

"Jimmy and I were waiting with fried pike for supper when the men came in with two trout to show for the day's trip. That first musky-head of mine is mounted, and on long winter evenings I look at its fine lines, and memories come—memories, the joy of every angler."

(Continued on page 64)



Mrs. Annette Victorin of Cicero, Illinois, Jimmy, Jr., and their prized big musky.

Conservation and the Child

By
O. O. HEISTAND

Children should be privileged to know the thrill of contact with the wild creatures.

IF you want to do a truly great thing, plant trees, vines and flowers and tend them lovingly, until they gladden you with their beauty of blossom and fruit.

With all plants we must be careful to select types of vigorous and healthful stock, and in their earliest stages of development give them the utmost care, guarding them against disease, poor soil and bad moisture conditions. In fact we must study the particular needs of various plants and give them the attention their natures require.

Just so with growing children, we must start early to enrich the soil of the developing mind by planting therein seeds of the valor, kindness, sacrifice, reverence and love we would see blossom there.

I marvel now at the lack of small streams, dried up rivers, springs practically dried up in the summer season, so that the birds must travel miles to secure a drink or bath in the hot summer of the Middle West. Here too we find that the fish, game and fur-bearing animals have also vanished with the lovely forests.

The birds have become so scarce it is now a serious problem to raise fruit of any kind without a continual war being waged against worm, slug and aphis, a war which in the early days the birds waged for us.

With the destruction of our forests have come drought in summer, winters so open as to freeze the wheat and prematurely forced fruit. With the more open condition of the country have come fierce cyclonic windstorms that do millions of dollars' damage annually. The storms of 1920 destroyed my own home, and the terrible Dayton flood that occurred in 1913 and that of the recent Mississippi disaster have not been forgotten.

Among my earliest recollections are pictures, still vivid, of great bonfires my father and older brothers used to kindle among the great log piles they had rolled together at the edge of the clearing. I remember, too, the lovely rail fences that separated the fields everywhere the land was cleared. In those days timber was a menace, an evil to fight, so that growing grain might flourish in its place.

Through the distinct haze of innumerable forest fires, and the reckless waste of huge log heaps, I now view with alarm the ruthless destruction of flower, tree and bird life, our once rich heritage. It is a sad satire on our haste for material things that we as American people have in so short a time destroyed the passenger pigeon, that the wild turkey and the grouse have almost completely vanished from our forests; while the most beautiful wild flowers the world ever knew are becoming extinct. In the face of all this, it becomes necessary for us to work with all our might to save the rivers, lakes, trees and remnants of bird and wild life still left to us. And in directing our efforts to the best advantage we must begin with educating the child to preserve the divine gifts of God and nature.

These conditions exist, because as a nation we have already in the most wanton waste imaginable changed our climatic conditions and destroyed the most splendid heritage God has ever given to man. The great question we now face is whether we will have this dire thing continue.

If we wish to save the sad wrecks of a once unlimited heritage we can do so in no better way than by educating the child of today who will control the destiny of our country tomorrow.

In my work of many years with children I know I have instilled deeply into their souls the love of birds, trees, flowers and all of the miracles of beauty found in God's-great-out-of-doors. I know that there are more homes where lovely and interesting things grow and bloom and vine around them.

It is difficult to enumerate just what the care of a garden or kindness to animals will do for a child. Care, patience and persistence are taught and there is a spiritual awakening, a mental and moral uplift derived from just making beautiful things live because they have planted them well and bestowed upon them loving attention.

In my work with the Boy Scouts of Yosemite National Park, I find great enjoyment in all of our nature hikes. I find that in all the lads there beats a heart of gold which responds to the refining and uplifting influence of birds, flowers and trees.

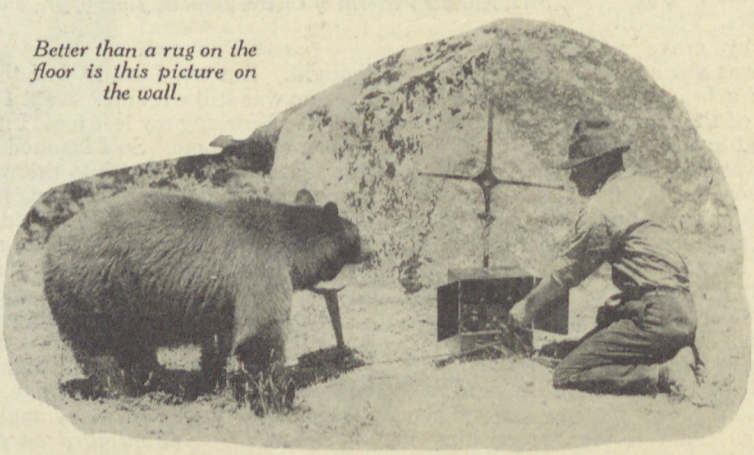
Before we started on a course of systematic bird and flower study, several cases dealing with birds, animals and flowers in the National Park were brought to my attention. They revealed the barbaric and destructive tendencies of boys of a given age.

After we started studying the birds, to my dismay, I found that one of the boys had the collecting habit, and birds' eggs were hidden in a box in his tent. Then one afternoon, two shame-faced boys stood at my tent door. The elder of the two was eleven; the younger eight. I noticed their excited faces and nervous manner. I said, "What is wrong, boys?" "We did a terrible thing, we hate to tell you," they replied. Then I began to question them and soon they told the story of a murder case in birdland. A beautiful Mountain Jay had built her nest in a pine near the younger lad's home. They had heard that jays destroyed other birds' nests and decided to destroy them. And this is the way they went about it. They fixed a sort of a spring gibbet, made by using two upright willow sticks across which stretched a smaller pole. Taking pieces of cord they wrapped them around the necks of the five young jays and left them swinging lifeless in the wind.

Now in a National Park where bird and animal life is numerous and countless thousands of tourists come to enjoy and study them and their habits this was an abominable thing. So I started a regular crusade of bird study, taking the boys on many trips to various nests on the valley floor. We studied the different architecture of nests, and learned to distinguish the songs of the more common birds. We prepared a thorough program in which the boys participated.

I found that these boys were not bad boys at all, but lacked education along conservation lines. I explained to them the right all wild things have to life and explained why they should preserve these things of intense interest and exquisite beauty. I told them there were unwritten laws of the wild in this wilderness school they must not break. I showed them that frightening and destroying wild life was robbing thousands of people of much pleasure.

In place of the slingshot you will now find bird houses and feeding counters and it is quite common to see tanagers and grosbeaks taking food from the children. The rising generation of developing manhood by their knowledge received in schools and camps are proving to the nation that riches lie not in natural resources so much as in the healthy sane manhood which preserves them to future generations.



Better than a rug on the floor is this picture on the wall.

Children love pets and are even more interested in wild ones than in domestic ones.

It is impossible to estimate the character forming value to children of such interests as these.

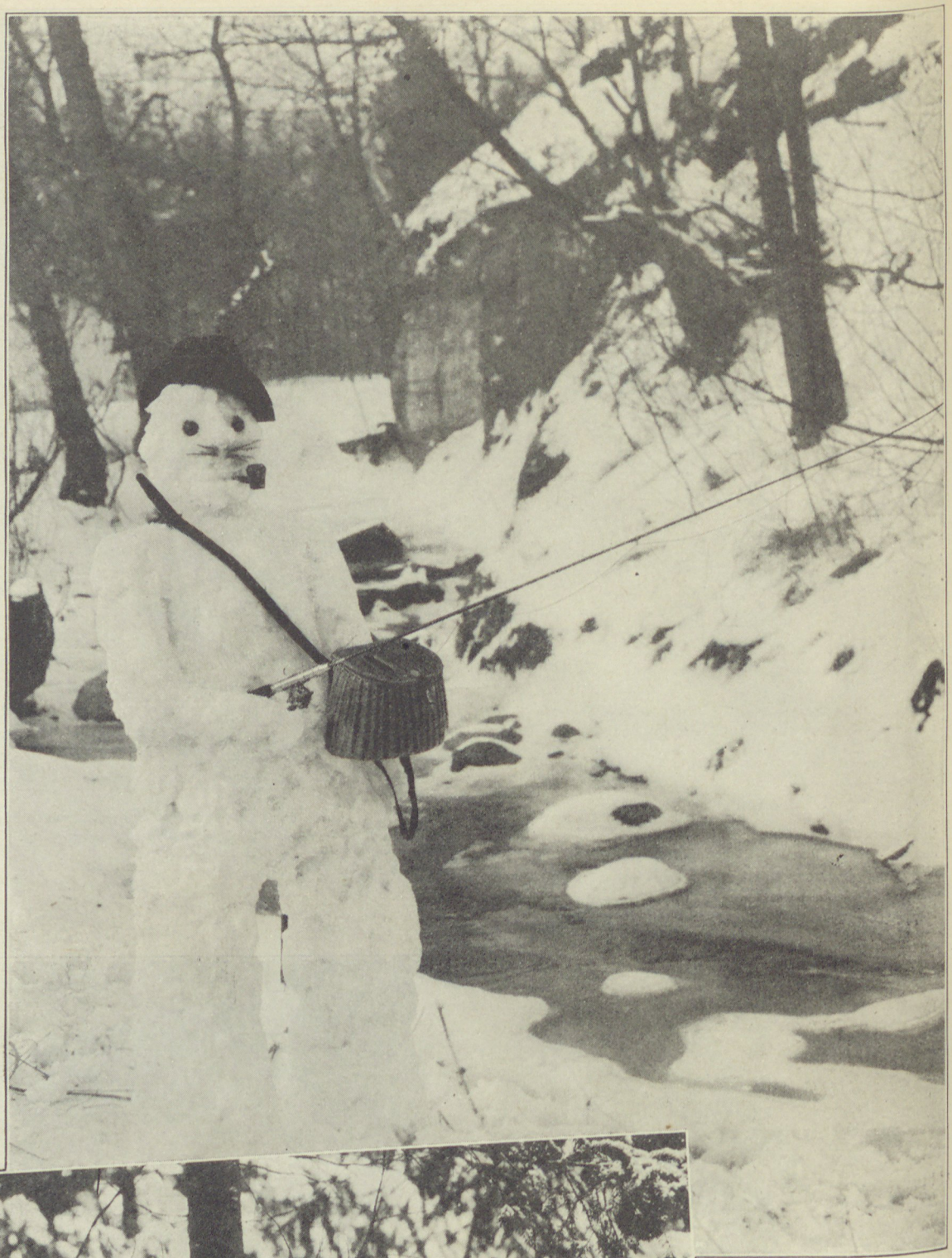
It has been said that children brought up with pets do not grow into criminals.

Bear cubs are the most human of all the wild creatures of the woods.

In the woods, as Stevenson said of life, anything unexpected or interesting may happen at any moment.
Photographs by Warren D. Boyer.

Gaining the confidence of shy wild creatures is peculiarly pleasurable and gratifying.

"What's that?"—Bears are constitutionally curious.



Not biting so well today—probably a little cold. Photograph by Bert Brown

A none too friendly lynx— Photograph by H. S. Albertson.

Mrs. Lila Carter and Miss Isabelle Olson who made a trip of 62 miles on snowshoes in the Rockies.

The monarch—and his jesters.

EDITORIAL

New Mileposts

PUBLIC welfare movements always suffer more from a lack of adequate financial support than they do from a lack of willing workers in the ranks. Conservation is no exception to the rule, but in this field the number of active workers is still far too limited.

The really outstanding movements for human betterment, aside from those fostered by governments, have invariably been those which were liberally endowed by wealthy public-spirited men and women. Strange to say that while many large permanent foundations have been established for building and maintaining museums, hospitals, universities and research institutions of various kinds, there has never been a single gift of more than $100,000 to the cause of conservation.

* * *

The Izaak Walton Conservation Foundation was organized during the summer of 1928. It is a permanent foundation with a broad human welfare program. Its progress under the leadership of that patron saint of Waltonism, George E. Scott, has been most encouraging. Sums of ten, twenty and more thousands are coming in. More and more this foundation is attracting the attention of public-spirited citizens, and some of these fine days one of America's many philanthropists will come forward and establish a new milepost in conservation by contributing at least a million dollars to the Izaak Walton Conservation Foundation. When this foundation reaches five or ten million dollars it can and will do wonderful things.

* * *

But it is not the large contributions alone that count. OUTDOOR AMERICA is especially pleased to announce in this issue the establishment of the James Lawton Childs Memorial Fund, an idea that was born in the mind of Mrs. Childs as a perpetual working memorial to her husband before the Izaak Walton Conservation Foundation was organized. The purposes of this fund are most laudable. It will wield a mighty influence in encouraging chapters of the Izaak Walton League to put forth their very best efforts to improve angling by rearing and stocking more and bigger fish.

It is predicted that the James Lawton Childs Memorial will be the forerunner of many contributions to encourage special activity looking toward the improvement of our outdoor land. It will truly help to "Build a Better America for Americans, and Better Americans for America." We are deeply indebted to Mrs. Childs for establishing this new milepost in conservation.

* * *

$3,000,000 Sunk!

REPRESENTATIVES of more than twenty national organizations recently called upon President Hoover to urge that he use his influence to see to it that our federal government makes adequate provision for the Nation's conservation activities.

The President's attention was called to the fact that moneys appropriated for conservation purposes do not constitute expenditures, but are capital investments which will return handsome future dividends. He was reminded, also, that while Congress has established a definite financial policy with reference to forest protection, forest and wild life research, and forest purchases, Congress has not appropriated anything like the full amounts authorized.

The spokesmen for the group called attention to the fact that in 1929 at least fourteen Federal employees lost their lives fighting fires and that almost 1,000,000 acres of National Forests were destroyed by forest fires, and that the cost of suppression, to say nothing of the enormous loss in national wealth, was more than $3,000,000; that adequate road, trail and telephone systems, with sufficient emergency equipment and trained personnel would have prevented a large part of this deplorable loss.

* * *

OUTDOOR AMERICA is much encouraged to learn that at a conference following the visit to the President, with Cabinet officers and members of Congress present, Congressman John W. Summers of Washington struck a responsive chord when he said:

"Within the past four months fires in our National Forests have inflicted damage greater than would be the utter destruction of both our National Capitol and the White House, and we only complain that the smoke irritates our eyes and obscures the scenery.

* * *

"A cigarette fire in southern California cost $135,000 for suppression. Since that day erosion has depleted the tax rolls of that county ten million dollars. The water level in the valley sinks lower each year. A vast expanse of orange groves and homes are threatened by unquenchable drought. Thirty-five millions have been expended in an effort to restore and protect the watershed. A pittance expended a few years ago on roads, trails and fire-breaks would have saved this irreparable loss.

* * *

"I have heard," he stated, after citing other instances in various parts of the country equally as serious, "that Nero fiddled while Rome burned. With mine own ears I have heard high government officials in the legislative and executive branches of the government play that interesting wind instrument named 'economy' while the people's great timber heritage went up in smoke. I have every confidence that we have seen the light of a new day; that roads, trails, and fire-breaks will be provided and that the fire slaughter of our forests will be checked. We are the custodians of the people's treasury and custodians of the people's forests. I am fully persuaded that the people want us to expend a small part of their treasury in protecting their forests."

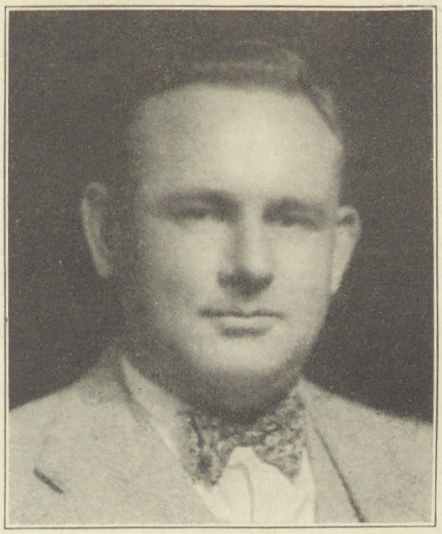
Knowing something about President Hoover's grasp of the conservation problems of the land, we predict that the present session of Congress will give these problems more liberal support than at any time in the history of our Nation.

ONLY UNCLE SAM'S TIMELY APPEARANCE SAVED THE ALLIES IN 1917
HURRY, UNCLE!
WILL HE DO AS MUCH FOR THESE?
DEPREDATIONS OF THE GAME HOGS
HURRY, UNCLE, BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!
THE STATES
Vic Zimmerman

Cartoon by Vic Zimmerman

Famous Sports Writer Joins League

Watch for His Gripping Thrillers on Life Out-o'-Doors, Hunting, Fishing, Other Sports



Sportsman, Conservationist, Outdoorsman Gives Reason Why He Joined League

Cal Johnson.

ONCE again the Izaak Walton League takes a mighty stride forward in its influence with the millions of sportsmen in these United States. Once again it proves that it is their voice demanding better conditions for hunting, fishing and all outdoor sports and their unified will hard at work to bring about a *Better America for Americans and Better Americans for America.*

It would be hard to find in the length and breadth of the nation another man who is as well known to lovers of outdoor sports and as well qualified to speak on their behalf as Cal Johnson. It would be impossible to find a man better qualified and equipped with experience, training and native ability. Members of the League and other readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA will rejoice over his appointment to the Directorship of Public Information of the Izaak Walton League of America.

If you are a constant reader of OUTDOOR AMERICA, you will be glad to hear the good news that Cal Johnson is going to contribute regularly to *your* magazine. (If you are not a constant reader, this news probably will make you one!) OUTDOOR AMERICA will be enriched with contributions from his brilliant pen. He has before contributed to this magazine, and our readers have read his articles with delight. Readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA number many of the thousands of followers and friends his stories of hunting, fishing and wild life have gained for him throughout the nation.

For many years the name "Cal Johnson" has been associated inevitably in the public mind with outdoor recreation in its many phases. Through his aggressive championship of conservation and restoration and his vigorous work on behalf of Waltonism ever since the inception of the League, his name has become synonymous in the thoughts of multitudes of outdoor enthusiasts with the perpetuation of sports afield and astream.

His popularity as an expert angler, hunter and student of nature has spread far. He has won a large following of sportsmen—and this following includes many celebrities. In matters pertaining to the out-o'-doors Cal Johnson is a leader of leaders. In fact, his reputation caused his counsel to be sought by two occupants of the highest office in the land—he has been an adviser to two presidents of the United States. During Ex-President Coolidge's vacation trip in northern Wisconsin, Cal Johnson was called to the President's camp for consultation in regard to planning future fishing trips for the Nation's chief executive. It has also been Mr. Johnson's distinction to assist in outfitting President Hoover.

Every inch a sportsman, Mr. Johnson was born in the midst of Wisconsin's famous northwoods and has followed the woodland trails since childhood, spending most of his life in direct contact with the outdoors and writing not from theory but at first hand from the stores of his own personal experience. These stores are vast although he is still a comparatively young man, just entering on the best years of his life.

Though known as an enthusiastic Nimrod, he is probably even better known through his angling activities. Hundreds of waters in various sections of the United States and Canada have yielded to him their choicest fish. Several of his most noted expeditions have been recorded through moving pictures sponsored by the Canadian Government. Waltonians have been thrilled at many meetings by his adept angling in his "Quest of the Bronze Back" and "Fishing Gamely for Game Fish," League feature films. His book on fly fishing for bass is the recognized authority in its field, a work thumbed much and fondly by his fellow wielders of the fly rod.

Mr. Johnson not only *knows* the American sportsman. He IS the American Sportsman.

But conservationist as well as consumer! Advocate through spoken and written word of replacing the fish and game taken from waters and wilds! And active worker as well as advocate!

During 1919 he served the State of Wisconsin as a special game warden at large. This connection offered him an opportunity of which he took full advantage to study actual conservation conditions. It helped to broaden a mind that was already brimming with a great store of nature lore. It brought him into close contact with Robert Ripple, now Superintendent of Fisheries of South Dakota, at the time Mr. Ripple had charge of the Salmo, Wisconsin, fish hatchery, a contact that was fruitful of much information and progress. Above all, it laid the basis for a practical knowledge of conservation problems and policies and an interest in them which has waxed ever greater as the years have sped by.

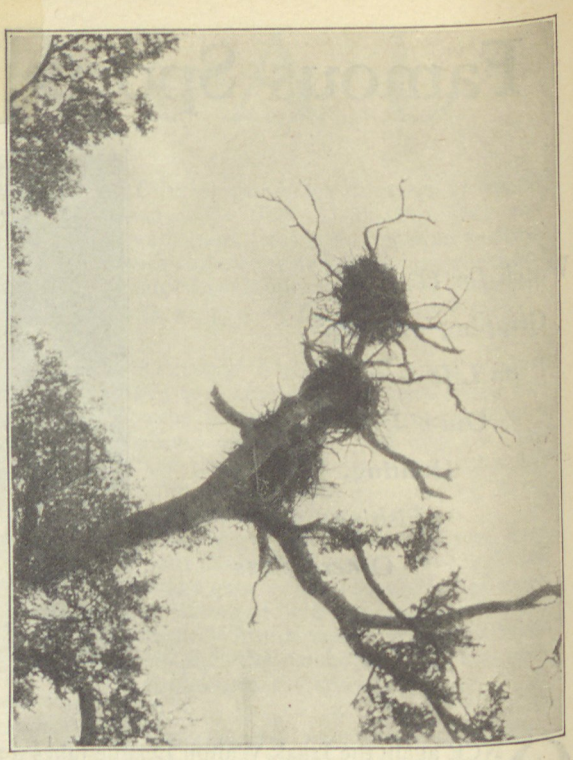
But why introduce Cal to an audience that knows him already? It would be hard to find an audience of sportsmen and conservationists who didn't! He has been introduced to so many in person, his syndicated outdoor column has spread the circle of his followers so widely, the trade journal in the sporting goods field of which he was formerly editor has extended his influence to the sporting goods trade so helpfully, he has won the respect of all of us in so many ways that it would be absurd to introduce him to you over again. Far better quote his own words on "Why I Became Associated with the Izaak Walton League."

"It will be my pleasure in the future to work with men who have already established their names as crusaders of conservation through their untiring efforts in their daily work with the Izaak Walton League. Beyond this, I see no more noble, inspiring or honorable work I can possibly do towards elevating the ideals of civilization."

A Proposed Tropic

Everglades National Park

By STEPHEN COCHRAN SINGLETON



Three osprey nests in one tree at Cape Sable. Photograph by Stanley and Baxley.

THAT group of sportsmen and conservationists who comprise the Dade County Chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America are intensely interested in the verdict which the National Park Service will render this winter upon the desirability of establishing a National Park in the Cape Sable country.

To them, more than to any other association of citizens, are known the possibilities of this great wilderness, teeming with wild life and unique as to the character of its woods and waters. Perhaps better than any other group of men do they recognize the desperate nature of this race against time to preserve from extinction so much of all those features of out-of-door Florida that they have enjoyed, and of which they hope to hand down to succeeding generations of Americans something more than a memory.

Dr. John K. Small, in the *Scientific Monthly* for January, 1929, states that this section harbors more kinds of aquatic, amphibious and terrestrial wild animals than any equal area in North America, and in concluding his description of this region asks, "Would it not have been a better plan to close this land to 'devilopment' and had it appear on the maps as 'Lake Okeechobee-Everglades National Park?'"

To this end the "Tropic Everglade Park Association" has been working effectively, and its chairman, Ernest F. Coe, who has devoted his energies for years to the realization of his vision, has by successive steps, with the co-operation of the Association and its distinguished personnel, secured favorable legislation by Congress and the Florida Legislature, so that the matter is in shape for a decision by the National Park Service; a decision that will be rendered after an investigation of the region, by the Service, during the winter of '29-30; after which a recommendation for final action by Congress can be acted upon.

Until the completion of the Tamiami Trail, running due west from Miami, across the Everglades, it seemed that we had here an inexhaustible breeding ground for game and a sanctuary for migratory birds that could withstand even the raids of the poaching plume hunters. But, as soon as it became possible to get within easy striking distance of this far frontier by automobile, local sportsmen and conservationists realized that utter extinction of many valued species of wild life was only a question of a few years. To them, the possibility of Federal guardianship over this region comes as a reprieve for a doomed treasure.

The Association has by bulletin and by addresses been diligently telling "the story of the wonderful things about this Cape Sable region; its palms, orchids, cacti, strange trees, vines and flowers; its rare birds, including the flamingo, scarlet ibis, roseate spoonbill, egret and a host of others."

More than 600 varieties of fish are found in the included and adjacent waters. To its beaches come several varieties of sea turtles to lay their eggs. Traversing its dense mangrove forests are canals, still navigable, dug by a forgotten race and leading by strategetic routes to great artificial mounds; impregnable fortresses they must have been. Not the least among the unique features of this park, if a park it shall ultimately become, is the fact that it will be the one National Park appealing to the yachtsman; the one park to which, when other National playgrounds are held in the grip of Winter, the fisherman may practice Izaak Walton's art beneath summer skies.

The Seminole makes an incomparable guide.

The area of the proposed park contains 2,500 square miles, bounded on the south by the Bay of Florida and on the west by the Gulf of Mexico. Deep rivers carry the waters of the sawgrass prairies to a coast, bordered in some places by towering mangroves that breast the billows of the Gulf of Mexico with no intervening beach; and in others where a wide beach stretches out before innumerable cocoanut trees.

The long, dug-out canoes of the Seminoles, that unconquerable race who fought for, and won, the right to remain in the land they loved so well, still traverse the dim trails through mangrove and sawgrass, bearing their bright-robed navigators to their little farms, their festivals, their own courts of justice, and upon their hunting trips. They constitute a problem. Incomparable guides, with no profane word in their native tongue, of stern integrity; they steadfastly refuse to recognize laws that they had no hand in making. It is to be hoped that the wisdom of the National Park Service will be able to co-ordinate them into the picture. It can at least make it a hazardous occupation to exploit them and employ them as killers of game out of season—something the State officials have not been able to do.

It appears to many of us that the establishment of a National Park in this Cape Sable country would be the finest thing in Florida, perhaps one of the finest things in all this glorious out-of-doors that endears America to lovers of forest, lake and river.

This article concerning the proposed Everglades National Park is published as a matter of information. The Izaak Walton League encouraged Congress to pass the measure authorizing a study of the area by a special commission selected for that purpose. If it is found to be suitable for addition to our chain of National Parks, the League will undoubtedly give the project its wholehearted support. EDITOR.

A camp in the Everglades. Photograph by G. M. Betheuser.

Dayton Sewage Disposal Plant

By EDGAR R. REED

THERE is probably no greater menace to public health, at the present time, in our large cities than that of stream pollution.

This fact is all too little realized generally. But, thanks to public spirited organizations such as the Dayton Chapter of the Izaak Walton League, there is a growing appreciation of the danger of domestic stream pollution and the menace of the emptying of public sewage into our rivers and harbors.

To begin with, we put our sewers under ground because of the foulness of the odors emanating from them, and because of the menace therein to public health. Yet inconsistently we have allowed our streams and rivers to become veritable sewers, not only destroyers of plant and animal life, but breeders of disease as well. And year after year, the people from our large cities have journeyed into the country and fished the reaches of these same streams, watching with dismay the slowly decreasing supply of once abundant fish life. We often hear of a stream being fished out, but, if the truth were known, the cause can often be traced to the ravages of polluted waters.

At the outset, it must be understood that the menace of stream pollution is really a dual problem. We have first the disposal of domestic sewage. The second problem is the treatment of waste waters from industrial plants, that are harmful to plant and animal life. In considering stream pollution, both questions must be solved, but separately.

Terminating a long sustained effort, marked at times by bitterness of conflicting interest, sharp division of opinion and variance of judgment, the city of Dayton shortly will begin operation of a health conservation project of supreme importance —the sewage treatment plant.

For many years the growing community realized that at some time something must be done to care for the sewage of the city, that great, endless sea of waste that increases as the community grows, and which, by its very nature, unless intelligently treated and directed, must needs be a source of danger. Obviously the immediate danger lay in the contamination of the Miami River. The deposit of raw sewage into a stream very close to the city could have no other effect than to increase the disease hazards of the community and to imperil the health of other communities through which the sewer-stream flows.

The city of Dayton is situated at the confluence of three rivers, and in years past the sewage disposal problem ended where the sewers emptied into the river. For years the Mad, Stillwater and Miami rivers were little more than open sewers. At any time, after a continued spell of low water, one might distinguish the noxious odors from the rivers several blocks away. The banks of the streams presented such a spectacle of filth at times that few cared to venture near. The situation gradually grew worse and worse. Many recognized the need of correcting the problem, but how to do it? The subject of sewage disposal as yet was little known. It remained for the local chapter of the Izaak Walton League, in co-operation with a few public minded citizens, to blaze the way.

As early as 1923 the Dayton Chapter of the Izaak Walton League commenced to study the situation. Samples of the effluvia discharged from the different sewers were secured at different times. These were subjected to every known test for organic content and reported on. The matter finally reached controversial proportions, with several different organizations involved. There were so many angles to be solved, it was impossible to move with any celerity. The matter was finally carried to the State Board of Health. Further investigation was made and reported on. Finally on September 9, 1924, the State Board of Health, by virtue of the powers of administrative control of stream pollution and municipal sewage, vested in them under sections 1240-1 to 1240-3 of the General Code issued an order to the city of Dayton, setting forth the complaints that had been received, and ordering that they proceed at once to "install at once such works or means as may be necessary to provide for the proper disposal of the sewage of said city so as to correct and prevent the pollution of the Miami River caused by such sewage."

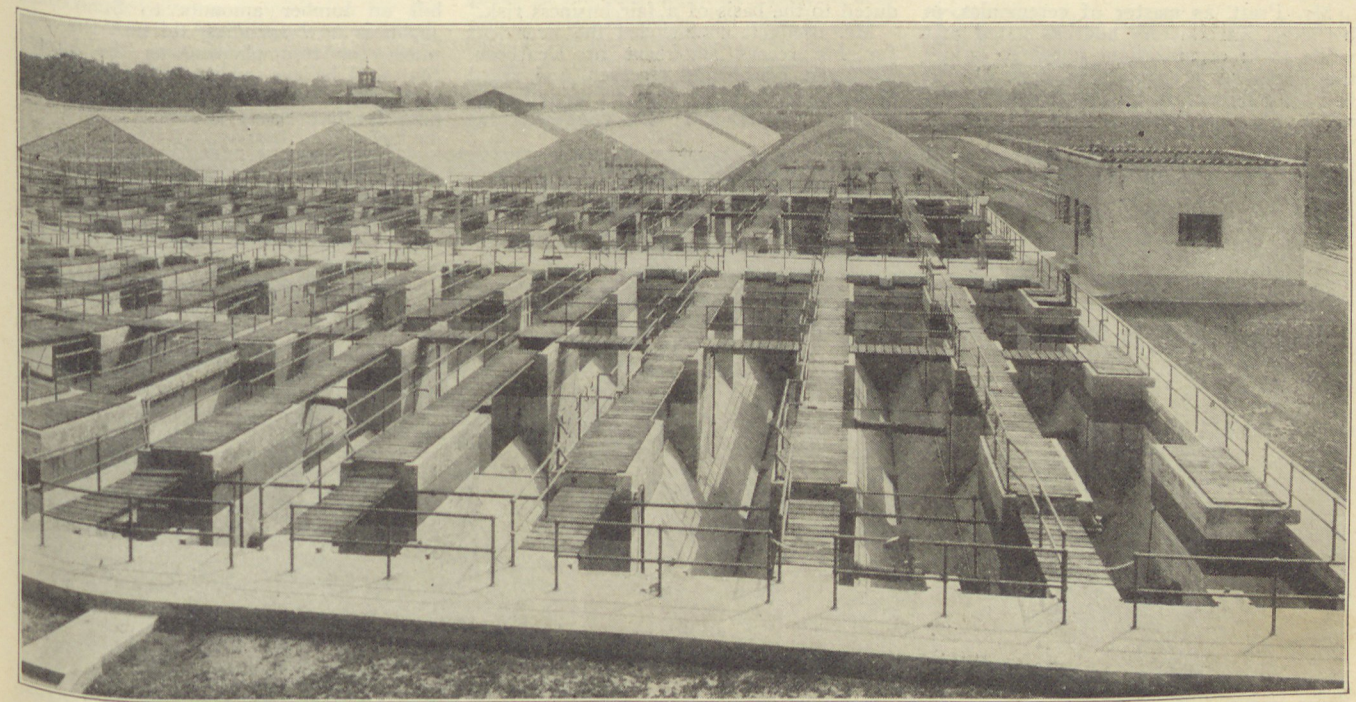
This order was also sent to the Board of Governors of the National Military Home, the Village Council of West Carrollton, Dr. H. H. Pansing, Commissioner of Health of Montgomery County, and the clerks of Harrison and Van Buren townships. The date of August 29, 1926, was set as the date prior to which this order should be complied with.

Then came a period of bitterness, characterized by acrid discussion—the selection of site and type of disposal plant to be erected. Many months dragged on, injunction proceedings were threatened and the controversy raged. The city had determined upon tracts of land on west and east sides of the Miami River about a mile beyond the Broadway bridge. The land was secured, handsome buildings have been erected and a large section has been set aside as a public park with golf course, camps and other public recreational facilities of most desirable and wholesome character. In a very short time the wisdom of the city in choosing the site and in utilizing the land not needed for the disposal plant and the pumping station, which is an auxiliary of it, will become apparent.

The plant, under construction for the last 20 months, is situated on farm land located between the Miami River and McArthur and Nicholas roads, immediately southwest of the city.

Included in the plant are a beautiful ad-

(Continued on page 43)



A view of one half of the new sewage disposal plant at Dayton, Ohio.

What's Happening in Conservation

By SETH E. GORDON
Conservation Director, Izaak Walton League of America

A monthly résumé of the outstanding conservation events throughout America and practical advice concerning conservation problems

President Receives Conservationists

ONE of the most notable gatherings ever to appear before a President in behalf of conservation matters was received by President Hoover on October 30 when representatives of twenty-five leading organizations interested in forest problems were assembled under the auspices of the American Forestry Association.

Among the organizations represented were the Izaak Walton League, the California Development Association, the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the Western Forestry and Conservation Association, the American Tree Association, the American Farm Bureau Federation, the National Lumber Manufacturers Association, the Southern Forestry Congress, the Society of American Foresters, the American Game Protective Association, the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests, the American Paper and Pulp Association, the Camp Fire Club of America, the National Parks Association, the American Livestock Association, the National Grange, the American Nature Association, National Forestry Program Committee, and the Garden Clubs of America.

General Conservation Needs Stressed

THE spokesmen for the group were Mr. George D. Pratt, President of the American Forestry Association, Mr. John W. Blodgett of the National Lumber Manufacturers' Association, and Hon. Robert P. Bass, former Governor of New Hampshire.

Mr. Pratt, as master of ceremonies, in his short introductory address stated that while these organizations appeared before the President principally to urge him to use his influence in making adequate provision for our national forest program, especially the protection of our forests against devastating fires, the group was of the opinion that our government should give conservation needs in general far more liberal support.

The President's attention was called to the fact that all too frequently appropriations for conservation activities have been looked upon as expenditures, when in reality they are permanent investments. He was reminded, also, that Congress has authorized fairly adequate appropriations for certain forest protection and extension programs but that regardless of the fact that such authorizations constitute a definite federal financial policy the actual appropriations have been far short of the authorizations.

Should Remove Fire Hazards

"WE of the lumber industry view this forestry question from three angles," said Mr. Blodgett; "first, the proper conservation and protection of our present and future timber resources; second, intelligent utilization of our timber; and, third, provision for a continuous supply of timber for the United States. First and foremost of these problems is protection against fire. The states and private owners are constantly increasing their expenditures for this purpose, but Congress has continuously failed to provide its proportionate share under the Clarke-McNary Act, and also failed to provide for adequate protection of federal forests.

"It would seem that no duty is more obvious or more pressing than adequate protection of our national forest estates. It is clear that neither the individual, the states nor the nation can profitably engage in reforestation until the fire hazard is reduced to the basis of a fair business risk."

Mr. Blodgett commended the President for his recent statement at Dearborn, Michigan, concerning research, and urged that America's forest research activities be materially extended. He concluded his remarks by calling attention to the need for federal forest land purchases east of the Plains and reforestation on an adequate scale.

Demand for Funds Recognized

"WE realize that you are petitioned from all directions for more money to advance innumerable worthy activities," assured Governor Bass, "but we wish to lay before you the necessity for more comprehensive steps to insure a permanent supply of forest products essential to the future growth and prosperity of the country.

"Expenditures for forestry lack the dramatic appeal attached to many undertakings which aim to meet immediate needs or present crises, but it takes a lifetime to grow a forest crop, and adequate plans for a nation's timber supply must look far into the future.

"The one hope in matters of this nature rests upon leaders who combine vision with the ability for immediate action. It is for these reasons that we have come to you today. We are here primarily to enlist your leadership and active cooperation in the formulation and execution of a national policy of forest development and conservation which will give reasonable assurance of meeting the future economic and social needs of the country.

Japan Outranks States in Planting

"EASTERN forest reservations," concluded Governor Bass, "are a factor of prime importance to the prosperity of the Atlantic States. New England now imports more than fifty percent of her timber consumption. Her annual freight bill on lumber amounts to $12,000,000. Japan is now spending thirteen times as much for tree planting as the United States. I believe public opinion is ripe for a general review and adequate future planning for our forest activities."

Photo Courtesy American Forestry Association

Group which appeared before President Hoover October 30 to plead for larger conservation appropriations.

Cabinet Members at Luncheon Meeting

FOLLOWING the conference with the President, the group assembled for a luncheon meeting at which Secretary Hyde of the Department of Agriculture, Hon. Walter Newton, Secretary to President Hoover, Assistant Secretary of the Interior Dixon, Congressman French of Idaho, Congressman Leavitt of Montana, Congressman Hawley of Oregon, Congressman Hudson of Michigan, Congressman Colton of Utah, Major Robert Y. Stuart, Chief of the Forest Service, Mr. Paul G. Redington, Chief of the Biological Survey, Mr. Horace M. Albright, Director of the National Park Service, Mr. Henry O'Malley, U. S. Commissioner of Fisheries, and others were present.

A number of those at the luncheon spoke briefly. Secretary Hyde expressed the opinion that "our national forest policy must be tied in with the agricultural problems of the country, especially with reference to our marginal and unproductive farm lands which need attention in connection with a reforestation program."

Secretary Wilbur was unable to be present, but in a letter to Chairman Pratt he urged that the question of forest taxation be given special study. The Secretary was ably represented by his assistant, Joseph Dixon, who said:

"Many of the conservation dreams of recent years are about to be brought to fruition. I feel that conservation is making rapid strides, and that this group is doing a fine public service here today."

Authorizations Should Be Mandates

CONGRESSMAN FRENCH of Idaho called attention to the recently enacted modern forest taxation law in his state, and lauded the work of the United States Forest Service in that region. Mr. George S. Long of the Western Forestry Conservation Association called attention to the fact that over forty percent of all remaining timber is in the far west, and that if other necessities, such as coal, were as far removed from the centers of population the timber problem in America very quickly would receive the recognition it deserves.

Major Stuart, head of the Forest Service, expressed sincere appreciation for the interest taken by the groups represented, and outlined some of the problems confronting his Bureau.

"I regret that the Forest Service and the work it is doing is not as thoroughly understood and appreciated in the east as it is in the west," said Congressman Leavitt of Montana. "I heartily concur in the sentiments of Congressman French of Idaho. Congress should consider the authorizations for conservation activities as positive mandates. We cannot afford to let economy interfere with the fruition of the forest program. The disasters of this past summer must be avoided. These destructive fires could have been prevented."

Education of Public Imperative

MR. REDINGTON, speaking as president of the Society of American Foresters, stated that money paid for prevention of fires will mean saving invaluable timber, prevent erosion, save wild life and protect recreational facilities. "I have just returned from the west after covering sixteen states," he said, "and found the fire situation most distressing."

"I believe that the basis of conservation lies in educating the public," said Congressman Colton. "In the eleven western states we have something like 200,000,000 acres of public domain. These lands are being ruined very rapidly. Sentiment among the stockmen now favors regulation of grazing in Utah. I believe the people of the West will gladly pay the cost of such regulatory work.

"Our conservation policies should be better understood. Especially should the public understand that to maintain the standard of our National Park System we must not admit areas to parkhood simply to supply recreational opportunities or locate them as a matter of geography," concluded Mr. Colton, who is chairman of the Public Lands Committee of the House.

40,000 Acres in Glacier Park Burned

DIRECTOR ALBRIGHT of the National Park Service discussed some of the problems confronting the department, especially with reference to the control of fires, and called attention to the fact that 40,000 acres of beautiful timber were ruined in Glacier National Park last summer because private timber lands adjacent to the park were not protected adequately. He estimated the damage to the park at not less than $3,000,000.

The statement by Congressman Summers of Washington was especially striking. It will be found on the editorial page of this issue.

This conference, like many others, will have been in vain unless the members of every organization represented will actively engage in a campaign to have their representatives in Congress thoroughly understand that the government must give conservation problems far more liberal support. It is not fair to expect the President and his Cabinet to carry the whole burden.

Let your Congressman know how you feel about it!

Saving the Game

CONSERVATION leaders have worried greatly concerning the future game supply. The average sportsman bemoans the "passing of the good old days," but mighty few of them do anything to bring them back. Even the small hunting license fee is often paid grudgingly.

Many thousands of dollars have been spent to enforce laws and to buy game for stocking purposes, but, regardless of the fact that it has been proved that what game needs more than anything else is a chance to live and reproduce its kind, little has been done to produce suitable natural conditions for wild life.

Photo Courtesy L. H. Barkhausen

Feeding shelters will help save the starving birds.

Farmers and Sportsmen Face Problem

FREQUENTLY there is considerable feeling between farmers and sportsmen. There should be no occasion for it. The farmers supply a large part of the hunting ground in America, and the sportsmen supply the funds to protect both the game and the beneficial song and insectivorous birds which make possible the crops of the farmers. They, therefore, face a common problem.

Intensive farming means no game cover, and no food for winter. Game birds such as the bobwhite, the Hungarian partridge, the ringneck pheasant, the prairie chicken and others in many of the northern states will face starvation. One small covey of birds saved now in their natural habitat is worth more than a whole crate of imported birds released next spring.

Feeding Shelters Pay Big

THE best food supply for our birds is a natural one, widely distributed. Special crops planted last summer and left standing to supply food are the best bet, but next to this feeding shelters in which the food supply is replenished regularly will pay big dividends. Hundreds of Walton League chapters are preparing their feeding campaigns now.

It has been demonstrated that by protecting the natural cover and furnishing food during the winter months ground feeding game birds can be brought through the northern winters with only slight losses, and that frequently their range may be extended northward by this method.

Above is a photograph of a quail feeding shelter built by a prominent Chicagoan on his property near Green Bay, Wisconsin. The grain, unthreshed, is piled on the top of the shelter, heads down. Such additional grain and grit as may be necessary to carry the birds through is supplied from time to time. Grit is often quite as important as grain. Keeping the sides of the shelter open is essential to protect the birds against natural enemies. The more feeding places you supply, the less chance the enemies will have.

(The editor of this department will be pleased to receive photos of successful feeding shelters.)

(Continued on page 66)

Real Accomplishments

By DR. P. A. WOLFE

President, Cadillac, Mich., Chapter, I. W. L. A.

DURING the last two years this Chapter has been reasonably active. First, we plastered the county with $25 reward signs for evidence that would convict any violator of fish or game law. This was followed with 100 "Fair Play" signs purchased from National Headquarters. Several of our members were deputized as conservation officers and their identity not disclosed, which put fear into the hearts of the outlaw.

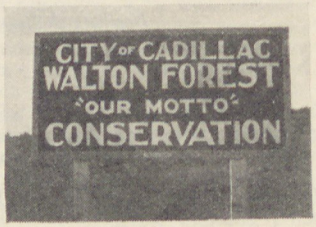
Four years ago this Chapter started reforesting a section of cut-over barrens given to the city by a local lumberman. We continued the work, setting 24,000 trees each year. A Walton sign was erected to broadcast the glad news of Waltonian activity. Sixty acres were fenced. We now have it all set and trees ranging from six inches, the one year olds, to those over five feet, as shown in photograph. In this one park we have 80,000 pines growing, instead of a burnt-over bramble.

Some twenty years ago, a plat of several acres of cut-over land in outskirts of the city was given for a park, its chief attraction being a hill from which a range of several miles of beautiful landscape is to be seen. It was seldom visited,—of no particular value. Nature reforested most of it with hardwood which we found, when hunting for park possibilities, had grown to good shade. Public interest was awakened. We now have a toboggan, ski and bobsled slide of nearly a mile, toilets, picnic tables and tennis courts.

About this time we organized the first Junior League in America, and the boys bought fifty 10-year-old white pines to fill in places where nature had failed. The Junior League also lays out and maintains flower beds each year.

During the last two years we have held essay contests in both our grade and high schools. Last year the participation was compulsory, credits were given and much interest shown. This year about 1,000 entered the contest of their own volition.

View of bass pond.



Sign at entrance of Cadillac forest park.

Chapter members working on construction of farm.

Victory cups and bulbs were given as prizes. The originality and excellency of the work is amazing.

To liberate bass four inches long, 90% of which will live, instead of fry, 90% of which will die, appealed to us, so two acres of land were purchased and a tiny spring-fed brook that worried its way between two sandhills was transformed into a beauty spot, giving the Cherry Grove boys their first swimming hole in that section and us about 10,000 fingerlings last fall. About 20,000 are growing there now. We planted willows around the water line and 100 ten-year old white pines on the high ground, 90% of which came through a hard winter in flying colors.

We have had the water in our lakes analyzed and found carbolic acid in one. Through the cooperation of our Department of Conservation, our local Gas Company is installing a filter to take care of their waste.

Six 40-acre plats of wonderful game cover were purchased at tax sales and will be turned into a refuge, or public hunting grounds.

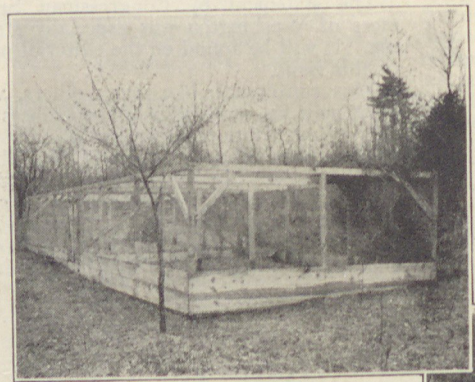
Cooperation has been the watchword of our Chapter—cooperation with civic interests and with the Departments of Conservation and Agriculture, which are always more than willing to meet us half way.

Last year we found a small lake overstocked with undersized perch. They were inbred and starved. The Department of Conservation loaned us a net, our cold storage plant loaned milk cans, trucks, and our members went to the lake and transported more than 15,000 of these perch to a larger lake.

We grew and released nearly 700 pheasants. The Department of Conservation sent us 400 more, all of which were released in good cover.

Hazleton, Pa., Waltonians Don Overalls

"NO animal is born wild and if it is surrounded with proper domestic conditions, it will not become wild," declare the members of Hazleton, Pa., Chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America, in discussing the work in progress at the Hazleton Chapter Fish Farm and Game Preserve located eight miles from Hazleton on the old James Warner farm in Butler Valley. The land was bought by the chapter for $6,000 and already shows improvements that represent an outlay of $7,000 to $10,000 more. The farm is the mecca for autoists each Sunday and holiday, sometimes as high as 150 auto parties passing the day at the tract of 30 acres, throughout which trout, pheasants, deer and other birds and animals show a tameness that is a constant novelty to visitors. Fred Wiegand, formerly of Hazleton, is in charge, he and his family living in the old Warner homestead.



Pheasant pens—the first to be constructed—many more are to follow.

The first pond completed now contains 8,000 six inch trout.

Think of 7,000 trout, six to seven inches long and 3,000 more that are seven to twelve inches in length, placidly swimming around as tame as goldfish! Dam No. 1 has the 6- to 7-inch trout, Dam No. 2 holds the 7- to 12-inch trout and Dam No. 3 contains 2,500 of the same species four to six inches long, while in Dams 4 and 5 are 30,000 trout, one to three inches long. The

trout are all carefully watched and the sizing goes on with nets all the time, for the fish show a tendency to eat those smaller than themselves so that it is necessary to keep the same sized fish in the same compartments. The big specimens that can be legally caught were liberated recently in the streams of Luzerne county.

All are fed with liver and mush. Feeding time is a big event for them and they seem to know when the keeper comes. Most of the work on the dams was done by the sportsmen of the Hazleton Camp, who have spent more than fifty Sundays mixing and placing cement.

The farm has two deer, "Jim," named after James P. Blanchard of Hazleton, a leading sportsman, and "Sarah," his wife. Sarah has gotten past the honeymoon stage, since "Jim" has developed a depraved but somewhat human fondness for tobacco. He loves cigarets and can make his pick without being blindfolded. He will enjoy a chew of tobacco with any human addict and will accept a cigar, although he prefers a cigaret or a chew. His wife, since these sad details became public property, sits back in the 100 x 100 pen and does not come to the cage netting so often. Although younger than most flappers, she draws the line at cigarets. The two deer were given by the state and, since they were reared in captivity, never will be allowed their freedom.

Consistent with the theories of the Izaak Walton League, the members save all the trees they can. In clearing out the brush for the picnic grove and for the pens of the animals, small pines and maples were placed in other parts of the farm. Rose bushes grow around the old farmhouse and it is a most entrancing spot for the enjoyment of nature's beauties. The farm has 110 apple trees, 60 cherry trees and five quince trees yielding fruit to be sold to help expand the work. Banty roosters and their harems, and a flock of full grown hens scamper around the orchard and in cages overhead in the trees are two barnyard owls and one field owl, jailed for life when he was traced, after rabbits and pheasants were found slain each day about the premises.

Few realize the work that has been done by volunteer labor. It is estimated that $5,000 more would have been expended if workmen had been hired to clear the brush and to build the cement fish dams, the road and the enclosures.

Mountain springs of unceasing supply drain the property via wide creeks, beautifully shaded, giving excellent water for the rearing dams. T. A. James, an expert attached to the Department of Fisheries of the United States Government, who made a thorough investigation of the property, states that it is the finest supply of water and one of the best sites he has ever had the pleasure to view. His recommendation to Mr. O'Malley, his chief, evidently was one hundred per cent, for the chapter has received a letter from Mr. O'Malley extending his congratulations and cooperation.

The fighting spirit of the men responsible for the acquisition of this beautiful tract carried the project through. For more than two years, Ernest E. Harwood, president of the Hazleton Chapter and a director of the Pennsylvania State Division of the League, fought whole-heartedly for the establishment of the Nursery and Game Farm and his efforts have been championed by nearly every sportsman and lover of the outdoors in the Hazleton region.

Ably assisted by twenty-five members of the chapter serving as a committee, Mr. Harwood started the drive for funds to purchase the farm, by using modern systematic business methods.

Three classifications should be made regarding the donations or loans to the Association Fund. First were two outright donations of one thousand dollars, several of one hundred dollars and smaller amounts; secondly, the loaning of fifty and one hundred dollar sums without interest for a period of three years and thirdly, the donating of sums in amounts of six and ten dollars to pay the interest on a $3,000 mortgage which was given on the property.

A splendid sale of tickets at fifty cents each on a new Ford Tudor sedan, awarded July 4, aided materially in reducing the outstanding mortgage. Two thousand dollars was realized on the Ford car award, and another $1,000 has just been raised by the sale of another Ford car. There were 10,000 tickets printed and about 5,000 were sold throughout the entire northeastern section of the state. Considerable interest was manifested by the public in the award of "Lady Henrietta." Many people of the region have requested the Chapter to award another car before Fall and it is probable that this method of raising funds will again be used.

Complete unity of effort must be an attribute of any organization which seeks first of all the loyalty and confidence of its personnel. The personnel of the Hazleton Chapter is its entire membership and the "esprit de corps" that has welded more than four hundred members into a single working body is the strongest pillar in the Hazleton Chapter's new farm project.

Dayton Sewage Disposal Plant

(Continued from page 39)

administration building modeled after W. C. Durant's summer home near Chicago; an operations building, two large detritus tanks, six Imhoff tanks, eleven glass-covered sludge beds and much high-priced machinery.

The plant is designed to handle sewage for a population of 262,000, it being estimated that this will be Dayton's population by 1935. Further, it is so designed that capacity of the plant can be doubled later by construction of additional units.

The plant, as now designed, will handle sewage from Dayton, the villages of Oakwood, Carrmonte and many areas which may or may not be annexed in the future.

As this plant will glean only about one-third of the amount of the fertilizer, a secondary plant is now being proposed. Although it was not intended to put the plant on a paying basis, with a secondary plant this may be possible, thus removing the burden from the shoulders of the taxpayer.

Such are the results that can be accomplished when a really conscientious effort is made. Are the results going to be worth the effort and expense is the question I have heard raised so many times. I wonder how many people ever stopped to think that a sewer was being emptied into the Stillwater River just a bare two hundred yards above the municipal bathing beach. The laboratory reports of the samples taken from this sewer showed the germs of typhoid, malaria and many other diseases to be present in such numbers as to present a grave menace to health. Then imagine bathing in waters so infested!

Aquatic plant and animal life have been menaced very much in the past twenty years by indiscriminate pollution. In Dayton, as throughout Ohio, the principal menace have been the pulp and paper companies, who use vast quantities of chemicals in the manufacture of their product. Again the Izaak Walton League has pioneered in the elimination of pollution from these plants. Often a factory has been able to realize sufficient income from the byproducts of the treatment of waste waters, to make the investment one of profit.

The time will come, and not so far in the future, that the municipality that does not dispose of its sewage will not be very well thought of. Not only does it restore to us the beauty of our streams, but it will enable us really to make some headway in the attempt to restock our streams with the game fish that once abounded in them. This problem is a national one. That Dayton has responded to a need of the times, is a distinguishing mark of our progressiveness. The Izaak Walton League of America is doing noble duty in awakening the people to a sense of their peril. And that it is a peril, no one who has investigated the subject will deny.

The Tri-Mont Chapter of the League at Triumph, Minn., during last summer furnished a free bath house and bathing beach for that community and the Red Cross furnished a swimming instructor.
The above picture shows the kiddies taking their lessons. The man on the right with the white shirt is E. W. Potter, treasurer of the chapter, and the man in the bathing suit is the Red Cross instructor.

Trips Afield with Boys

Conducted by JUDGE GEORGE W. WOOD

I SUSPECT after reading the magazine last month that many of you boys have either bought a pack or selected one that suits you and are eagerly awaiting a list of what should go into it for an overnight hike. In an old book that used to delight me and into which I still enjoy a dip is the story of a new recruit in the Civil War who started out with all of the things that he, his relatives and friends thought were needed. He had a patent coffee pot, knives and kitchen utensils, several quilts and other little things too numerous to mention, all tied about his pack and on various parts of his person. Very bravely he commenced the day and

Two shells make a good dry match box.

refused to part with any one of the things until as the march lengthened every single article became heavier and heavier, his shoulders sagged and the gay feather on his hat took on a despondent droop. He still refused to throw anything away, for had they not been given to him?

However, as the day progressed first one thing and then another was thrown by the roadside, and as his experience became richer he discovered just how few things he could get along with. Beside the illustration of the gay young soldier with the big pack and the tag ends of his equipment hanging to every available place on his anatomy is the picture of the experienced campaigner with a blanket rolled up, thrown over his shoulder and tied at his waist a very small bit of equipment and on his face the smile of one who knows that he has just the right things with which to be comfortable. Every part of the country will require different equipment, and tastes differ so widely that all I can do is to make suggestions which may, I hope, lead you toward the perfect equipment for your pack sack.

You will find that you have some little thing that seems most necessary to you, that does not appeal to your companion, but without it you cannot go into the woods. In his book, "Camping and Woodcraft," Horace Kephart says, "In his charming book, 'The Forest' Stewart Edward White has spoken of this amusing foible common to us all, which compels even an experienced woodsman to lug along some pet trifle that he does not need, but which he would be miserable without. The more absurd this trinket is, the more he loves it"—Jews harps, campstools, shaving mugs, alarm clocks, derringers that nobody could hit anything with and other such trifles have been known to accompany very practical men who were otherwise in light marching order.

If you have some such thing that you know you can't sleep well without, stow it religiously in your kit. It is your "medicine," your amulet against the spooks and bogies of the woods. It will dispel the koosy-ooney (if you don't know what that means, ask an Eskimo. He will tell you that it means sorcery and witchcraft—and so no doubt, it does to the children of nature; but to us children of guile it is the spell of that imp who hides our pipes, who steals our last match, and who brings rain on just when they want to go fishing).

No two men have the same medicine. Mine is a porcelain tea cup minus the handle. It cost me much trouble to find one that would fit snugly into the metal cup in which I brew my tea. Many's the time it has all but slipped from my fingers and dropped on a rock, many's the gibe I have suffered for its sake. But I do love it. Hot indeed must be the sun, tangled the trail and weary the miles before I forsake thee, "Oh, my frail, cool lipped but ardent teacup."

Another thing that I must have is a small pair of pliers which seem to have so many uses and which fit so snugly into a pocket and give me a feeling of satisfaction and protection whenever I encounter them among the odds and ends that find their way into even a grown boy's pocket. They are not a cheap little pair that have been bruised and had the jaws broken by hard life, for on the advice of a friend who is a practical mechanic, I purchased a pair made of good steel. In spite of hard wear they will still grip even the slippery skin of a catfish, as surely as when new. I mislay them, and as I search in the places

they should be I am worried for fear that they are lost, but when I am ready to start on an outing they come to light in some unexpected place, in a most delightful manner. I think the little imp Mr. Kephart speaks of must hide them just to annoy me, but is too tender hearted to allow me to go afield without them.

The first thing I think that should go into the pack are matches in a waterproof container. There should be a few in a pocket as well for an emergency. If you do not have a waterproof match box, fill a 16-guage shotgun shell with matches, then slip a 12-guage shell over it. My only objection to this method is that on a hard trip, a round match box will eventually get where it will rub into some of your soft parts. I have always used a round match box, but I once saw an illustration

The problem of sleeping out of doors comfortably has now been solved.

of a flat rubber one in a catalogue that I believe would stay where it ought.

After the fire comes shelter. In the January number, I gave you the diagram of a very light tent, used by El Comancho, on his trips, which will take up but little space in your pack, and makes an ideal covering. A more simple one is a bit of balloon silk, eight feet square. You may use this under your bedding and have plenty to pull over you, making enough protection for light rains. Or, you may use half of it as a ground cover and prop up the upper half with sticks at the end and build a fire in front of it which will allow the heat to radiate downward on you, and have a comfortable heated apartment.

After heat and shelter comes bedding. For very many years the last word in out of door comfort was a certain blanket, made of long fiber loosely woven wool. It has been said that an Indian needed only such a blanket and a pair of moccasins to be comfortable. This blanket is large enough so that one can wrap up securely in it, and obviate the great bugbear of the inexperienced, that of finding that the blanket has slipped during the night, and one's feet have wandered out of their covering into the cold. Sleeping out of doors comfortably has now been solved for both the hardened woodsman as well as for the most inexperienced by the eiderdown sleeping robe, which is very light in weight and which will keep you cosily tucked in and comfortable in any temperature, and under any surroundings. Unfortunately, the price which the manufacturers are obliged to ask for them because of the difficulties in getting the materials, makes it difficult for most of us to own one. I, in common with all who love to sleep in the open, have dreamed of the time when I could roll up in such a robe, my very own. Robes of similar pattern, but with lambswool instead of eiderdown, are less expensive, serviceable and warm, but not so light as eiderdown.

When El Comancho gave me the diagram of the little tent he also told me that with this tent he used a quilt, the outside being of unbleached muslin, first dressed with boiled linseed oil, the cloth being hung from first one side, then the other, so that the oil would permeate all parts equally. With this as a waterproof backing he built up the quilt with wool batting. For the inside he used a light, loosely woven woolen blanket. These were quilted together. Around the edges he has metal grommets, stamped in so that the quilt can be laced up along one end and side. I have never made such a quilt, but I have one suggestion. The eiderdown robes have a little hood with a draw string for one's head, and if I were to make a quilt such as El Comancho uses, I would affix a little hood of this sort to insure the quilt staying tightly about my shoulders. A good grade of wool would be light and fluffy enough to be very warm, and the quilt is not too bulky to be easily stowed into your pack. If you use blankets either sew on the edges bits of tape that may be used to tie the blanket together along one end, and side, or provide yourself with a number of blanket pins. These are a glorified safety pin about four inches long. In the high and far off times when the world was young, and we used to do our riding behind a horse we had these to pin the blanket on him on cold frosty nights, hence the name. Pin the bottom and side of your blankets, and you have a very good pocket into which the cold cannot follow. One manufacturer weaves a woolen sleeping bag. This with a canvas cover makes a splendid bed.

Next, but not least in importance, is the question of food. I know many men who go into the woods for days at a time, and are content with a very meager ration, consisting of one or two items. One will take a bag of raisins and some cakes of chocolate, another carries a mixture of breakfast food and sugar. None of these have seemed very appetizing to me, and the emergency rations that the various armies have tried out for soldiers in the field have not proven successful, because of a lack of variety. Quoting El Comancho again he gave me a ration which he has used in his tramps among the mountains. He says he has gone on a week's trip with a ration wrapped separately for each meal, and did not want any other food. He is too old and experienced a camper to start out with food that would not keep his belt tight, so I will give his list to you, confident that it will make a good ration for your pack. It consists of one hardtack, two slices of bacon, two slices of dried beef, one tablespoonful of shelled nuts, one tablespoonful seedless raisins, three dried prunes, a square inch of Swiss cheese, four pieces of milk chocolate, four caramels, one tablespoonful of coffee or tea, four macaroons. If I were going on more than a day's trip I would substitute for the coffee and tea, a small can of powdered coffee and a box of the tabloid tea tablets, since they take up so little space, and either coffee or tea may be made as soon as you can boil water and pour it over either the coffee or tea in your cup. You will need only a cup and a small pail to boil water. On a tramp, my preference is for a good hot cup of tea. The bacon may be cooked on a green stick over the coals.

Now with your shelter, bedding and food in your pack if you have a sharp jackknife in your pocket to whittle shavings for a fire, you are ready for the woods.

R. R. Ebmer and Muriel.

HAVING no son and being an ardent Waltonian, I have made my daughter Muriel, aged sixteen, my companion on all my trips since she was ten years old.

She can swim, row, paddle, ride horseback, run a motor, fish and shoot and hits the bull's-eye with her .22. Can also do her share on a cross-cut saw when the wood-pile needs replenishing.

We have a cabin in the Superior National Forest so she has every opportunity to learn and love Nature. Her one wish is to live there permanently.—*R. R. Ebmer, Peoria, Ill.*

My Boy and I Contest

OUTDOOR AMERICA has awarded three prizes for the best photographs and accounts of the companionship in the outdoors between fathers and their boys or girls. The 1st prize of $15.00 was awarded to J. A. Singler, Altadena, Cal., the 2nd of $10.00 to Bill Block, Minneapolis, Minn., and the 3rd of $5.00 to Sam L. Wright, Sr., New Albany, Ind.

A new contest will be announced in the next issue.

Let's Talk It Over—

Letters

COME ON, DUBS!

Dear Editor:
Being a dub myself I particularly appreciated Frederic Van de Water's story, The Fishing Formalist and the Dub, in the December issue. And I flatter myself I'm the same sort of a dub he admits he is—a darn good one. John Held's drawings for the story also struck me as being lifelike portraits of myself in action.
There are doubtless four million other such dubs around and here's hoping you get them all as subscribers for your most excellent magazine.

ROBERT JOHN.

New York, N. Y.

NOT EVEN ONE?

Dear Editor:
Nothing gives me so superior a feeling as to write a helpless faraway editor and tell him how bum is his publication. Therefore I am deliberately sacrificing myself when I write you that you have a remarkably fine book in your December issue. I tried my best to find something to kick about, but at least for once, I must deny myself that pleasure.

E. C. WOODRUFF.

Seattle, Wash.

SOME DO—

Dear Editor:
I see with delight that you are starting a serial by Edison Marshall in the January issue. That's good—an engrossing and thrilling adventure serial is just what Outdoor America needs. I await the first installment impatiently.

C. B. NICHOLS.

Chicago, Ill.

AND SOME DON'T

Dear Editor:
It seems to me that Outdoor America should be devoted exclusively to conservation aims and achievements, and to outdoor facts, therefore I am disappointed to learn that you are about to publish a serial which may be good, but is bound to be fiction and thus exaggerated.

E. T. McLAUGHLIN.

New Haven, Conn.

ONE FOR THE CONTRIBUTORS

Dear Editor:
I have read the article by Mr. C. H. Cook in Outdoor America for November with special interest, but with not less pleasure the rest of the magazine. Perhaps I may be permitted to congratulate you on a list of contributors who write with so much knowledge and with so much charm. The sporting facilities you possess in the United States always fill me with envy, but I have had no experience of them, having visited your country only in the depths of winter, and on one occasion for a few days in July. But I have camped and fished in Newfoundland and can appreciate the articles in your magazine which deal with those aspects of outdoor life in the wilds.

CECIL HARMSWORTH.

London, England.

WANTED—MORE SPACE

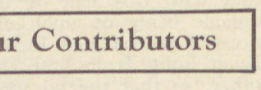
Dear Editor:
Outdoor America is a very attractive periodical with varied interest and a fine tone of humanity and moderation in field sports that is exactly what is needed.
If I might venture on a very minor criticism, would it not be possible to arrange articles so that they can be read consecutively from start to finish? Many readers find it very irritating to begin reading and then have to hunt for the continuation in some corner of a distant page. The same fault to my mind mars other first rate American publications.

MARQUIS OF TAVISTOCK.

Havant, Hants, England.

About Our Contributors

Edison Marshall, *The Vanished People,* is a famous sportsman and outdoor lover as well as a famous novelist. He has hunted big game all over North America including Kadiak bears in the Alaskan Peninsula, and walrus in the far Arctic; he has been to the Siberian Coast and to Central America after lions and other game. He says "I am thirty-five years old,



but gray as a badger; and I think if our American boys ever stop being hunters and fishermen, either through taste or because a few rich hogs have grabbed every possible acre of game country, that this country is done for, and the aforesaid hogs will have to get out and fight for their own property, the next war that comes along, instead of having five million young riflemen to do it for them. The point is, that they'd better watch out and not get too uppity, as we say down south. This country isn't England, and our men don't take too kindly to too many private game preserves—that is, preserved from everybody except the owners."
His story "The Heart of Little Shikara" won the O. Henry prize for the best short story, and that story and one other, "The Elephant Remembers," are said to be studied in more American schools than any other short stories by a living author.

M. W. Loving, *Wild Life in British Columbia,* prides himself on having the most complete hunting outfit there is. When hunting he is ready at all times to meet any situation, and spends time and money lavishly on this his favorite sport. For the last five or six years he has been hunting big game in Canada off and on, his trips extending from one to two months at a time.

W. P. Hubbard, *"Coon Huntin'"* has a cattle ranch in California and writes us that he has a little conservation program he is working out, the results of which he will tell us next summer. Mr. Hubbard is also an artist as proven by his sketches illustrating his story.

Fred Fletcher, *The Lure of the Lake,* is well known to our readers for his former stories, and to all Waltonians for his ardent interest in practical conservation.

Edward L. Keithahn, *Bagging a Brownie,* is Superintendent of grade and high schools for the natives at Kake, Alaska; his avocations are hunting, fishing, curio collecting, taxidermy and outboard motoring; he admits he lives in Alaska because of these avocations rather than because of his vocation of teaching; fortunately his wife follows the same sports and profession, and even his three year old daughter is already beginning to incline that way.

Frank Stokes, Jr., *Who Shall Pay?* writes us: "To all outward appearances, I am a white man but within, I realize, I am more than half Indian. Perhaps that is why I think I know the Indian point of view. I was born in South Dakota and have never been east of the Mississippi River; have never grown a mustache, never played a game of golf, have yet to wear my first pair of divided skirts (knickers) and much prefer poker to bridge. With the exception of a few years spent at newspaper reporting, all of my life has been lived upon ranches; I am nothing to brag about as a rancher; sometimes, when I am all by myself, I consider myself a rather good roper. But when a *real* puncher comes along and shakes out a loop, I coil up my rope and hang it back on the saddle. I have ridden a few broncos—for short periods of time until they unload. I am very fond of hunting but as for skill I'd sure hate to be forced to live off the country; at this time I am an orange grower in California; lastly, I am a writer. Got the habit long ago during years of reporting. Theodore Dreiser doesn't have to tell you that he is a writer. I do. That's just the difference between us; am older than I was forty-one years ago. Still, my best friends say I'll never grow up. I certainly hope they are right."

Robert Page Lincoln, *Grinding for Snook,* again delights us with another of his personal outdoor experiences.

Sam L. Wright, Sr., *A "One Squirrel Man,"* is interested in every sport from horseshoe pitching to fishing; he places fishing at the height of all sports, having been a fisherman for 36 years, though being but 43 all told; he is a newspaper man, conducting a "colyum" which he admits is "intended and considered by some to be humorous;" he says he "claims no other distinction than that of being born and reared in the Hoosier state that has produced some real authors."

Harold J. Boulton, *The Story of Jim Childs,* is young, enthusiastic and obviously a fisherman and a hero worshipper; he says he has no greater ambition than to be as good a sportsman and as fine a man as his friend Jim Childs.

O. O. Heistand, *Conservation and the Child,* is a devoted friend of boys, birds and beasts believing that "what boys need is an understanding of the wild life of the forests to destroy any interest in the wild life of the cities."

Stephen Cochran Singleton, *A Proposed Tropic Everglade National Park;* **Edgar R. Reed,** *Dayton Sewage Disposal Plant,* **Dr. P. A. Wolfe,** *Real Accomplishments,* **J. D. Smith,** *An Old Time Turkey Hunt,* and **John Cowan,** *The Belled Boy's First Deer Hunt,* are conservationists and sportsmen of the first degree.

The Vanished People

(Continued from page 8)

Belgrade slapped his lean thigh, a report sharp and startling in the silent room. "Doctor Weismann, you can't imagine how amusing you are. I don't mean *you* particularly—I mean you downright, solemn fellows of Boche ancestry. Of course you must be going, but you just aren't aware of it."

"See here, Belgrade." Almost ready to fight, Adam leaned toward the slim, smiling professor. "I don't like your attitude. You may be the greatest anthropologist in the world, but I don't propose to be laughed at by you or any one else. You seem to be deliberately making light of what I say."

"I beg your pardon, Weismann. But it *is* a diverting situation, as you will see in a moment."

Revelation came not in a moment, but instantly. The floor on which Adam stood began to tilt gently. He felt the motion, and with an oath, flung through the cabin door onto the deck. He almost collided with two men who were standing guard at the threshold—one of them Lars and the other the gigantic negro—but they stepped back and did not interfere with him other than to flank him at each side. With starting eyes he looked toward the wharf. The lights of Sydney were swaying, swinging, slowly sailing by. The whole city seemed a brightly lighted ship in slow, stately motion. Between the ship and the wharf lay a broad river of black water. The *Penguin* stood out to sea.

II

ADAM WEISMANN'S able brain dwelt in an able body. One had not developed at the expense of the other; no matter how long his day's work, he had always found time and energy for thorough physical exercise, especially archery. But no amount of bodily strength could avail him now unless he willed it so. It was simply a matter of temperament; whether or not he was naturally a man of his hands. Were his prime impulses physical or mental? In a crisis did he rely on his body or his brain? The truth seemed to be that he was dual-natured. On a scientific problem he was deliberate, slow to draw conclusions, unemotional. But in a physical crisis he was no different from the 'longshoremen he lived among. If anything he was too choleric and hasty. Behind his analytical mind there lay a labyrinth of instinct from which any violence might arise.

His big frame was like a coiled spring. It projected forward with a swiftness and power that disconcerted his two guards, and moved the athletic scientist to admiration. Adam meant to leap overboard and swim for shore. The two hundred yard plunge through black cold held no terrors for him. His big arms would flail the water, his yellow head dive in and out like a seal's. Nothing slower than a bullet could catch him.

But Belgrade was taking no chance. He possessed a practical as well as a scientific mind, and a virile mastery of men and situations. Detailed instructions had been given the two guards, and they were good men, well disciplined. There were no guns or knives to lead to fatal accidents. Lars had already reported that the prisoner was unarmed—doubtless he had his way at arriving at this fact—and the issue was a simple one of brawn. As Adam sprang for the rail the big negro shot through the air and tackled him, football fashion, about the knees.

This is a particularly effective act. Many rough and tumble fighters use it to open an attack. Instantly Lars was on top of him, pinning his arms back.

Adam was stunned by the fall, but there was strife in him yet. Furious at the indignity that had been put upon him, his first impulse was to let himself go, to fight to the finish, to thresh, flail, gouge, bite, and kick with all the brute force of which his double-barreled make-up was capable, to do all the damage he could before he was crushed.

But there were three against one, and if he fought on, they would probably reduce him to a helpless pulp. They meant business, these three strange confederates. And helplessness, in this hour, he could not afford. Later he might see a chance to retaliate; then he would need his full powers of body and mind. He let Lars pinion his arms.

Meanwhile, another course had occurred to him. Instead of swearing huskily at his captors, he might raise his voice and call for help. The cry would carry easily to the wharves beyond.

But at once he rejected the idea. He knew if he tried to call he would be instantly gagged: the black man would thrust his fist into the yelling mouth. Besides, one lone yell drifting in from a departing ship would have no meaning to a casual lounger on the dock. He would listen and wonder, and perhaps tell the tale in a barroom, but would not take the slightest intelligent action. Possibly the cry would not be heard at all, this time of night.

If there was another force working to silence him—the strong force of pride—he was not aware of it. Yet such folly would not be beyond credence in men of Adam's stamp. A romantic Teuton, he might feel an unbearable indignity in pitifully yelling into the night for help. He did not want to give Belgrade this much satisfaction.

They helped him to his feet, shoved him into the captain's cabin, and closed the door. Belgrade, who up to this time had not laid hands on the prisoner, drew up a chair. "Sit down, Weismann," he ordered bluntly. "Don't make any more trouble about something that can't be helped."

Adam did not obey, but backed against the wall, his eyes luminous. "I want to know the meaning of this outrage."

"I admit it's damnable unpleasant business. If you had agreed to go with us, it could have been avoided. As it is, I had to use high-handed methods on you. I justify them in the name of science."

"Explain that to the authorities. You'll either put me on shore at once, or have a gunboat on your trail in twenty-four hours."

"Nothing of the kind. A wireless message will go out from the ship tonight, explaining to the hospital that you were suddenly called away. Now let's talk it over sensibly. If you sit down, I can dismiss these two guards."

Adam nodded—showing that he was checkmated—and slipped into a chair. Belgrade gave whispered instructions to Lars, and sat down opposite. Adam's hand shook, but he managed to light the cigarette Belgrade offered; the negro, obviously Belgrade's servant, poured him a drink. In the breathing spell, Adam's eyes roamed about the room. It was originally the captain's cabin, but had been turned over to the distinguished passenger. The comfortable, dignified masculine furnishings, the good prints and fine curios, the music cabinet and the shelves of scientific works all reflected Belgrade's virile and complex personality.

"It is necessary for your purposes that Hull be kept alive, and you shanghaied me to do the job," Adam summed up. "Is that it?"

"Precisely. Hull must be preserved for one, at the most two, months. After that, it is God's will."

This amazing bit of piety did not impress Adam, at the time. "What if I refuse to treat him?"

Belgrade seemed shocked. "You wouldn't betray your profession, Weismann. Besides, when you realize what a big thing this is, you'll be as zealous for its success as I am. Anyway, the sooner he dies, the later our return. If he lives, the cruise will be short—perhaps only two months. If he dies, we go on just the same, but with greatly increased difficulties."

There fell a long silence. Adam got up and looked out the porthole. The ship was well out into the bay, by now; the lights of Sydney were a yellow mist low on the skyline. Beholding the cool, still waters, Adam himself became cool and still. His body ceased trembling; his pulse resumed its normal rate. Once more his mind moved under the mastery of his will, and he could think clearly and constructively. He began to pin down the facts of the situation with scientific care.

He was astonished at his own composure. Perhaps this was merely relief from immediate physical danger; possibly he was secretly reconciled to what might prove a thrilling adventure. Anyway, the affair was out of his hands. He was a prisoner, and might as well make the best of it.

He swung back to Belgrade and looked him in the eyes. "Where are we bound, professor?" he asked quietly.

Belgrade's smile was a white flash. "Doctor, that's the first sensible remark you've made. Perhaps you are *weis mann*, after all. I can't think you are meanly trying to put me off guard. I'll tell you the whole thing."

The story Belgrade told began twenty years before. Adam remembered reading part of it—the Gilbert expedition to the Antarctic continent in 1908, and the loss of one of his ships, the *Penguin*. According to Gilbert's diary, found in a stone cache, the ship was abandoned in the ice and all hands sought refuge on the floe. The floe drifted away; the ship was caught between two high bergs and believed crushed.

Bravely the castaways started for their base, two hundred miles distant. They were equipped with dog teams as well as boats in which they hoped to cross the open leads. But not one man arrived. As far as the world knew, not one man survived to tell the tale.

"But one man did survive," Belgrade related with gleaming eyes. "One man survives yet. He lies, doctor, in the cabin adjoining mine."

"Hull?"

"Yes. You won't remember his name in the book. He was not one of the leaders, but the ship's-cook."

A grim thought flicked across Adam's mind. A ship's-cook would have to be trusted with food supplies. At once Belgrade displayed what seemed to be telepathic insight. Perhaps he merely followed his guest's reasoning; possibly he saw the dim look of scorn in his face.

"He was the cook, but he didn't take advantage of that fact. He is a typical sentimental Briton of the lower class. He was saved by the combination of coincidence which he calls luck, or, perhaps, because he was the second strongest man in the party."

"But the strongest died?"

"Not then. He was saved too, and lived for many years, but is now dead. You may remember reading of him. His name was Morrison, first mate of the ship."

Belgrade related how Morrison and Hull, the two strongest men in the party, were sent on daily hunting trips after penguin and seal. During one of these trips, the moving ice opened a broad lead between them and their companions. Gilbert believed them dead; he and his men mushed on to find death themselves.

"So Hull and Morrison were saved, and the rest perished."

"But who saved them? There was no other expedition in the Antarctic at that time."

"The natives."

Adam gaped in astonishment. "Are you crazy, or am I?" he demanded. "There are no natives in the Antarctic."

"So?" Belgrade's eyes glittered with excitement.

"The Antarctic continent is a waste of ice, snow, and glacier. No one could live there. Of course great areas of it have never been explored—"

"So you think, Doctor Weismann, that I am going on a fool's errand?"

"You are an anthropologist and a scientific man. No, I can't imagine you going off half-cocked. But if there are people on the Antarctic continent, it will be the most sensational discovery of the century."

"Sensational is no word for it. Weismann, there is not the slightest doubt that at least one race of people, and possibly two, inhabit the vast Antarctic continent. They live on a portion of the coast that is not shown on any map, and is believed to be frozen sea."

Hull and Morrison had crossed a great mountain chain beyond which lay a vast new land, large as all of the New England states put together, and possibly the whole of Texas. High mountains hid it on one side; what appeared to be impassable ice barricaded it on the other. This area had a somewhat milder climate than the rest of Antarctica. It resembled the Arctic rather than the bitter South—no trees, of course, but immense spaces of mossy tundra which in the summer months, late December to late February, were clear of snow. The ground was frozen hard a foot below the surface the year round, as in the Arctic, but the steady sunlight made a few flowers bloom, thawed the rivers, and made land life possible.

Hull thought that the somewhat mild climate—compared of course to the frigid despair of the remainder of the continent—was due to volcanic phenomena. It is true that there are many active volcanoes in the Antarctic ranges, so the theory did not seem too extravagant. He told of many hot springs in the Moss Country, and small craters filled with hot lava in the caves of the hills. But there was a more reasonable explanation, Belgrade said. In the first place, the high mountains sheltered the country from the cold South winds, and arrested and condensed the warm winds from the North. In the second place the strange behavior of the ice indicated that here was a warm current of water, comparable to the Japan Current in Alaska, washing its shores.

According to Hull, the people of the Moss Country were "blond Eskimos," and even more heathenish and uncivilized than the Eskimos of the North.

"Blond Eskimos!" Adam's tone expressed utter disbelief. "It doesn't sound possible, Belgrade. True, an Arctic explorer claims he found blond Eskimos, but how could such people get to the Antarctic? Whether they are blond or dark isn't important—the wonder is that the same race could occupy both ends of the earth, with no trace of 'em between. You surely don't believe that."

"What I believe is my own affair. I give you Hull's words. He says they are Eskimos, and he is as intelligent as most men of his class. He has been to Nome, Alaska, as a young man, and has seen some of that race."

"Do they live like Eskimos?"

"So he says. They live in igloos—hunt—carve ivory."

Up to this point, Hull's story seemed to be clear and rational; now it became confused and incredible. But this was no wonder: his terrible ordeal on the ice and the nameless peaks and glaciers had made him queer; and it was at least possible that he had been tortured by the natives. At times he raved of a chamber of horrors that he called the Cave of Death; he spoke of fierce animals that lived in dens beside the sea; he repeatedly mentioned elephants.

"There's nothing crazy about that last," Adam said. "He means an immense kind of seal, called the sea-elephant, found in the Antarctic. You know that as well as I do."

"I know nothing—until I get there. However, Morrison took a few pictures you might like to see. It seems he carried a small camera, which he didn't throw away even when he thought his jig was up. He hoped that his body would be found and the pictures tell the story. Commendable scientific spirit, eh?"

Both Morrison and Hull settled down in the tribe. Morrison, who was greatly liked by the people, married the chief's daughter. According to Hull, she swayed more power than the chief himself. Primitive government is quite frequently matriarchal, Belgrade explained. If the woman's mother was dead, she, and not her father, would be the supreme power.

But although Morrison was welcomed by the tribe, Hull remained an outcast. Except for Morrison's protection he would have been killed or driven away. He was mated with an ill-favored woman, and forced to live beyond the outskirts of the village.

"Did Hull ever explain what the people had against him?" Adam asked with intense curiosity.

Belgrade answered the question by asking another. "Did you notice Hull's right eye?"

"They objected to that, did they? Well, that's reasonable enough. If they had never seen the defect before, they might think it was the evil eye."

"Hull implies the thing was more complicated. We shall see when we arrive."

After many years with the blond Eskimos, Morrison began to long for his own people, and to help Hull plan escape. But how could they bridge the void of desolate ice and uncharted seas between them and the nearest whaling station in the South Seas? The answer was one of the strangest things in a strange tale.

In summer time there was always open water on the coasts of the Moss Country. Into this still sea the *Penguin* came drifting. Apparently a warm current from the north had melted the ice that held her fast. By a miracle she was not greatly damaged, so Morrison induced his tribesmen to tow her in and beach her in front of the village.

The two Englishmen worked patiently at her repairs, with the desperate hope of sailing her home. They kept her painted with native paints; they rigged sails and calked leaking seams. But they were not fated to take the cruise together. In the hour of hope, when their plans were complete and the scheme had begun to seem actually feasible, Morrison met with a fatal accident in the hunting field.

Hull was immediately expelled from the tribe. The natives helped him launch the ship, put him aboard with a supply of seal meat, and towed him out into the bay. He was not wholly alone. At the last moment his ill-favored Eskimo wife threw her fortunes with his. They were left to the mercy of the wind, the wave, and the ice.

Favorable winds carried the ship into the open ocean. There they drifted helplessly, the prey of wind and current, until their supplies were gone and famine added its slow horror to the journey. At the last Hull was alone. For reasons unknown—or untold—the woman threw herself into the sea. When Hull was about to follow her—half-mad with loneliness and fear and half-dead with starvation—a whaler appeared on the sky line.

The whaler towed the *Penguin* into Port Stanley, in the Falkland Islands. Here Hull met Belgrade, on his way home from Patagonia, and for the first time told his story. Belgrade swore Hull to secrecy, supplied money to pay salvage charges, and had the *Penguin* reconditioned. Then he recruited a crew of whalers, familiar with the Antarctic seas, and sailing by way of New Zealand, started for the Moss Country.

Adam now understood the unusual stature of the crew. As a rule, whalers are good-sized men. To chase leviathan through the ice-laden seas is one of the hardest games that men play, and weaklings are barred out to start with.

"Of course the whalers don't know the purpose of the expedition," Belgrade said. "They think I am a crack-brained scientific man going on an ordinary journey of exploration. They will sail the ship, under Hull's directions, as close as they can to the Moss Country; then we will fly the rest of the way, take pictures, gather our data, and fly back to the ship."

"And return to civilization with the scoop of the century," Adam concluded.

"I fancy my reports will receive considerable attention." Belgrade spoke complacently. "This, doctor, is the situation. If Hull lives, he will show us a short path through the ice. If he dies, we must go on the best we may by the poor maps he is able to draw—but I pray to the scientific god that he may not die! Of course, doctor, with your valued assistance.

"Come, Weismann. What do you say? Are you going to cooperate with me, or make trouble? Surely you realize what a vastly important thing it is—"

"That's what I do not realize." Adam spoke bluntly. "I can't see it is any life-and-death matter if you fail to find these people, or if the world never learns of their existence. You've been frank with me, and I'll be frank with you—I think the work of any country doctor, in his effort to save human life, is in many ways more important than this."

Belgrade was plainly horrified. "Life! You speak as if human life were something rare and precious, instead of common as dirt. I'm disappointed in you, Weismann. You blaspheme science."

"I admit it will be a fine thing for you," Adam went on unmoved, "and it will increase the world's knowledge. Moreover, it should be an interesting adventure for both of us."

The Slav brightened. "Then you agree to go through with it, and cause no trouble? That's a good fellow."

"Good fellow be damned. I agree to nothing other than to try to keep Hull alive—which is my own kind of a job. I'll go with you, but that doesn't mean I owe you any loyalty, or that I approve of your methods. And if the chance offers, I may pay you back for the indignity you put on me tonight."

(To be continued next month)

The Lure of the Lake

(Continued from page 14)

Finding that he was unable to go as deep as he would like, the fish decided to do a little "running," and being located in the middle of the boat it was rather difficult for me to handle my big opponent, so I told Pete I was going to change my position and asked Bob Silvey, who happens to weigh slightly over one hundred pounds, to sit in the very forward end of the motor canoe. This gave me a seat fairly well forward, and by carefully watching the location of the fish and the condition of the line and the reel, I was able to shift, so that I was then facing the rear of the boat. In this manner I was able to give him more line, and Pete, having turned our canoe so we were coasting along before a fair wind, we settled in for what we were sure was going to be a long battle.

The reason we knew this was—on the day previous my good friend, Joe Chelius, a dexterous fisherman, had fought one of these fish one hour and forty minutes—and then lost him. His heartbreaking tale was in my mind from the moment that this fish struck, and I unconsciously glanced at my wrist watch and found it was 3:35.

All this time I derived a great deal of pleasure, particularly after I had turned around, in observing the activities on the part of the motion picture crew. Here was what they had practically crossed the continent for. After four days of vain effort and exposure in rain and wind on this inland sea, they had before their camera's eyes a fit subject for 1,000 feet of film. It was necessary for my guide, as well as myself, to remind them that the fish was taking more and more line, and was dangerously near their catamaran rigged pair of canoes on which the movie tripod was mounted. Once I saw the fish coming to the surface, and I could have sworn he was coming up between their canoes. I called to them and the guides of their boats immediately paddled backward, and he broke water right up beneath the lens, and I think the close-up was made less than six feet from his bright, scaly sides. And so the moments slipped by, and if the fish was getting tired—so was I. He kept me busy and I was very much alarmed over the condition of that line—not the line on the reel, or that portion that glistened from the tip to where it entered the water, but that most dangerous eighteen inches to three feet between the eye in the leader on the spoon, and that portion that runs back half way down the rod, because this short stretch of line while wet had been subjected to some seven hundred and fifty contacts with the agate guides, as it was being whipped by casting. Stalwart line that it was, it could not help but have incurred some abrasions. How I wished I had been thoughtful enough to have changed it at noon-time, but the die was cast, and I had to go through with the outfit that I had.

I believe I was more concerned over the landing of this fish for the camera boys than I was for my own pleasure. The boys on the camera, both Nick and Charles, had worked so hard to get some "action."

An hour passed, and the fish apparently was swimming as hard and going as deep as ever. Bob Silvey yawned a couple of times and was half asleep in the front end, but there was nothing farther from my thoughts than sleep. My left hand became cramped. I could hardly bend the fingers. My right hand, which thumbed the reel and held the tension in the pole, had more exercise. Therefore, every time the fish came to the surface, I took advantage of this slight respite and rested my left hand by holding the rod aloft and putting a little more play in the pole, and stretching the fingers of my left hand. As soon as there were renewed signs of activity on the part of the fish, however, I immediately got into action.

And so another half hour slipped by. In the meantime I had been so intent on watching the fish that I was only hardly aware of the fact that mile after mile of shore line and expanse of water was slipping past us. We, as I said, were coasting before a fair wind but unfortunately this fair wind was taking us directly away from camp.

At last it became apparent that the fish was tiring, but no more so than I. He came to the top more frequently, and remained there longer,—sometimes he would even go so far as to roll over on his side and allow us to tow him. Occasionally Pete would ask,—"Is he spinning yet?" He had shown no signs of spinning, and I saw about a half hour more time ahead of me, and if the truth were to be told I was almost ready then to throw the rod, reel, fish and everything into the lake, but finally I did see him turn over on his back, instead of on his side, and then he completely rolled over to the other side, and so with glee I announced that the fish was at last "spinning," and this seemed to afford the guide almost as much satisfaction as it did myself, because he said, "Now we can take him in."

To those of you who have never attempted to "take in" a fish weighing 40 pounds, this may not mean much, but I, who have fished for years on the Flambeau River, with Arthur Wiggins, Wallace Clark and other boys whose names are well known up and down this famous stream, have tried to "take in" fish weighing twelve and fifteen pounds, and in each case almost invariably lost them. Muskalonge do not like to be "taken in;" in fact, the Indians on the Flambeau insist on killing them before trying to get them in the boat. Up here in Lake of the Woods, however, we had been informed the fish had to be fought to death with the rod and line, a test both of the stamina of the fisherman and the skill of the guide. Pete cautiously let the boat slip back alongside of the big, beautiful muskie whose fifty-four and one-half inches of length were now for the first time in view and I, with bated breath, watched him slip his hand along the line until he got a firm hold on the steel leader ahead of the spoon, then saw him gently stroke the fish's belly with his right hand. The fish actually seemed to like it. Then I saw Pete's right hand come up alongside, directly back of the gill, which was agape as the fish tried to get his breath, and he rocked the canoe slightly over to the right until the water was scarcely an inch beneath the gunwale.

Thus the fish was led, rather than lifted into the boat, and the entire pressure was brought to bear upon his mouth by aid of the hook, but the right hand was kept behind his gill in case of an emergency, which did not arise. After the head was over the edge of the boat, Pete gave one swift pull and the entire length of that fish lay in the bottom of the canoe. Pete was crouched over him in case he saw fit to make a dying try for freedom, but I fear the struggle was too much for him, and so he decided to ride with us.

You may rest assured that I was very well satisfied to see the battle end as it did, and I also was very satisfied and happy to lay down that rod and say, "Twist her tail, Pete (referring to the motor), and let's go home."

And thus ended our trip into the muskalonge country. How we came out does not matter. I am satisfied that the 600 feet of film that Nick and Charles exposed to that giant muskalonge of mine will be sufficient to make up a splendid fishing picture for the Lake of the Woods region. I captured my fish for the office, and whereas it might seem selfish, that was the end of the trip for me. I came back a week ahead of the majority of my friends, but left them with regret because there is something in that country that gets hold of a person who loves the out-of-doors. I do not believe there is any time of the year when that country is more beautiful than it is just after the first frosts when the growth of poplar and spruce are changing color. The colors make a picture that no mortal, if he has an eye for beauty, can ever forget.

Our party came from all parts of the middle-west. Well known fishermen and bait casters, every one a Waltonian, three of them National Directors of the Izaak Walton League.

Gun Rack *and* Game Fields

By ALEC MERMOD, Gun Editor OUTDOOR AMERICA

The Sportsman and the Farmer

NOW that the hunting season, in many of our states, is closed, it behooves the sportsman to begin to lay plans for next season, and for all seasons in the future.

Of course we have cleaned and oiled our guns, folded up our clothes and greased our boots, and when we meet our fellow sportsmen we talk about what tough luck we've had because the quail were scarce in one place, and how hostile the farmers were in another.

Some of us vow that we'll sell our dogs and quit thinking about quail shooting and I regret to say that there are some "hunters" (I won't call them sportsmen) who will give their dogs away, probably, because they are not good enough to fetch any kind of a price, sell their guns, and take up bridge or pinochle for a diversion.

I hear many a man say, "What is the use of taking care of a bird dog for ten months, just to shoot during November and December?"

These men do not really love a dog, nor are they very keen about quail shooting.

It is quite true that taking care of a dog is some trouble and expense, especially if one lives in a large city, but if one has a good dog and really cares for him as a companion and not as a meat getter, he should not think it a hardship to keep the dog during the idle months.

It's a mighty poor sportsman who does not care enough for his dog to feed and care for him during the entire year.

Up to the time I was twelve years old, I was not allowed to have a dog, and that was what I wanted more than anything else, but since that time I've always managed to have one or more dogs, some good, some bad and some worse, but they were dogs, and I expect to have a bird dog as long as I have a bone to share with him.

Since coming back to St. Louis, from the West, thirty years ago, I've managed to keep a dog, even though at times he was quite a nuisance, and a lot of trouble keeping in condition.

However, I am getting away from the subject I had in mind when starting this article. I had no idea I was going to say anything about dogs, for that's up to my friend Ozark Ripley. He knows a whole lot more about dogs than I do, and has the ability to write intelligently about them.

The question before the house is, "Where and how are we going to get any quail shooting in the future?"

We are dependent on the farmer, absolutely, but what do *we do* for him? *Nothing:*

There was a time, years and years ago, when the farmer was glad to see a couple of city sportsmen drive up to his door, and they took it for granted that permission would be given to hunt all over the farm. The sportsmen were cordially greeted, "How are you, boys, come in and warm up before you start out, there's plenty of time and quail are plentiful." A man was called to care for the team, and even the dogs were invited into the house.

The farmer and his family wanted to hear the latest news (no telephones or radios in those happy days).

The house wife insisted on serving coffee, and would ask when the men would be in for dinner, and would be mortally offended if there was any argument.

The boys begged to be allowed to stay home from school so that they could show the city men where the quail were using. At noon a bountiful repast would be served, fresh roast or fried pork, sweet potatoes, home made jam, all topped off with some real "honest to goodness" hard cider.

When it was time to leave a mess of birds would be left, or, at least offered though, as a rule the farmer folks did not care enough for quail to prepare them for the table.

At Christmas these sportsmen would remember the family with a few small gifts and a box of candy for the children, thus keeping up the friendly relations, but nowadays the hunters do not think that the farmer should be recompensed in any way.

In those good old days, "No Hunting" signs were seldom seen, and I venture to say that any *sportsman* would be welcome to shoot on nine out of ten farms, provided he had the courtesy to ask permission. Once in a while one would run across a farmer or one of his boys who was fond of hunting, and he considered it quite a treat to follow the bird dogs, and of course this man was your friend for life.

But how things have changed. Nearly every farm is posted, and when permission is asked, the answer is usually NO, or else it is, "I don't allow quail shooting, but I don't care if you kill some rabbits."

What has brought about these changed conditions?

First, the hunters themselves are to blame, for as the population increased, and the price of guns reduced many more men and boys have taken up the sport, and of course, among this number there are many who care nothing about the rights of others, taking it for granted that they have a perfect right to tramp over a man's property without asking permission.

As an example of what happens frequently, I will relate an incident which I witnessed about twenty years ago, when quail were plentiful and the farmers were not as hostile as they are today.

For several years I had the exclusive privilege of shooting over five adjoining farms in Illinois. I paid for this privilege, but not near what the shooting was worth, for I with a friend and two good dogs could depend on finding as many as ten covies a day.

One day I ran across two men from St. Louis, one of them being an acquaintance (not a friend) and knowing that none other than myself was allowed to shoot on these lands, I asked how it was they were on posted property, and was answered by the stranger, saying that he hunted where he pleased, taking a chance that he would not be seen by the owner. I advised them to get off the farm saying that I had paid for the shooting privilege, and did not care about having to divide it with any one else. I was told that they would get off when the owner told them to, and not before. Of course this did not set very well with me, and I started for the house for the owner, but by the time I had found him the men had crossed over to another farm on which I did not have permission to shoot, nor was any one allowed on this farm with a gun, so my friend and I trailed along to see the fun after the first shot was fired, for we knew that the owner would be on the spot in short order, for he always had a horse saddled just for the purpose of getting to the hunters in a hurry.

As luck would have it two shots were fired in rapid succession and we saw the

(Continued on page 53)

Regain the farmer's confidence if you want more upland shooting.

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On this expedition, as is so often the case when important scientific and big game parties start out for the untravelled portions of the world, Western *Lubaloy* cartridges were used because of their remarkable accuracy, their deadly killing power, and because they permit expensive rifles to be taken into the field without being ruined by *metal-fouling* and corrosion.

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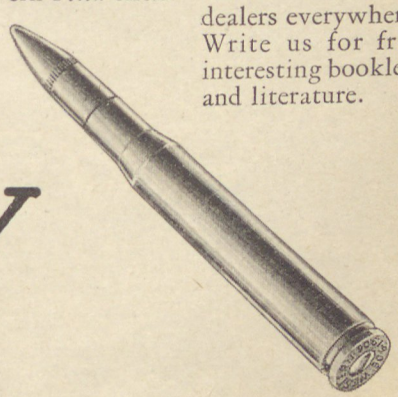

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An Old Time Xmas Turkey Hunt

By J. D. SMITH

YEARS ago, when the writer first located in Marianna, Fla., game was very plentiful. Quail could be found in large numbers near the town. And almost as near, in the beech hammocks through which flows the famous Long Moss Spring, a great many wild turkeys could be found.

The sport became so fascinating to me that I went to extreme measures to master the shrewd birds. One of these instances being my determination to get the advantage, by long and repeated efforts, of "Mr. Sly," this name having been given one splendid specimen by old turkey hunters and planters residing in the vicinity of Spring Creek.

This gobbler was a tremendous fellow, the largest I think I ever saw. But all my efforts to get a shot at him had proven ineffectual. Sometimes I found him in the peanut field, standing perfectly erect, his gorgeous colors made even more beautiful by the sunlight. Sometimes he would strut and gobble as if to tantalize me, but every plan to get within gun-shot distance of him was discovered, and he disappeared almost, it seemed, like a spirit.

In the spring of 1895 I learned that, "every morning the voice of Mr. Sly was making the woods fairly ring with his melodious gobbles." So I decided at least to listen to that music, if I could do no more. Sure enough I found him in the edge of a field, making himself heard for a distance. Had he been an ordinary wild turkey I could easily have called him up but, having tried this fellow before, I knew that, instead of coming to me, he would shut his mouth and deliberately disappear in the opposite direction. For too well he knew mine was not the voice of Mrs. Sly. So I got behind a black stump, lying flat on the ground; and I saw him coming out in full view in company with three other fine gobblers, feeding right in my direction and almost within gun-shot.

While my heart thumped the ground, for two hours I lay there, only to see him disappear into the woods, "leaving me with the bag to hold." So I decided to let Sly rest until the following winter. And I told my good wife, instead of buying a turkey for Christmas, I would go out and kill one.

On a rainy afternoon I rode out to old Sly's headquarters on horseback, looking over the old fields to see if I could locate any turkeys feeding. A turkey is sure to feed out in peanut fields on a rainy day, especially where hogs have rooted up the ground. I saw nothing. But, riding down the steep hills that overshadow the creek, as I was passing through a dense thicket in a very narrow path, suddenly close to the horse three fine gobblers flushed, frightening the horse so that it was with difficulty I retained my seat, and to shoot was impossible just then. I knew this was not all of them and that old Sly was nearby, for these three gobblers were his companions at all times. About a hundred yards below me I saw him fly over the creek, following the direction in which the others had gone. The creek was quite wide just here, as it was the backwater from the mill below. The only thing to be done was to find a boat. After hitching the horse I found an old gigging boat, full of water. Having no paddles I managed to pole across. I took up the trail of my turkey over the sand hills, through the rain, which was still pouring down, to the "Rock House Hammock," a famous roosting place for wild turkeys. I was exceedingly careful to enter the hammock noiselessly. When in the center of the woods, I listened patiently until nearly dark, but there came no sound of turkeys from anywhere. I began to realize that the time spent in maneuvering for Mr. Sly was time thrown away, for he had become so suspicious of noises he would not expose himself even to fly up on the roost. So, with gun on shoulder, I made a break for home, walking as rapidly as possible down to the water's edge. The path led through a dense undergrowth of vines and briers. While plunging through this place, suddenly, almost under my feet and only a little to the right, there came such a noise that it frightened me. Such a flapping and scrambling through the bushes, and right up through an opening loomed Mr. Sly!

To me, he looked as large as an ostrich, in the twilight. I had nearly walked over him in my haste. And, being in the thicket and so near to the water's edge, he could not run, and there was nothing he could do but fly right up; and this gave me a clear open shot as he flew over the water. Of course I poured the first load, which was large shot, into his body with true aim, with a roar of the gun that seemed almost equal to a cannon, as it rang out in the night air; and yet not a wabble did he make. Following with the other barrel I drove a heavy charge of No. 6 true to the mark, and yet Mr. Sly flew as straight as ever. As well as I could see he went diagonally across the water to the high pine hills on the other shore. Of course I blamed the gun. The loss actually made me as despondent and depressed as a money panic makes a capitalist.

With my great disappointment there came renewed determination to follow up my game early the next morning.

Sure enough, at 2 o'clock in the morning I was up and off in my buggy, with

(Continued on page 57)

—"lying flat on the ground I saw him coming out in full view"—

The Sportsman and the Farmer

(Continued from page 50)

hunters hurrying out with two of the turkeys. You city men are a nuisance, and I don't want any of you around." I remarked that all city men were not like these two. He came back at me, saying, "You all look alike to me, and I haven't the time to run down your pedigrees."

To shorten the story, one of the men tendered the farmer a five dollar bill, saying, "Forget all about it and we'll get off your place." The offer was indignantly refused, and a demand for twenty-five dollars made. The hunters declared that this amount was out of all reason and that they would not pay it. "Suit yourselves, but if you don't fork over that twenty-five, I will have you arrested and will prosecute you for trespass and for killing my stock."

The money was paid without further argument, and two disgusted hunters moved off with their two expensive wild (?) turkeys.

I have known cases where hunters actually turned their guns on farmers who had ordered them off their land. Now it is just such things as these that has made it hard for the decent minded sportsmen to find a place in which to get a little upland shooting.

The breach between the farmer and the hunter is widening, and it is high time the sportsmen make overtures of peace, for it's a certainty that the land owners are not coming to us carrying an olive branch.

The time to get busy is before the season opens, for at that time the farmer is pestered to death by this or that hunter asking permission to shoot, or shooting without asking.

Now that the season is closed and the sport is fresh in your memory, a trip to the country, visiting old friends and calling on others, is quite apt to bring good results. Take a few good cigars, and have a few boxes of candy in your car to hand to the youngsters or the woman of the house.

However, use a little diplomacy, do not rush into the house with a cigar in one hand and a box of candy in the other. Get acquainted by talking about the crops, and if the farmer talks prohibition, agree with him, or if he wants the 18th amendment repealed, tell him that's what *you* want to see accomplished, but if he talks religion, say as little as possible, or you may get in over your head.

After the preliminaries, bring up the subject of shooting, feel him out along these lines and if he seems inclined to be reasonable about the killing of quail, tell him that you would like to shoot over his property next season, provided he will let you pay for the privilege. Offer to pay so much per day, or so much for each bird killed on his place. Twenty-five cents is not too much. I am in favor of the latter plan, for then the farmer is interested in taking care of the birds through the winter months.

Ask the farmer if he will not plant a few patches of cane or Kaffir provided that you will pay for the seed and the expense of planting. Get him to walk out with you and select the spots for these patches along the edge of the creek where there is some cover and water.

If the farmer argues that quail destroy many insects, and should not be killed, impress upon him that if he will leave food and cover for the birds as a protection during the winter, kill off the hawks

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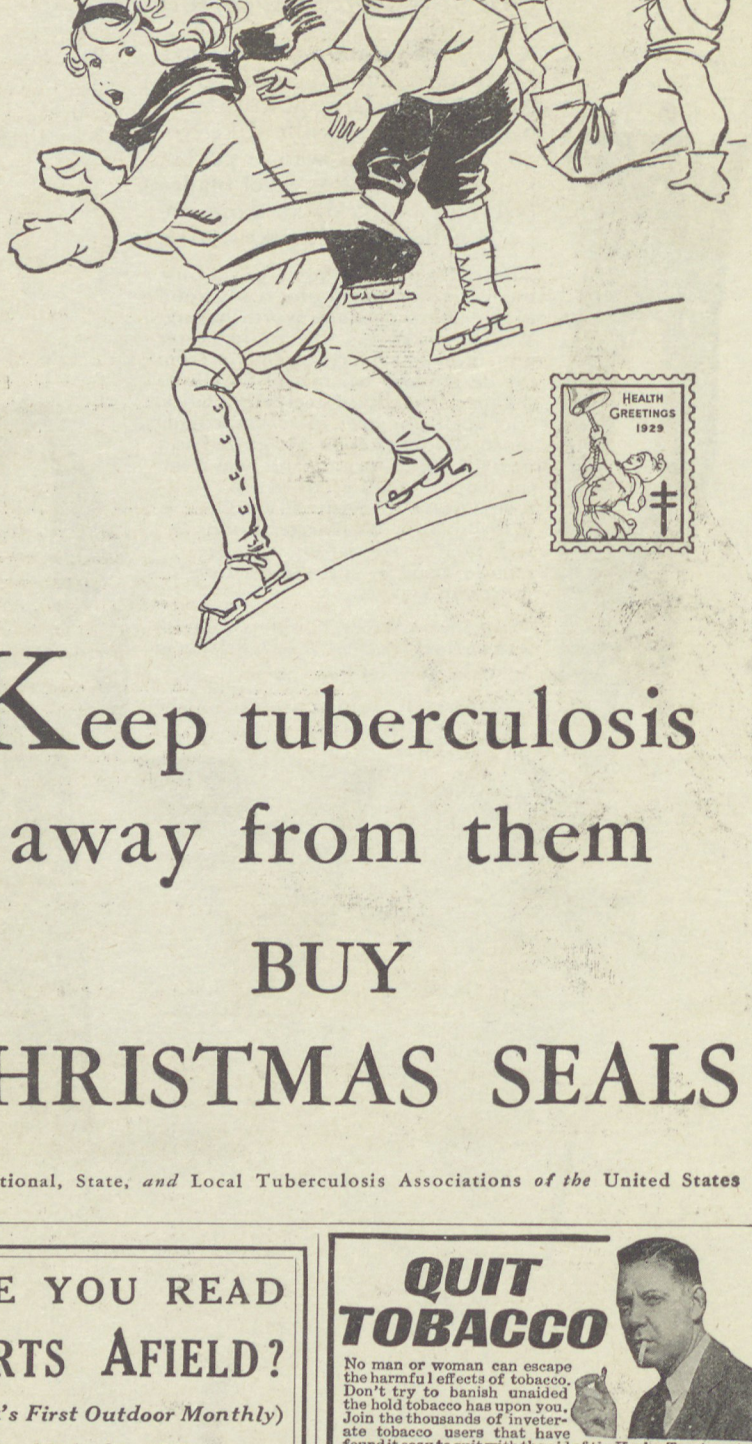

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and crows, limit the number of cats to one or two that will find enough food around the house to keep them out of the fields, keep his dogs confined during the nesting season, and scatter grain when the ground is covered with sleet or snow, he will have plenty of birds in spite of the hunter.

Also explain to him that where coveys are broken up by moderate shooting the birds will do much better than when left intact to interbreed.

When the farmer can be shown that it is not the sportsman who is entirely responsible for the scarcity of birds, and that the number can be increased by a little effort on his part, for which the sportsman is willing to pay, as well as for the privilege of shooting, the former pleasant relations between him and the city sportsman may be reestablished, and we will again have some upland shooting. But the time is past when we are going to get our shooting for nothing.

As I have stated before, the members of farm bureaus are partly to blame for posted farms, for they seem to spend more time preaching to the farmer about what a great friend the quail is than they do about crops and they advise that all shooting should be prohibited, but in the same breath these fanatical advocates advise the grubbing out of all underbrush and briar patches, claiming that these patches harbor all sorts of destructive insects. No thought is given to the fact that in doing this no food or cover is left for the birds during the winter months.

Enlist the farmer's interest, be worthy of his support, gain his friendship and incidentally more shooting for yourself.

Bagging a Brownie

(Continued from page 16)

caught sight of the brownie coming down the opposite side some four hundred yards distant. It came on half a dozen steps, then turning abruptly, scampered back the way it had come. Apparently it had scented me. Chances of getting in a shot looked bad, for I knew Johnnie was somewhere above me and might have to shoot. So I sought a good stand, and with the barrel of my rifle fixed rigidly in a rotten log and pointed at the spot where the bear was most apt to reappear, I awaited developments. Just then, out came the bear in exactly the right spot. He trotted down a few steps, turned broadside and headed for the timber. Instantly I saw my last chance for a shot. Pulling down on the left shoulder I slowly squeezed the trigger and the .300 calibre charge echoed through the crags. Two cries, more piercing and blood chilling than any I had ever heard, rose above the echoes, and high above me I saw the bear disappear behind a jutting rock. There was a split second of depression, for the miss seemed apparent. Yet, as the stillness again settled, a brownish hulk appeared from behind the rock, turned a reverse somersault, another, then another, gaining speed, crashing through underbrush, through a hemlock clump, down, down, down!

Only the sound of crashing branches and rolling rocks told of the bear's descent. But suddenly the whirling mass of fur appeared at the lower end of the clump, dropped some sixty feet to a ledge and then—with all four legs outstretched, plunged three hundred feet over a sheer precipice, describing large circles midair, struck the loose rubble with tremendous force, bounced twenty feet and lay still.

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We had stood petrified. The sight was too stupendous for expression. An urge to stand at attention until the flag was lowered or some like formality seemed to possess me as I saw the great hulk finally lying there still in death below me. It was like the passing of a great monarch or a worthy foe.

The spirit of the hunt prevailed, however, and we were soon rushing to the spot where the brownie had come to a standstill. Johnnie and I reached it at the same time and I shouted:

"Clean miss! Lost his balance, fell and broke his neck!"

"Shot through the heart!" returned Johnnie. "Miss heart, you never kill brown bear with one shot!"

When my brother came up with the camera we took some snaps, then started removing the pelt. Johnnie was right. Once skinned the body disclosed a clean hole through the heart. The expanding bullet had passed on, struck a rib, ricocheted, torn the lungs to shreds and come out like birdshot just above the spot it had entered. Late that afternoon we left the scene, bearing as trophies the skull and hide. Turning back at length for a last view of the eventful spot, we saw two huge snowy-headed eagles circling slowly but ever nearer the carcass left on the rocky slope.

Coon Huntin'

(Continued from page 11)

ran along through the shallow water, passed through the golden reflection of the moon, and disappeared in a bunch of willows growing near some oaks. All this time the hounds could be heard coming closer and closer, until like a shot they came out of the cane-brake and dashed on following the coon's trail in the muddy bubbling water.

That was the first time I'd ever seen both the game and the hounds on the run. Both had passed within three hundred feet of where we stood.

We walked back from the point and headed for the oak trees growing at the west end of the marsh. All this time the baying was going on without a let-up. Then, all of a sudden it increased in volume. We began to run. Coming to the edge of the marsh we started across, jumping from one rise of ground to fallen logs and back and forth from one thing to another until we came out on a high piece of ground in the center of the marsh. The baying was still in a turmoil as we ran on. It had centered in one locality and had changed to the tree bark. The coon was up.

Coming to a small clearing we found Trigger and Woof talking tree at the base of an oak. A few yards away, but just out of sight, Mischief could be plainly heard talking tree. A little beyond Mischief and close to some stumps near the edge of the rise Eagle was barking frantically.

Eddie threw up his flashlight and almost instantly flashed a coon out on the end of a lower limb. Jack left to go over where Eagle was barking. His light flickered on the tree a few seconds, then he called back there was a coon in his tree. Frank and I ran over to where Mischief was barking at the base of a stump. No flashlight was needed there. About ten feet up and standing out in silhouette against the moon was a coon. His eyes flashed like little balls of green fire as he looked into the flashlights. There we were, all within a hundred feet of each other, three coons up, only four hounds, and heavy underbrush all around the clearing. Shortly we took Woof from the big oak and pulled him

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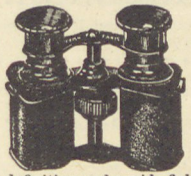

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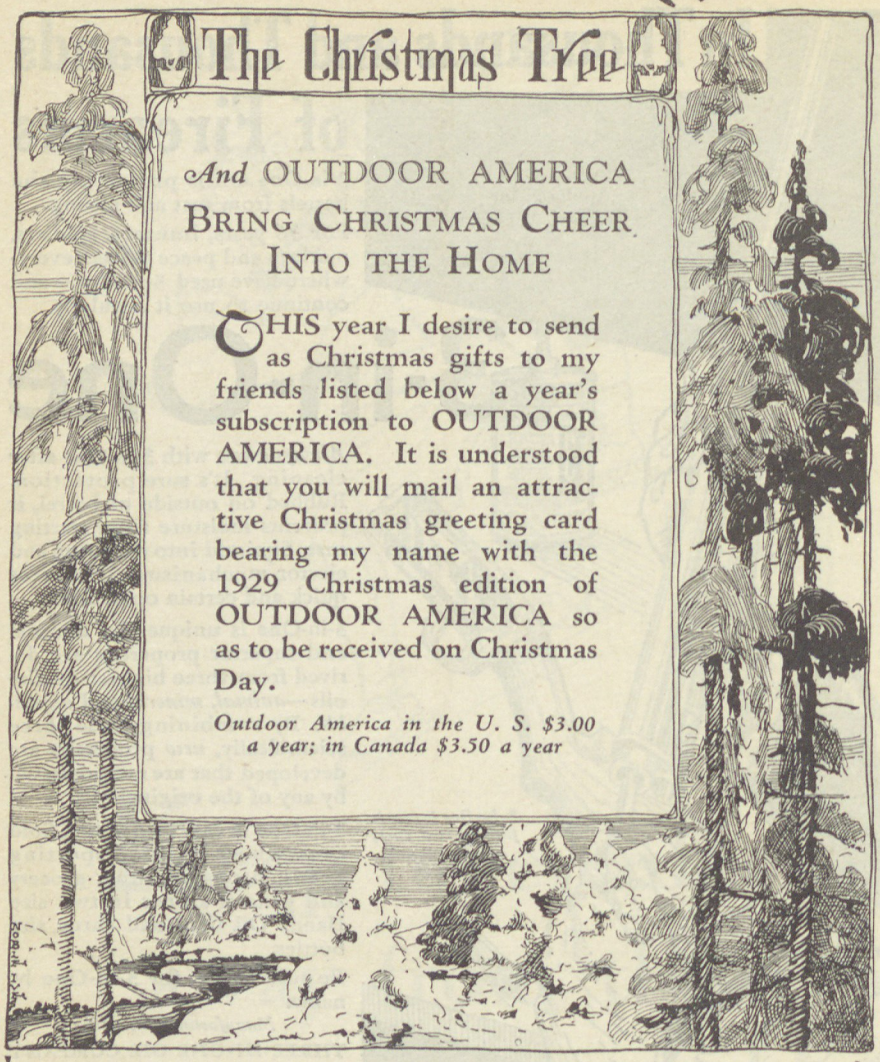

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over to the stump, where after he spotted the coon he began another serenade. Eddie stayed at the base of the oak tree with Trigger to keep the coon from coming down, while Jack at the other tree did likewise. Frank and I went over to where Mischief and Woof were still barking. Frank took the .410 gauge and after taking careful aim so as to just graze the coon's hind end, let 'er go. The coon came down on top of a small bush as the hounds jumped up and grabbed him. There was a lot of growling from the hounds as they battled with the coon, a few sharp yelps when he bit one of them, and after a couple of minutes silence fell again.

When sure the coon was dead the hounds rushed over to where Jack and Eagle were standing at the other oak. The flashlights flickered on the foliage, and boy! that is the thrill of thrills, to stand in the darkness with only a pale moon shining down and hear and see all the goings on of a coon hunt. I heard a bellow from Frank. "Here he comes." Yelps from the hounds, barking, squealing, yelping and growling, followed a few minutes later by silence. A few seconds passed, then two flashlights flickered in the darkness, and the hounds rushed in followed by the rest of the fellows. The hounds began their barking again. When lights were flashed on the coon the barking increased to a mad frenzy. "Talk to 'em, boy, talk to 'em," we kept telling the hounds. The coon sat in the fork of a limb and looked down at us.

Presently Frank started to climb the tree and a few minutes later was slowly working his way out on the limb on which the coon was perched. When he got out to where the limb forked, and where it was dangerous, he was still a long way from reaching the coon. He started to shake the limb, hoping to dislodge the animal, but without success. After a short rest he tried again, but no amount of shaking budged the coon. Eddie suggested we get a pole to poke him out with, which we did. At the first poke the coon slipped sideways on the limb, and at the second fell off and came down through the air without hitting a thing. He lit running, but it was of no use. He didn't make three feet before one of the hounds grabbed him. In the first rush and confusion Trigger had grabbed at the coon, missed, and the coon in turn had grabbed at him, biting deep into his nose. After a few seconds of painful yelps the coon let go, and Trigger came running out of the fray pawing at his nose and trying to blow it clear. All this time the coon's four feet were working overtime. Scratches on the hounds' sides and bellies showed plainly in the flashlights. There was a lot of squealing, growling, barking, and yelping for a few seconds, then all the hounds jumped clear, leaving the coon in the center of a triangle. The coon made a break to run as Eagle grabbed him in the middle of the back, which meant the finish. In a second it was all over.

Later when half way across the corn fields on our way to the ranch we noticed the air was getting colder, and light was beginning to streak the east, showing a low fog hanging over the delta. All of which told us it was nearing morning. The gunny sack with the three coons grew heavier and heavier as we neared the ranch buildings.

Later as we sat around the kitchen range in the bunk house talking, we realized what a great hunt we had just finished.

I have been on many coon hunts, but this was the first on which I had gotten more than two coons on any one trip, had more than two coons treed at the same time, and the first time I had ever seen the coon and hounds both running.

An Old Time Xmas Turkey Hunt

(Continued from page 52)

the rain still pouring and the night as dark as Egypt. I had to cross the old Lawrence plantation on foot, and the ground was so boggy that both of my rubbers were soon lost, and, but for the fact that I knew the creek swamp like a book, I could never have found the boat, which was now filled with water. Then came the task of slashing the water out of it with a round pole, as there was nothing to bail with, not even a paddle.

Groping around in the darkness of this "dismal" swamp, I was startled by the squall of two coons fighting, and the hoot of a monster owl right over my head, who seemed to be indignant that man should encroach upon the hours set apart by nature for him. I became rather painfully aware of the spookiness of the time and place that I had chosen.

I succeeded in crossing the creek with the boat, though standing in water over my shoe tops, although that was of little consequence so long as my shells were dry.

I paused under a cluster of pines, keeping as near to the body of the tree as possible to keep as much out of the rain as the circumstances would allow, until daybreak.

As day came on the rain ceased, and I crossed the creek again, hoping to find the course of Mr. Sly. But not a sound came from him, neither could I see any sign of him in any tree.

Then suddenly I walked right up on the old master turkey of that region, lying stiff in death from the shot I had fired the evening before. I held him up in the sunlight, for the clouds had vanished away, and was impressed with the grandeur of the bird, as the golden bronze of his feathers seemed to increase in beauty upon close inspection.

I returned home full of triumph, for I was sure of a fine Christmas dinner, and I knew it would be a pleasure to pick the bones of old Mr. Sly.

Wild Life in British Columbia

(Continued from page 10)

the bull began to grunt and I was dumfounded when I realized he was coming straight towards us.

When we first saw him about 100 yards away, he was walking straight towards Joe. Joe, who has worn a black Stetson hat continuously since 1910, somewhat resembles a moose! I could not see the moose's horns but Joe said they were very large. The moose then stepped into an open spot and I shot him forward in the left shoulder. The impact of the bullet knocked him flat with all four feet in the air. Joe cautioned me not to go up to him and to keep a convenient tree between us. When I reached a tree about 10 feet from the moose, he saw me and jumped to his feet, but before he could start away I shot him again between the eyes. When he hit the ground, he sounded like a punctured balloon since the air from congested lungs escaped through the first bullet hole. The horns measured 52½ inches, which is a nice head for that country. Then the work began again.

Joe fortunately had packed an axe, so with a supply of meat, he had all he could carry. I packed the horns 6 miles back to the cabin, and never will I forget how they cut into my shoulders nor the vexing experience in leading Billy, the pack horse, 20 miles the following day through the forest, slashings and windfalls all covered with snow. Joe has my great admiration for being able to locate the trail out through the alders and small bush because the snow bending them down had obliterated the trail. Windfalls made it impossible to get out with horses except by the trail. Carrying my rifle and leading Billy in order to prevent him from breaking the moose horns was a tough job, and Joe said he learned for the first time what real profanity is. He was no slouch himself, particularly when Charlie, the horse he was leading, got his front feet over a windfall 15 inches in diameter and 3 feet high, but couldn't make it with his hind feet on account of the boggy ground. Joe held Charlie while I cut half the log and then I held the horse and Joe finished the job. We kept going from 8:30 A. M. to 6:30 P. M., walking 20 miles and riding in the wagon 8 miles to Hixon Creek, where our hunt ended for this year.

The Belled Boy's First Deer Hunt

By John F. Cowan

"YEAH, I had buck fever when I shot at my first deer, jes' like you will have," George, the veteran woods guide was saying to the bunch of high-school boys toasting slices of bacon in the camp on the St. Croix River, Minnesota. It was the beginning of the ten-day legal open season for deer.

"Tell us about it, George, so that we'll steer clear of it," one boy begged him.

"Wal, you see, I was purty nigh born with a gun growed fast to me, like the Siamese twins; but that didn't vaccinate me against shakin' with ague first time I drew on a buck. Deer wa'n't scarce then, either as they're gettin' to be now. Maybe . . ."

"Oh don't prophesy that we may not find any—we've just got to; we've been telling . . . we'll comb these woods with a fine-tooth comb before we'll . . ."

"Deer ain't found same as cooties," George dryly assured them. "I can guess what you've been bragging to the rest."

"How are deer found, then . . . go on . . . tell us."

"Wal, that day my father said: 'George, hang the cow bell 'round your neck and hunt up this side of the river, whilst I take the opposite side. The bell will tell me where you are, and its tinkle will do more—deer curiosity will follow it. If one comes within shot of you, and you fire and don't get it . . .'

"'Oh, I'll get it all right, don't you worry,' I boasted.

"I can see the twinkle in my dad's eyes as he finished, 'If you should happen to miss one he'll cross the river and I'll try my best. There's three regular deer fords, so we ought to get venison at one of them.'

"I had passed two of the fords without sign of a deer or hearing anything of father. It looked like salt pork for us a while longer. Then I found fresh signs of deer, several of 'em—you know what I mean?"

"Tracks," promptly answered a boy.

"What else?"

"Spoor," called out another a bit uncertainly.

"Don't hunters sometimes call 'em 'pills'?" asked a third.

"Wal, some of those trails scattered from the river, but one kept on up stream. As I was following that one, getting more and

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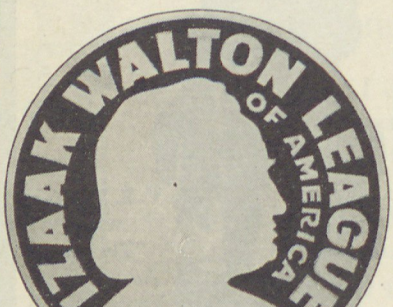

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more excited as the marks seemed fresher, suddenly out of a windfallen tree a few rods away rose a deer, staring at me with its big soft eyes. For a second or two it was too startled, or too curious about the tinkling bell, to run. My heart was pounding like a snare drum.

"This was my chance to bag my first deer. I mustn't fail. I was confident. I jerked up my double-barrelled smoothbore and blazed away point blank, but as shaky as if I'd seen a ghost on Halloween. I couldn't aim. I just banged away, the old gun kicking my shoulder lame.

"The deer made off like an arrow, leaving me the most sick with disappointment of any boy in six counties. Not one buckshot in my barrel ever nicked it. It jumped like a rabbit. I . . ."

"How do you know you never touched it?" asked a boy.

"That's the rest of the story; listen and you'll all see; there's a way of telling.

"My buck ran a short distance, while my heart sank into my boots. I was so set on getting one. I'd bragged to the boys how easy it was.

"But, as I moved, and the bell tinkled, the deer stopped and looked around.

"My heart gave a big jump; maybe I was in luck after all. I quickly raised the gun, too excited to aim, and gave the deer the other barrel. I hoped to see it fall.

"But again I had missed, and I felt cold with shame and disappointment. Still, I would follow my game until it was out of sight.

"However, after another short run, still curious about the tinkling bell, the deer stopped again, still within gun range.

"Now if I could only load in time! I went at the old muzzle loader with feverish haste, nervous, dreading another failure. Fearing I would lose sight of the deer, I poured powder from my horn into my cupped palm, keeping my eye part of the time on the deer and part on the pouring.

"The animal started as if about to dash off again. My eyes were frozen to it for a second. Then, as it stood, I looked down at my hand and was mad with myself to see that I had emptied the powder horn, but mostly on the ground.

"I slapped what powder was left in my hand into the barrels and rammed home the wads, every movement of mine ringing the bell and causing the deer to stay, watching me, still within range.

"I poured in the buckshot and wadded them, trembling with eager hope that the deer would tarry a second or two more. My hope mounted high as I reached for the percussion caps we had to use in those days on the nipples to fire the gun.

"But before I could get the caps on, when I was almost ready, the deer started off afresh, heading fast towards the third ford of the river. It flew out of range before I was ready. My heart fell like a lump of lead. What could I tell the boys?

"I began calling to my father, and that speeded up the deer and ended my last chance.

"But Dad did not answer. I almost grew sick with dread that the venison the family needed would get away from both of us. Where could he be?

"The nimble-footed animal soon made the river bank and leaped in. But just as it was dashing into the woods on the other side of the lake it stopped a second to look back and around, as deer will do. In that instant a rifle shot rang out, and the deer dropped in its tracks.

"When I had waded and swum over to where father stood by the dead animal my boyish peeve with myself made me growl: 'Why didn't you answer me? Why didn't you shoot the deer while it was in the water? It might have got away.'"

"'Oh, indeed,'" he teased me, 'answer you and serve the deer notice that I was waiting to shoot it! Fine for the deer, that. Or, shoot it in the stream to be swept down by the current—son, you have a lot to learn about deer-hunting, as your two shots show, and not a one hit the mark.'

"And he was right, you see; and so . . ."

"And so have we a lot to learn," laughed the boys, their tense emotion over the story eased down by the laugh. "Well, we'll try to learn all you teach us.

"Will you bell us tomorrow?" one boy laughingly asked.

"I'll ring the chestnut bell on you if I hear any more bragging to each other as to the shooting you're going to do. Boastfulness, over-confidence, is the beginning of buck fever. Remember that and you have a shot in your arm against that kind of fever."

Grinding for Snook

(Continued from page 21)

Below us glittered the waters of the Myakka: a pleasant view it is true, and inspiring, especially as here and there six and seven foot sharks disported themselves with ridiculous ease and grace. I was told that these sharks were a matter of no consequence since, after all, they were "perfectly harmless," possessing a calf-like disposition, and I heard one of the party remark that some day he was going to dive in and count *coup* on one of the fellows with a knife that he was to carry between his teeth in a manner he had seen depicted in some underwater movies. No one seconded the motion, however, I noticed. As for myself I was taking no chances on a mis-step even though these leviathans of the deep were docile as bovines. I proceeded cautiously on my way, pausing now and then for a deep breath before making another essay.

We reached the central portion of the bridge and there distributed ourselves at a suitable distance apart. Then the grinding started. The lure was let down into the water and then holding the pole almost perpendicular, tight to the body, under the arm, the lure was started to working in what could be described as a figure 8 in the water. The length of this figure varied according to the whim of the grinder, some preferring them short and others those up to three feet in length. But the motion of a figure 8 was kept constant and there was no let-up in the grinding. The result of moving this lure thus speedily through the water was to leave a perfect figure 8 outlined in sparkling silver in the water, every returning move of the lure over the course keeping up the phosphorescent display. Now the snook upon seeing this movement in the water would make rushes, open-mouthed, at the center of the silvery figure 8. Often he would miss but as often he would make contact with the lure and the keen-filed hooks of the gang. The snook having struck, the fisherman would set the hooks and then bringing the pole forward would lift the fish up hand over hand, finally seizing upon the same as it came into reach.

Here and there all along the line the grinding was on in full force and fish after fish was being lifted up and secured. I had hardly started my grinding before one hit and hit hard and I was bringing him up in the usual manner of procedure. I secured him, a beautiful eight pounder. Then followed one of about ten pounds that almost took the pole out of my hand and as nearly deposited me in the awesome deep

below. I managed to get my catch up, however, and despite his threshing about hit him soundly on the head and quieted him.

There seemed to be a dark conspiracy a-foot to gain from me an admission that the snook was really a fighter comparable to, if not exceeding, anything that northern waters ever produced. But I laughed it all off and kept religiously to my fishing, hoping against hope that the shark would stay away and would not fancy making a grab at the center of my luminous figure 8. Heaven only knew the population of the water around that bridge. To say that it was teeming with fish life would not begin to do the situation justice: the water was alive with finny life, often a seething mass of it, but only the snook apparently seemed to be interested in those glowing figure 8s in the water and they were indeed attacking the lures of the fishermen with gusto. Fish were being brought up everywhere along the bridge and it all took on the appearance of fishing off of the Banks of Newfoundland, only the light of day being missing to reveal the activities going on.

The snook or robalo is very much like a pike in the cut of its body and has a forcefulness and cutting fury to his fight when hooked that must indeed win the admiration of any fisherman, yet strange as it may seem it was not until some four or five years ago that any active fishing was done for the fish. It was not even considered as a worthy food fish, this of course in the face of a preponderating number of other fish that were esteemed by the epicure. But things have changed. The snook is now considered a top-notch food fish and once the fishermen began catching them with hook and line they were quick to vote *undecimalis* an entire success as a game fish.

There is a bridge some distance up the Myakka from El Jo-Bean that is often resorted to about the time the snook come in from the Gulf on a feeding run. This proves to be an exciting event indeed, everyone goes whether they grind for them or whether they cast for them, the regulation bait casting outfit and bass plugs however standing most in favor.

"Now this is real fishing, I want you to know," my friend had told me. "You see the fish that run first among the snook are apt to be some whopping big fellows and you get one of these on your hook and you have something to tussle with. I have landed a thirty pounder myself so I know."

Needless to say I became a member of a night party on the upper bridge on the Myakka, word having been brought down to us that the first fish of consequence had been caught. It was just right I was told, conditions were perfect; all that was necessary was the right lure at the right time and at the right place. Surface lures of any one of several types were the ones used and these were cast to the water and were then retrieved after the manner of pop casting, the lure being jerked with fits and starts on the water. This, as I knew, was a deadly method of enticing large mouth bass to strike in our northern waters. As a fish getter, so far as the snook is concerned, it is also worthy of more than honorable mention.

The fascination of snook fishing at night is very much the same as that of any night fishing in any water in that there is a mysterious quality about it that is entirely different from that belonging to the hours of daylight. It may be much on the order of a chuck-and-chance-it performance, that is to say, a matter of casting most anywhere without any logical or definite spot aimed at, but so far as the snook is concerned he has no difficulty in following the lure in the water owing to the phosphorescent trail it leaves behind it.

I had had an insight into how snook were ground for and this was a diversion any one would applaud long and freely. It remained, however, for bait casting at night for this fish to set the mark of favor in its behalf. In spite of the fact that the snook is a valiant fighter, in grinding for the fish he is handicapped. He is within close range of the fisherman and is pulled up almost instantly from the water. He has no opportunity to prove what he can do as he can if handled at the end of a long line.

Soon there were activities on that bridge, laughter and exclamations: "Got one!" "O boy, here is a twenty pounder for sure!" or "I'll never land this one. The line won't hold. I should have changed to a new one!" Like the rest I was busy casting my surface plug and jerking it toward me with the tip of the rod pointing down to the water: any moment I felt I might get a big fellow. I had landed my third fish of the evening when I detected a particularly vivid streak in the water that denoted a large fish and I must have cast accurately enough to come directly in his path for I had hardly given my bait its initial jerk on the homeward trend when something hit my lure with such forcefulness and determination as to almost take the rod from me. It was one of those vicious, powerful strikes that identify sea fish as different almost from anything that will strike in our fresh waters.

"I've got hold of a shark, I guess," I cried.

"Shark nothing," shouted my companion. "What you have is a big snook, a knockout, too. For the love of Mike, don't let him go. It may be a prize-winner!"

The fish took line off the reel till my thumb burned, but I halted him. Then up out of water he came, not once but twice.

"Baby tarpon," I said. "Did you see him?"

"That's a snook you've got," my companion came back. "Baby tarpon, not so you'd notice it. That's a snook—and a big one."

So with visions of record-breakers flitting before my vision and with vague wonderings if my line would stand the strain, and with multitudinous directions being boomed at me to use every possible care, I finally landed my fish, but not until apparently every last quiver of fight was out of him. Someone had a spring scale and by the light of a flash we found that the fish went over twenty-eight pounds. I later found in looking up the records of ocean fish that the largest snook caught on hook and line of which there is authentic record weighed thirty-nine and one-half pounds.

After the fish had been duly captured the bunch gathered around me, slapping me on the back and otherwise mishandling me. It seemed as one they wanted to know: "WELL, WHAT'S YOUR OPINION OF THE SNOOK NOW?"

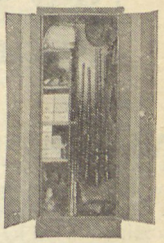
"Boys," I said, "that snook of yours is certainly a fine fish. I would like to bring a few along home to plant in our waters but since that is impossible and he won't live in fresh water I guess I'll have to come back here again and fish for him!"

And I am going back to fish for what I consider one of the gamest finny tusslers that ever separated oxygen from water!

Read Edison Marshall's New Serial Beginning in this issue

FOR HIS XMAS

This Practical New Personal Gift



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Outboard Motors and Small Boats

By PAUL BURRESS

New Outboard Racing Rules

MANY resolutions passed by the American Power Boat Association at their twenty-seventh annual meeting held in New York City late in October will be felt this coming season by the amateur and seasoned outboard drivers. The lambs will be separated from the wolves by the creation of new driver classes, all of which amounts to the stimulation of amateur competition without discouraging the experienced drivers.

The Racing Commission represents the American Power Boat Association, the Mississippi Power Boat Association and the National Outboard Association, which are the three major organizations and whose influence will be more keenly felt to the satisfaction of participants and grandstands in future racing.

Drivers Classified

The outboard field underwent the most significant changes in regulations. Not only was a code made for the country, but the ground broken for an international code fixing the status of Division 3 drivers. A regulation was drawn which clearly divides amateurs and professionals. Next season Division 1 drivers will comprise those who have started and finished in less than fifteen sanctioned races, as usual. Division 2 drivers will be those who have finished in more than fifteen sanctioned races, but who have not accepted money considerations and who are not affiliated with the "trade."

Division 3 drivers, although they will not be referred to as "professionals," no longer will menace the increasing field of amateurs, who compete in races purely for the sport of it. Under the new ruling, the Division 3 drivers will compete exclusively in their division, instead of racing with the Division 2 drivers, as in the past.

A Runabout Class

Heretofore amateurs have been discouraged against competing in races in which both Divisions 2 and 3 drivers were eligible. In the wake of the new outboard rule a recommendation was made that a runabout contest board be established. Runabout races have suffered because of the fact that amateur drivers have found themselves pitted against professionals and representatives of manufacturers.

J. D. Barrett of Detroit was designated to represent the A. P. B. A. at the international union's meeting in Brussels. He will work towards obtaining an international code pertaining to outboards, as well as other types of boats.

Racing Hulls

The major changes in rules pertaining to outboard boats and courses involve the outboard racing hull. The weight minimums fixed at 115 pounds for Class "A," 175 pounds for Classes "B" and "C" and 225 pounds for Classes "D" and "E"; length of courses for records reduced to one mile and two and one-half miles; distance for records fixed at five miles for Classes "A" and "B" and ten miles for Classes "C," "D" and "E."

Aid to Racing

The outgrowth of the meeting of the outboard division of the A. P. B. A. was the general approval of a comprehensive plan for the administrative organization of outboard racing throughout the country. So great has been the demand for sanctioned races that the association has been "swamped." As a remedy a chart was drawn up, beginning with local units and progressing through the district, sectional and regional contests to national championships, for the purpose of placing outboard racing on a standardized national basis.

Drivers Organizing

Edward Patterson of Troy, N. Y., told the delegates about an International Outboard Drivers Association, which is in the process of formation, Mr. Patterson acting as spokesman for that body. He said that a feeling existed among the drivers that they were not adequately represented in the framing of the rules and outboard matters in general and, in behalf of the organization he represented, he requested a delay in the rendering of important decisions until the driver's organization was in a position to function properly.

It was explained to Mr. Patterson that the administrative program was not in conflict with any possible proposals the drivers might desire to offer later and the program was based fundamentally upon the interests of groups of drivers themselves. The regulation concerning the governing of weight of outboard hulls was necessary, it was explained, to provide safety for the drivers. Heretofore flimsy hulls and powerful motors have combined to cause accidents. The various changes in rules and new regulations which were approved by the A. P. B. A. were sent back to the Racing Commission, which will meet soon to formulate the new measures in proper phraseology. The changes will become effective January 1, 1930.

Silver Motor Boat Show

The Silver Anniversary Motor Boat Show to be held in New York at the Grand Central Palace, January 17 to 25, will be departmentized. Every exhibit will have its own department. Outboard motors and boats will occupy the fourth floor, cruisers will be exhibited on the first floor, runabouts on the second and accessories on the third.

Exhibitors manufacturing several different lines will have space in each department so that show visitors may find the displays in which they are interested with the minimum of effort.

* * *

Peoria Records

The National Outboard Championship Regatta held at Peoria, Illinois, attracted about 150 entries from 25 states. The combined efforts of the Missouri Power Boat Association, the National Outboard Association, the American Power Boat Association and the Illinois Valley Yacht and Canoe Club made the first National Outboard Regatta a spectacular success.

Prominent participating drivers were: Arthur Southerland, Julius Herbst, F. T. Milliken, Douglas Haskins, Carl Mason, O. K. Hunsaker, C. C. Koeffler, Marshall Eldridge, George Cost, Bill Frey, Dick Upsall, F. C. Ludolph, H. G. Ferguson, Gene Picard, Ted Farnam and others.

The new national champions are: Class "A," Douglas Haskins, Boston; Class "B," H. G. Ferguson, Los Angeles; Class "C," Carl Koeffler, Milwaukee; Class "D," Dick Upsall, Bass Lake, Indiana; Class "E," F. C. Ludolph, Chicago.

H. C. Ferguson broke his own previous record of 47.29 m. p. h. by averaging 48.40 m. p. h. in six 1-mile runs at the Newport

One outboard motor, three boats and six anticipating Scotchmen.

Beach, California, regatta prior to the Peoria regatta.

* * *

Miss Mildred Milde, Los Angeles, Cal., a new star driver, in open competition, accomplished six consecutive 1-mile runs in Class "C" at an average speed of 43.71 m. p. h.

* * *

Drivers' Association Being Formed

If you are a racing driver and interested in furthering the best interests of outboard motor boat racing, signify your desire by writing to E. H. Patterson, Chairman of the Outboard Drivers' Association, 883 Broadway, Albany, N. Y. The association is being formed for the purpose of cooperating with existing boat clubs and associations for the best interests of all concerned in outboard motor boating.

* * *

New York-Chicago Plan Outboard Boat Harbors

The phenomenal growth of outboard motor boating in the last few years now has won official recognition of the most gratifying nature from America's two largest cities, according to the Johnson Motor News. Both New York and Chicago are now engaged in building commodious and completely equipped harbors for the use of outboard powered boats, on a scale that shows that each city expects outboard motoring to become one of America's most popular sports within a few years.

* * *

Jackson Park Harbor

The Chicago project being developed under the direction of the South Park Board, calls for an exclusive outboard harbor in Jackson Park. Stalls, locks, fencing, and other facilities will be arranged specifically for this type of craft, and no other will be allowed to use the facilities. When completed, probably next year, Chicago outboard enthusiasts will have one of the finest havens of their own to be found anywhere. This improvement is in addition to the already generous provisions Chicago has made for sailing craft and displacement power craft.

That New York expects boating to be one of the metropolitan community's most popular sports within a few years is shown by the improvements now contemplated. The West Side development for the island of Manhattan calls for the improving of four blocks along the Hudson from 79th to 86th street with yacht and boat basins, slips and docks. This improvement when completed will provide anchorage and docking facilities for 30,000 pleasure craft.

Brooklyn water enthusiasts are to be given generous water facilities at Sheepshead Bay. The development planned here calls for the accommodation of 8,000 pleasure boats, and should be complete within two years.

Staten Island also is bidding for a return of its boating glories of the days before automobiles. Twenty years ago Great Kills, on this island, was a famed yachting and boating center, but neglect of the basin has made it unusable, even for the light draft outboard type. Now, however, the basin is to be dredged and equipped on a scale to accommodate 5,000 pleasure craft.

These three improvements will give New York facilities for 43,000 additional water craft, in addition to those now existing. In each development special attention will be paid to the needs of outboard-powered boats.

Pope's New Rocket Boat

Inspired by the success of German scientist Herr Oppel in propelling an automobile by rocket force, Malcomb and Dick Pope disturbed the quiet waters of Lake Hopatcong and thrilled the populace with a new creation in the form of an outboard boat propelled by intermittently discharged rockets. Dick witnessed the feat from the shore while Malcomb occupied the hot seat.

Dick bored sixteen holes in the transom of a Bossert boat and inserted as many six pound rockets which were wired to three switches operated by the driver. A false transom was inserted just ahead of the rockets to take the thrust.

The result was plenty of noise and smoke. Speed was estimated at about thirty-five miles an hour. It was a huge success in operation but slightly impractical.

* * *

1930 Gold Cup Races

Before the final checkered flag fell in the Gold Cup speed boat race to declare Richard F. Hoyt winner of the classic trophy at Red Bank, N. J., August 24, yachtsmen speculated upon the possibilities of a 1930 contest.

There are several possibilities of next year's race and a few certainties. It is beyond the realm of probability that the Red Bank Yacht Club and the Columbia Yacht Club will defend the trophy jointly, as they did this year. On the other hand, inasmuch as "Imp," Hoyt's boat, was never called upon for her maximum performance, it is possible that the Columbia Yacht Club may name a different course and accept a challenge from the Red Bank Yacht Club and others who would meet Mr. Hoyt in 1930 competition.

In the latter case, the course may be laid on Manhasset Bay as it was in 1926.

The certainty of next year's race is that Richard F. Hoyt will be ready to defend the trophy against any challengers who appear, whether the course is on the North Shrewsbury at Red Bank or on Manhasset Bay at Port Washington, L. I.

* * *

Caille Announce New Motor

Another compact, powerful, folding motor has been offered to the sportsmen who carry their own. The new Caille motor, known as the Companion, model 14, is designed so that it may be taken apart, in much the same manner that a shotgun is taken down, and when folded in this way it occupies a space of less than fourteen by twenty-two inches.

The Companion has a bore of 2¼ inches and a stroke of 1¾ inches. The piston displacement is 13.916 cubic inches and the speed range is from 400 to 4,500 r.p.m. It develops a maximum of 6 h.p. which will push the average 14-foot skiff along at a surprising pace.

* * *

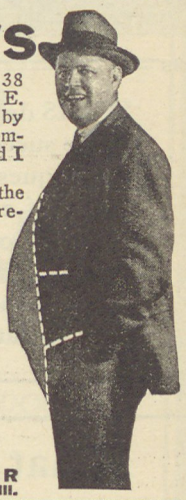
Association Changes Name

The increasing area served by the New York Outboard Motor Boat Association has caused the directors of that association to change the name to the Middle Atlantic Outboard Association.

The Albany-New York and the Manhattan marathon and the record performances made at Worcester during this past season have given a tremendous impetus to outboarding as evidenced by the applications to the association for racing numbers.

Inquiries regarding outboard motors and small boats, if accompanied by self-addressed, stamped envelopes, will be gladly answered by Paul Burress

10 Inches Off Waistline In 35 Days



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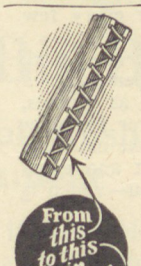

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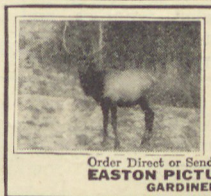

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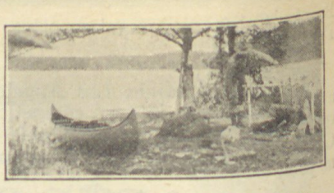

THIS department belongs to the readers of Outdoor America. It is your department, and it will be successful only to the extent to which it is actually put to work. It is divided into two parts. First, questions on any phase of how to camp will be answered by foremost experts in various kinds of camping. Second, every question about where or when to camp will be answered by a member of the chapter of the Izaak Walton League closest to that vicinity—first hand, expert knowledge, by resident sportsmen, is thus available to our readers. This is the best camping service in America. Please write about only one subject in a letter—either ask questions about *how* to camp, or about *when and where*. If you want to know both, write on separate sheets.

What to Take

ON A BEAR HUNT

Camping Department,
Outdoor America:

Please give me some information, if possible. A party of three is figuring on a bear hunt next fall. We want to sleep just where night overtakes us. Please tell me the proper food to carry with us as to make the load light. Expect to be gone about four days.

J. M. M.

Curwensville, Pa.

Your problem resolves itself into a matter of carrying food that can be prepared quickly, but which is good solid food with no nonsense about it. The first thing to do is to eliminate all such fancy trimmings as dehydrated or condensed food, and all "patented stuff" which is guaranteed to contain the equal of a full meal or perhaps two or three full meals in one small capsule or tinfoil wrapper which any child can operate.

A trip of this sort at this time of the year requires grub that "sticks to the ribs" and satisfactorily fills up immense vacancies which seem to occur every few hours in the solar plexus.

Take several loaves of dense rye bread, or better still German pumpernickel, a quantity of dried fruit such as prunes, apricots, etc., to be cooked over the evening campfire for breakfast next morning, or to be carried in the pocket and eaten dry when hunger overtakes you—which is about every other city block.

I suppose you will kill your own meat, but if you do not plan on this, take along a slab of bacon, and when you fry it, cut it thick and eat it half raw. This may not sound very good to you right now, but try it after a 20-mile walk in November with a pack on your back.

The main thing to remember is that your only purpose in eating during this trip is so that you can make another 20-mile hike, and that it is not a pastime, or an art, or accomplishment, or anything of the sort, but is simply a duty.

It will probably pay you to take along some cans of corned beef, such as the soldiers carried in the war. Figure one large size can a day for three people. In the evening the beef can be heated up and either mixed with boiled potatoes and onions in a stew or eaten alone. A few small cans of this army "monkey meat" should be carried along for noon meals to be eaten cold.

Take plenty of onions and perhaps you can arrange to find potatoes along the way.

You will note that this schedule of food does not smack of camping out. It is quite ordinary food and after all your best bet is to carry along as much of this as you can, and the fact that it is not very light is just your hard luck.

There is no way that I know of to equip yourself with light food for a trip of this sort. Food that is light as a rule requires long preparation, and there never is time for long preparation on a hiking trip with packs and guns.

RICHARD ROWLAND

TREATMENT FOR TENT

Camping Department,
Outdoor America:

I am having a tent made of balloon silk and am puzzled as to what I should use for a treatment. I have seen balloon silk treated in such a way as to make it absolutely water proof and sort of transparent. Can you inform me of the name of this water proofing, and where I may purchase it?

Norman Larson.

Neillsville, Wisc.

I believe the treatment to which you refer is the regular paraffine treatment. I am not sure whether the paraffine is used pure, or whether it is mixed with some other ingredient. I tried waterproofing a tent of balloon silk with paraffine once and it didn't work very well. I imagine I didn't have the paraffine hot enough. Next time I used a brown waterproofing preparation which is on the market under a number of brand names. It is somewhat similar to carbolineum—that's the closest I can come to describing it. The rules of the camping department of OUTDOOR AMERICA do not permit the use of trade names in recommending products. But I suggest you write to the Bureau of Standards, Washington D. C., asking for the formula used by the army and navy for waterproofing canvas or balloon silk.

R. C. JENCKS

CANOE TRIP FOR DUCKS

Camping Department,
Outdoor America:

A year from now a companion and myself plan on taking a camping trip by canoe in northern Minnesota, possibly somewhere near the source of the Mississippi and coming down that river to some city. We are anxious to know where we should go, and what is the latest time of year this can be done without danger of freezing up. One of the main reasons for the trip is to shoot ducks as we go along, so of course we want to make it in late October, or in early November if possible. We will have about three weeks in which to make the trip. Naturally we are curious also about what kind of clothing and equipment we should take along. I know this is looking rather far ahead, but we must make our plans, at least tentatively, at this time. Thank you for any information you can get for me on the above points.

Lester Ploetz.

Chicago.

Such a camping trip as you contemplate has a lot of possibilities. I took a trip very similar to this some years ago and it stands out as one of the most interesting I ever made. In the first place, you should plan to finish your trip not later than November 15. Any time after that you take a chance of being frozen up. Even before that you will get plenty of cold weather.

But cold weather canoeing, when you're prepared for it, is a great deal of fun—especially if you're in a duck country and like ducks. I suggest you ship your canoe to Lake Winnibigoshish, which is rather far up in the head waters of the Mississippi, and move south as far as Aitkin or thereabout and ship home from there.

Prepare for cold weather. Use down robes or sleeping bags made of wool comforters and canvas. I wouldn't depend on blankets if I were you. Your tent should be an open face one, so you can catch the heat of your fire—an ordinary lean-to style is best. In addition, take along two or three good pieces of tarpaulin ten or twelve feet square and waterproof. These are for making auxiliary shelters in case of storm or blizzard, and for making a firewood tent in bad weather, for covering your canoe, etc.

Take two axes, one of them double-bit, and carborundum stones for keeping them sharp.

For clothing, take hip boots large enough so you can wear sheepskin moccasins inside of them, and a pair of stout leather boots or shoes. Duck pants lined with wool shirting or blanketing will not be out of place, and I suggest taking a sheepskin lined coat in addition to a stag shirt or leather jacket. Be sure to take ponchos or good raincoats. Getting wet in cold weather must be more rigidly prepared against than getting wet in warm weather.

For food you can dispense with light weight stuff and take along plenty of bulk. Your evenings will be long and there'll be plenty of time for cooking after making camp, and you'll have plenty of fire to do it with.

Carry a good lantern, or two of them. If you haven't yet purchased your canoe, I suggest an eighteen-foot one, because you're going to have a good big cargo.

MURDO GIBSON

NOTICE

This department cannot undertake to give detailed information on motor touring routes, stopping places, roads, etc. It is limited to the scope indicated by its title and shown by its contents. For touring information write to the chambers of commerce of any towns or cities or states or to the National Park Service at Washington.

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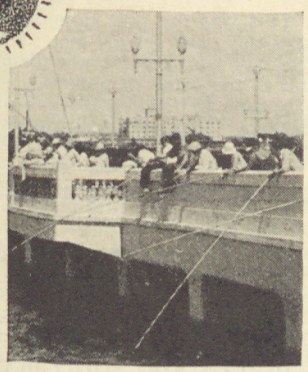

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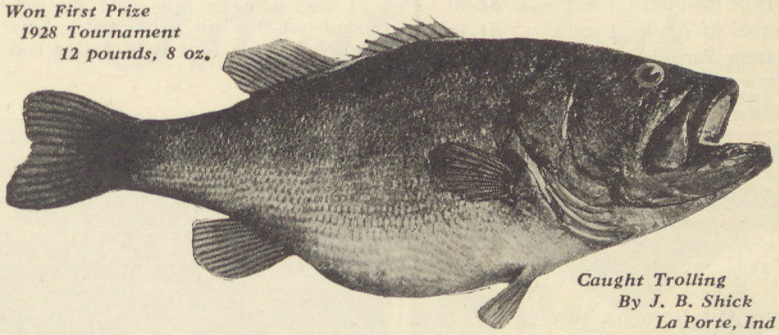

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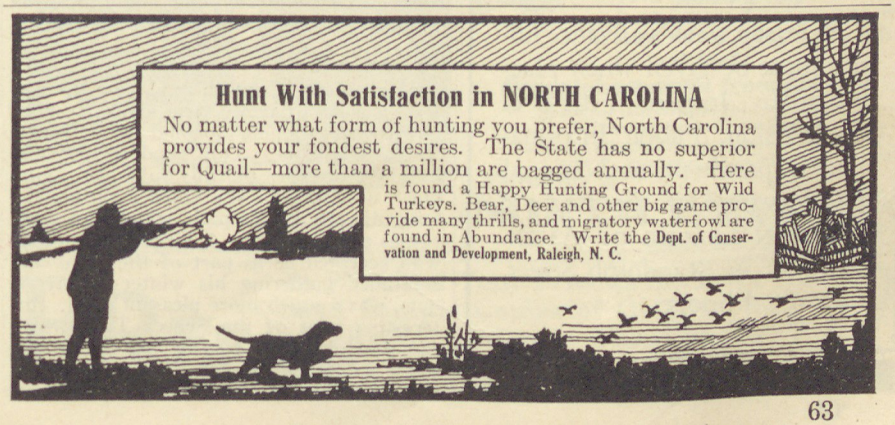
For information, rules, etc., write Sports Division Leesburg Chamber of Commerce, Leesburg, Florida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Women—Out of Doors

(Continued from page 29)

Mrs. Claude Kittle of Akron, Ohio, tells us of a delightful camping and fishing jaunt which she enjoyed with her husband and several friends in the Alleghany Mountains on the headwaters of the Potomac River.

Mrs. Kittle writes, "In all of the other outdoor magazines the men are the ones who tell about catching the fish. Since OUTDOOR AMERICA has a department for women perhaps we'll find that a few fish are caught by the so-called weaker sex."

Five comprised the party. In addition to Mr. and Mrs. Kittle there were Mr. and Mrs. Oral Hunter and Bernard, "Tommy" Toms. A long rough trip in a car loaded like a moving van brought the campers to Seneca Rocks, the selected site. Everyone helped pitch camp for everyone was impatient to begin the fascinating mid-stream casting.

On the third cast Mrs. Kittle got a strike. A black streak broke the water as she set her hook. In about five minutes the first fish for supper was in the net.

"Tommy's" hot cakes brought the party out for an early breakfast next morning, after which they hiked three miles upstream and fished back. At noon they were in camp with 15 nice bass ranging in weight from three-fourths of a pound to two pounds, the larger ones being taken by Mr. and Mrs. Kittle.

"I was using a nine foot fly rod with crodad tail for bait," she writes, "my husband choosing a four foot casting rod with spinner.

Mrs. Claude Kittle of Akron, Ohio, who became a convert to camping and fishing on her first trip.

"That night it rained, muddying the water. But next day we went about 10 miles downstream hoping to find clear water. There was none. Our good fishing was over. However, on this hike we found much of interest. We killed a rattlesnake lying directly in our path, which had eight rattles and a button. A large fox squirrel, who accepted us as part of the scene and continued gathering his winter supply of nuts, was a much more pleasant sight. Interesting tales of the Seneca Trail which ran past our camp told by two native visitors compensated for the rain which spoiled our fishing.

"This was my first camping and fishing experience, but not my last. I shall never miss another. We are now planning a deer hunt in the same mountains. I hope soon to be able to tell the readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA about West Virginia's white tail deer."

All women readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA are urged to send in photographs and short accounts of their experiences out of doors for this department.

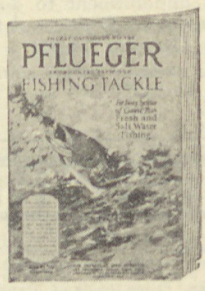
You may have had elaborate trips and sensational experiences or you may have had just a happy, quiet day not far from home, but tell us about your out of doors joys, small or great.

The New Pflueger Catalog

THE Pflueger Pocket Catalog has become widely known and appreciated, and each new edition is eagerly sought by thousands of fishermen throughout this country, and a day hardly passes but what requests for copies from anglers in different parts of the world are received—some of these from remote places.

Prominent writers in their reviews have pointed out its real worth and the interest it holds for those who engage in what is recognized as one of the most healthful outdoor sports.

Considerable interest, therefore, attaches to the announcement by The Enterprise Mfg. Company, Akron, Ohio, of a new and enlarged edition of the Pflueger Pocket Catalog — No. 149 — now completed and ready for free distribution.



The new edition is replete with illustrations and descriptions of all principal fresh and salt water game fish; photos of exceptional catches of both species; information on suitable tackle for such fishing, and other helpful information. Incidentally, the leading articles of Pflueger Tackle are illustrated and described.

A copy of this new Pocket Catalog will be forwarded free to any interested angler upon request. Adv.

The Story of Jim Childs

(Continued from page 25)

fished the streams that flow down from Mount Mansfield through Smugglers' Knotch and near Underhill Center.

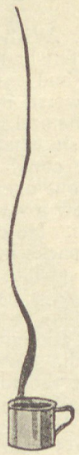
Our friendship ran along from fishing trip to fishing trip as a trout stream does from pool to pool. Jim left Lawrenceville in December, 1920. From that time we saw each other only on our fishing trips. Jim finished his preparation for college at Berkley-Irving in New York and entered Lehigh in the fall of 1921. In college, as in prep school, Jim was an outstanding athlete. At Lawrenceville he made his "L" many times over. He was one of the best ends in the history of the school, though I doubt if he ever weighed over one hundred and forty pounds. He was, however, built from the ground up and fast. He was a fair middle distance runner and an excellent swimmer. In Lehigh his activities centered round swimming and more particularly the dive. He was the outstanding man in the dive at Lawrenceville and at Lehigh he perfected his form and was placed in the Inter Collegiates. He won his letter everywhere he went and had a quart of medals in track, swimming, diving and boxing. At Kill Kare each year a cup was given to the best all round camper. Points toward this are won in the athletic meets with other camps and in intra-camp meets, and at the end of the year the Head Master and others of the staff take all into consideration—studies, athletics, personality, conduct, and make the award. Jim won this cup in 1920.

It was while Jim was at Berkley-Irving that he met Betty George. She was a Denver girl and was studying in an art school in New York. They were married in Denver in the spring of 1924, and Jim knew for the first time since his childhood what home meant. Since it was in the cards that he should live but two years and a half more, we, his best friends, are thankful that they were the happiest of his life. His widow, who has founded this memorial in his name to carry on that which Jim left unfinished, is a most wonderful girl—talented, unselfish, with a broad horizon, interested in those things which meant so much to Jim. She went right along with him and, what to me was positive proof of unselfishness, went back into the Rockies away from home, friends and comforts and took up the task with Jim of making a fur ranch a going concern.

The next phase of Jim's life was in Colorado. After his marriage, he definitely made his home in Denver, and his first business activity was with a Mr. Rogers. Mr. Rogers grew flowers for the local florist trade and Jim went with him as a man of all work. He worked under glass in the heat of a Colorado summer. He delivered flowers and learned to control his temper with irritated clients. He was out of his element, his mind wandered to the woods and streams. The week ends to the Platte Canyon were all too short. At the end of two years he had his chance to get away. The Colorado Fur Farms, Inc., needed a manager. H. G. McKinstry and Max Ball interested Jim in the raising of silver fox and other fur bearing animals. Jim became resident manager of the ranch near Rolinsville in the fall of 1926. That winter was the happiest of his life and he was forced to abandon his plans and leave his work unfinished.

In the spring of 1927, the symptoms of Hodgkin's Disease were recognized and

All your Coffee equipment *is in One little can*



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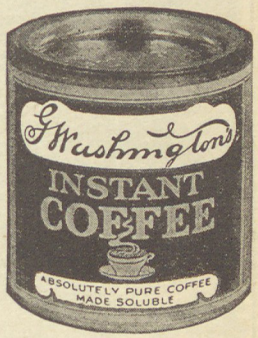
Steaming hot, appetizing G. Washington's is made in less than 5 seconds. Think how that cheers your tired soul, how it saves time and work when you make camp coffee...You don't need any coffee pot, just add a level teaspoonful to hot water. The small can contains as many cups of good coffee as the big, bulky package of coffee beans. This is good coffee, pure coffee...nothing but coffee. Actually it is the coffee part of the coffee bean, with grounds and water removed.

Seasoned sportsmen never think of taking the trail without their handy tins of G. Washington's. It's the campers ideal pure coffee, made the easiest way, packed with the least effort.



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EXCEPTIONAL (not average) PROFITS $11,265 sales in 3 months reported by California man. New Jersey $4,000 profits in less than 2 months. Revel of Michigan wrote: "Made $25 on my first day". A. Leib of Montreal wrote: "My sales averaged $400 per week".

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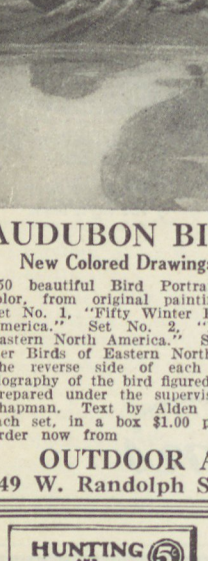

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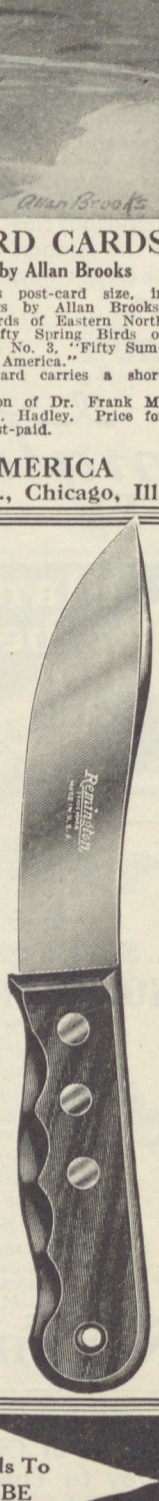

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these symptoms became more pronounced as the summer came along, and he died October 19. I understand the disease, though clinically known, is rather rare and is uncurable at the present time in its more severe forms.

Jim was a "complete" angler. With him, fishing was his craft and a finished art. He could cast a dry fly fine and far off and yet he could drop a fat worm into a pocket. He could play the game and finish the day with few or many fish whatever the conditions or tackle. He could send a four ounce sinker whizzing out over the breakers or a plug or minnow over the sparkling waters of Champlain. He could endure hardship, carry heavy packs in any weather and keep in good spirits. He fished as carefully at the end of a day as when he made the first cast. He lost his temper seldom while fishing, though his hook caught everything but fish. To him, fishing was the game and not the tackle. He had his preferences, as we all have, but they did not enslave him in the face of adverse conditions. If the bass failed to strike, he would fish for perch or fly fish the shallows for "pumpkin-seeds" or goggle-eyes, or troll the weed beds for pike. If the trout refused to take dry fly, wet fly, spinner, grasshopper or worm, he was off on some nature study along the stream.

His tackle was ever in good shape. Ordinarily impatient he could spend precious minutes with a tangled leader or backlash or work a hook out of his pants. His fly box was in order at the end of the day as well as the beginning. Whatever the tackle, bait or fish, he was a sportsman, an amateur in spirit, to whom the game well played was his aim and to whom lack of success was one of the breaks or a reflection on the skillfulness of his art.

Jim has left me with many memories. We have fished together in Vermont, Pennsylvania and Colorado. We spent many happy days together learning the ways of the bronze back of Lake Champlain and of the natives and browns of the mountain streams of central Pennsylvania. We studied the dry fly together. One morning I was fishing a huge pool along the White River in northwestern Colorado. Jim came round the bend above and called to me. I looked up and the tail of the rainbow he carried by the gills dragged in the water at his feet. I can see to this day the flash of its sides in the morning sun. I can hardly realize that the streams will not call us together again; that I shall not see his rod swaying to the rhythm of his arm; that I shall not find him at the meeting place or peer in vain through the gathering dusk to the bend of the river. For answer to my calls and signal shots, I shall have the silence of the mountains, the murmur of the stream.

The source of the power that fishing has among men is a mystery. There is the joy in physical well being as the current grips your legs; the joy in the beauty of the world; the joy of companionship; the satisfaction of solitude; the memories of a "noted angler now with God."

What's Happening in Conservation

(Continued from page 41)

Violator Fined $2,000

PAUL JONKERS of Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, according to a press dispatch from Redfield, South Dakota, liked pheasants so well that he just could not wait a few days until the season opened, and when caught as he was about to leave the state in a high powered auto he had one hundred and fifty pheasants, practically all of them canned in half gallon and gallon jars.

The dispatch states that this man and his wife were visiting relatives who asked them to refrain from hunting until the season opened, and that the birds were to be used in throwing a big banquet for a number of wealthy patrons of a summer resort operated by Jonkers near Lake Geneva.

Court Reprimanded Prisoner

JUDGE FISHER in passing the maximum fine of $2,000, one of the largest ever assessed, severely reprimanded Jonkers (I can't call him Mister) and said that it was on account of his attitude, and the attitude of men like him, that the law was in disrepute.

More power to Judge Fisher! We need more judges like him. If the editor of this department had been in his place this defendant would not only have been reprimanded and fined, but, if the law authorized it, he would have gone to prison for a year and have been denied the right to hunt in South Dakota for the rest of his days.

It does not seem possible that any Badgerite would so disgrace his state, or any other state. It scarcely seems possible that anyone entitled to be called an American citizen would stoop to such a crime against his fellowmen. This sentence should be a lesson to game hogs in general.

Conservation Question Box

Should We Shoot Muskies?

Does the Izaak Walton League approve the use of firearms in taking large game fishes which have been hooked? I have seen anglers, many of them reputable citizens, using revolvers and rifles to capture hooked muskies and great northern pike. With the increasing scarcity of large fish, this practice should be stopped everywhere.
H. H. G., Illinois.

Your position is absolutely right. While the Izaak Walton League has never taken official action on the point you raise, the League has constantly endeavored to improve our standards of sportsmanship and has at all times urged fair play for the quarry, whether it be fish or fowl.

The use of firearms to take fresh water fishes is just as inexcusable and unsportsmanlike as shooting into game birds on the ground or on the water. There is really no justification for using a large murderous gaff, and there are even times when the use of a landing net is unsportsmanlike.

I wish every fisherman would give the fish the same chance as a party of Waltonians who fished in Canada late last summer. One of them wrote:

"We caught some very fine muskies, but you have to work for the big fellows, and then you have to work after you have them hooked. My experience is that the majority of the big fish escape. You will be glad to know that all of our muskies were landed without any such aids as gaff hooks, pistols or other unsportsmanlike devices. We played them until they were tired out, and then either beached them or eased them into the boat, neither operation being a sure thing and the fish having its chance until the last moment."

That's real sportsmanship for you! Why should not all anglers adopt the same policy?

Wisconsin's New Law

Tell me more about that new law in Wisconsin relative to scenic beauty which you mentioned in the November OUTDOOR AMERICA. *Is it really taken seriously?*
R. J. M., North Carolina.

The new law in Wisconsin says: "The enjoyment of natural scenic beauty is declared to be a public right, and if the commission (Railroad Commission, which corresponds to the Public Utilities Commission in many states) shall find that the construction, operation or maintenance of a proposed dam is contrary to the public interest, when the public right to the enjoyment of natural scenic beauty is considered, no permit shall issue."

This is the first law of its kind in the country with reference to power permits and scenic assets or recreational values.

Yes, I would say that it is being taken seriously. Recently the Conservation Commission of the Badger State asked the Railroad Commission by resolution to refrain from approving permits for building additional power dams across the Wolf River, about which readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA have been told previously.

This represents a strong policy on the part of the Conservation Commission. The two principal reasons given by the Commission for its action are that power dams invariably destroy the beauty and recreational value of streams and their surroundings, and that they cause the wholesale destruction of fish life.

Fire Situation in South

Is the fire situation improving in the South? Have any of the states reduced their fire hazards? *K. E., Florida.*

Yes, we are pleased to report that the fire situation is improving rapidly in the South. North Carolina reports that in 1928 the average forest fire in organized counties caused damage of $119 and covered 69 acres as compared with an average for the past 20 years of $346 damage per fire and an average burning of 235 acres. This is most encouraging.

Who Shall Pay?

(Continued from page 19)

to the white citizens of Arizona. The *Coconino Sun* spoke of it as the biggest news feature in the history of the Southwest.

And Mr. Spilsbury, in an address at a Rotary Club luncheon, said, "There were fourteen eastern newspaper syndicates represented, and four news film companies. The pictures probably will be shown in New York today and will reach fifty million people."

Well, if publicity is desired, suppose we tell the whole of it!

Mr. Spilsbury also said, "If you don't add fifty more rooms to this hotel you'll be swamped and lose much of the benefit to be derived from the opening of the Lee's Ferry bridge and the tremendous advertising it received through the recent dedication. You'll have at least a hundred cars a day over the bridge."

If this is true, if all the other benefits derived from this bridge are as varied and as great as the benefits I have quoted in this article then why should not the white citizens of Arizona pay for all of it? Perhaps I should say, then why should the Navajos—already poor—pay for any of it? There are many places where Navajo tribal funds might be spent to far greater advantage—to the Navajos.

Speechless...When a Few Words Would Have Made Me!

But now I can face the largest audience without a trace of stage fright

THE annual banquet of our Association—the biggest men in the industry present—and without a word of warning the Chairman called on me to speak—and my mind went blank!

I half rose from my seat, bowed awkwardly and mumbled, "I'm afraid you'll have to excuse me today," and dropped back in my chair.

Speechless — when a few words would have made me! The opportunity I had been waiting for all my life—and I had thrown it away! If I could have made a simple little speech—giving my opinion of trade conditions in a concise, witty, interesting way, I know I would have been made for life!

Always I had been a victim of paralyzing stage fright. Because of my timidity, my diffidence, I was just a nobody with no knack of impressing others—of putting myself across. No matter how hard I worked it all went for nothing—I could never win the big positions, the important offices, simply because I was tongue tied in public.

And then like magic I discovered how to overcome my stage fright—and I was amazed to learn that I actually had a natural gift for public speaking. With the aid of a splendid new method I rapidly developed this gift until in a ridiculously short time, I was able to face giant audiences—without a trace of stage fright.

Today I am one of the biggest men in our industry. Scarcely a meeting or banquet is held without me being asked to speak. I am asked to conferences, luncheons and banquets as a popular after-dinner speaker. This amazing training has made me into a self-confident, aggressive talker—an easy, versatile conversationalist — almost overnight.

* * *

No matter what work you are now doing or what may be your station in life; no matter how timid and self-conscious you now are when called upon to speak, you can quickly bring out your natural ability and become a powerful speaker. Now, through an amazing new home study training you can quickly shape yourself into an outstanding, influential speaker able to dominate one man or five thousand.

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How to talk before your club or lodge
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This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting and informative booklet which is now being sent to everyone mailing the coupon below. This booklet is called, *How to Work Wonders With Words.* In it you are told how this new easy method will enable you to conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness and fear. You are told how you can bring out and develop your priceless "hidden knack"—the natural gift within you—which will win for you advancement in position and salary, popularity, social standing, power and real success. You can obtain your copy absolutely free by sending the coupon.

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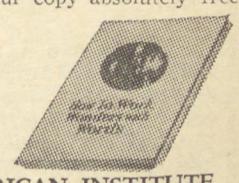

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Outdoor Literature

Reviewed by Thomas Ambrose

Assistant Reviewer, Ralph Cheyney

(Co-Editor Contemporary Verse)

MODERN DUCK HUNTING, *by P. F. Anderson—Paper, 5⅞x8⅝—47 pages—P. F. Anderson, Ohio, Ill.—$1.00—Buy through* OUTDOOR AMERICA.

THE art and science of hunting and shooting wild ducks are covered admirably in this clever booklet which all but the knowingest duck hunters should consider almost as essential a part of their equipment as the gun itself. We know of no other book that contains quite this information—at any rate, none that conveys it quite so clearly, compactly and comprehensively.

Raising, training and setting out decoys, building blinds and making them comfortable, shooting over prairie, lake and cornfield, outwitting the foxy black mallard and the rocketing pintail, snap shooting, how to gauge the right lead, a sure way to get cripples and how to prevent that most annoying of afflictions, buck fever—these are but a few of the topics this little book is big enough to cover helpfully.

R. C.

BOW OF BURNING GOLD, *by E. Merrill Root—Stamped in gold, 5¾x8½—Robert Packard and Company, Chicago, 1929—$2.00—Buy through* OUTDOOR AMERICA.

NO poet in America is more brilliant or delightful than Merrill Root, whose latest collection holds much to charm lovers of the outdoors. Perhaps the greatest gift of the poets is that they show us how to see more vividly, freshly, in a new way. You meet in this book bison "like shaggy floods with feet," "that winged thorn, the bee," "the daffodil chick," lakes "like blue flowers," "green fountains" of corn, a sudden storm "like a snow-feathered Arctic hawk" and "that four-legged fountain called a cow. God's jolly cafeteria with four legs and a tail." "Pumpkins lie like humorous suns" while the earth is a "brown horse with a mane of trees" and "Where prairies smouldered into smoke beneath the bisons' feet, We pour broad seas whose fish are loaves—the rooted tides of wheat." But there is more than magnificent imagery, there is superb wisdom as in

"Oh chipmunks come and chipmunks go
But always the Chipmunk lives just so!"

R. C.

KENNEL BUILDING AND PLANS, *by Will Judy—Crowded with photographs, drawings and diagrams—Paperboard, 5¾x8¾—Second edition, revised, greatly enlarged—59 pages—Judy Publishing Co., Chicago—$1.00—Buy through* OUTDOOR AMERICA.

"DO not judge a man by his fine front lawn but by the dog house in his back yard," writes Judy in the introduction to this book which shows how you can give your dog or dogs a doggy "home, sweet home" with all modern conveniences. Dryness, sunlight and lack of draft are the three essentials of a good kennel just as exercise, proper feeding and cleanliness are the trinity of a healthful regime. This book, the only one of its kind, shows how you can build kennels embodying these requirements for one tenant or a hundred, whatever the breed.

Location, drainage, ventilation, heating, even the nursery or puppy quarters, every question is answered clearly that is likely to occur to the kennel architect, builder, janitor or whatever you may consider yourself when you start to construct cozy canine quarters. Hang this book on the Christmas tree for your dog—and then start the new year right by improving his kennel.

R. C.

UP ANCHOR: A SEA STORY, *by D. Harold Hickey—Decorated cloth, 5⅛x7½—222 pages—The Abingdon Press, New York, 1929—$1.50—Buy through* OUTDOOR AMERICA.

THERE are two kinds of autobiographies: ought-to-be-ographies and ought-not-to-be-ographies, and then there are a fleet of books which sail between, of which this is one. The tree uncut might have whispered in the wind a more fascinating story and presented a more impressive picture, but the book is worthy the reading. Lacking the form, design, unity of a novel, it is a realistic autobiographical account of adventures on shipboard and between voyages. Lacking style, it is a barge or tug rather than a stately clipper or smart sloop of books. But though it lacks the craft to tell of sailing craft with much literary merit, it is full of action and it does give a realistic picture of the hard ships that sailors must man and the hard ships that may unman sailors. If you know a boy who's at sea about the sea, give him this book.

R. C.

OUTDOOR HERITAGE, *by Harold Child Bryant—Cloth, stamped in gold, 9½x6—465 pages—14 full-page block prints, several facsimiles of autographs of covered wagon babies and end papers with wash drawings—Powell Publishing Co., Los Angeles, California — $5.00 — Buy through* OUTDOOR AMERICA.

AS big as all outdoors is this handsome book in its scope—big as California's out-of-doors, rather! For between its covers saber-tooths stalk armored sloths while young mastodons frolic ponderously where later mountain lions leap down upon deer and two hundred and fifty thousand hunters a year wage war upon game birds and animals. In its pages the water ouzel, "humming bird of blooming waters," whirls "like a leaf among beaten foam bells," the roadrunner chases lizards and snakes and the other inhabitants, past and present, furred, feathered and finned, of the Golden State live the life of the wild amid sequoias old as the pyramids, extinct volcanic cones like Mount Shasta and all California's other varied attractions.

If the other eight books in this series of volumes each complete in itself but all devoted to some aspect of the courage that was California's past or the glory that is her present compare as contributions to literature, science, art and typography with this first comprehensive, popular presentation of her outdoor wonderland, those responsible for the series must be added to the long list of good reasons for the Golden State to be proud. Each state has an outdoor heritage which it cherishes and strives in some measure to protect through conservation and restoration. Each has a brave tradition and should have a bold prospect. If each state were blessed with a publisher who would issue concerning it such a series as *California*, wonders would be accomplished for the enjoyment and perpetuation of our national heritage of the great outdoors.

Every motorist, sportsman, outdoor enthusiast who is now, ever has been or ever hopes to be (and who doesn't?) in California will be interested in this big book. An admirably inclusive bibliography and index augment the enthralling chapters, the alliterative titles of which indicate the volume's range and verve: "How the Land Lies" (those who are frivolous-minded will please note that the land is the subject not the object of the clause and no mention is made of realtors!), "Mammal Memories," "Valleys Fair and Productive," "Mountains Rocky, but Inhabited," "Deserts Bare, but Populous," "Trees" "Finny Favorites," "Marks for the Gunner," "The People's Playgrounds," "Recreation," and "The Four Horsemen," which last chapter is an eloquent, thoughtful and factful plea for conservation and restoration, in itself justifying your purchasing this book about the home of the condor and the "talkies."

R. C.

A MAN SCANS HIS PAST, *by M. Constantin-Weyer, Translated from the French by Slater Brown—Cloth, gold stamped—250 pages—Macaulay, New York City—$2.50—Buy through* OUTDOOR AMERICA.

THIS best-seller by an adventurer frequently called "a French Jack London," was awarded the *Prix de Goncourt*, thus stamping it a literary as well as popular success. But we are inclined to believe that the further the reader is from the scene of the book, Canada, mostly frozen, the more enthusiastic he is apt to be. Somehow we are reminded of the Irish maid we once had who burst into tears the morning she landed in America because she found, despite what she had heard, that the streets were *not* paved with gold and that when it rained water descended, *not* gold. Also the old lady in Cologne who asked us if it really was true that wild Indians rode up and down our city streets bent on massacre (and she didn't mean taxi-drivers or joy-riders!).

Not that the book isn't probably based on genuine experience or that it falsifies any facts, but that its manner and mood fit too neatly a preconception of Canada which is only superficially less naive than the "get your man" Canadian Mounted Police type of movie thriller.

One scene in which three grown men weep the passing of the prairie sticks especially in our craw, though it should be stated in their or the author's defense that they are well liquored. And we *had* hoped that even a French novel, especially if it dealt primarily with man pitted against nature in the frozen Northwest, could avoid the well-known triangle and adultery!

Nevertheless, Helen Duer Walker, Literary Editor of *The Pictorial Review*, declares of the book, "Its stark and pitiless realism combined with its mysticism, philosophy and humanity, make it a masterpiece," and you may agree with the lady about these memoirs of a horse-trader, hunter, rancher and trapper.

R. C.

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The Angler's Notebook

Written at Odd Moments

By O. W. SMITH
Angling Editor OUTDOOR AMERICA

CONGRATULATIONS are in order, it seems to me, when we enter the portals of a New Year. What streams shall we fish, what lakes shall we visit before 1930 is history? Who knows? What lies around the next bend of the stream? Who cares? Another year! Shake hands, Old Man!

Romance of Feather Manipulation

YOU might as well understand at the very beginning that this is not to be a how-to article, for while I am going to talk about fly-tying I most certainly am not going to undertake to instruct you in the delicate art of feather-twisting. I tie artificial flies, yes, but not like Addison's Will Wimble, "to a miracle," though well enough to fool the speckled wonders and bronze-back warriors. As sly as you keep it, and don't keep it sly, a fly does not have to be well tied, artistically fashioned, in order to fool a trout or bass. Fish are not as particular as fly-tyers. Just the same I want my fuzzie wuzzies as perfect as I can get them, therefore and consequentially, I buy the best grade of flies for my fishing.

How inconsistent we are. Here am I, a man somewhat skilled in the gentle art of fly-making, knowing that a rough, scraggly fly will take fish when a perfectly constructed one won't, spending my hard earned shekels for the best flies money can buy. In spite of my experience and better knowledge, just because a few feathers stick all awry, I will discard a fly, or throw a freshly formed one into the stove. No sense in it a-tall, but therein is the inconsistency of a dyed in the wool fly-crank.

I have known some triumphs, such as taking a big trout, some joys, some surpassing victories, but they all fade into nothingness compared with having a fly come "just right." Every amateur tyer knows what I mean. Wings are so perverse and hackle does tangle and wad so disgustingly! I never knew an amateur tyer yet who could always get the thing just as he wanted it. As sure as a friend drops in to have me demonstrate "hackling" or fashioning "reverse wings," the "tarnal" things go bugs. I don't know anything in this perverse world of ours more perverse than hackle. Time and again I have fussed, and picked, and straightened, only to discard the whole thing in the end. Then again, heavenly "again," everything has worked together for good and the result was something to be proud of. Is there any joy quite comparable to producing a really perfect counterfeit presentment?

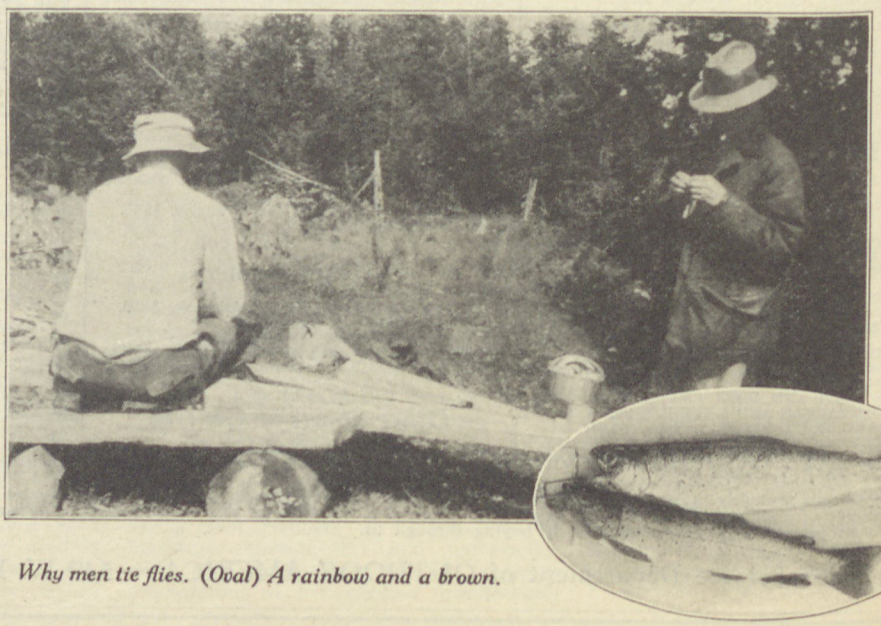
Now, tying artificial flies is not half as difficult as it is painted by some amateur tyers. Oh, skill is required to produce a perfect fly, but I am thinking of flies perfect enough to take fish. As the proof of a pudding is said to be in its eating, so the proof of a fly is in its fish-taking ability. Time and again I have had a scraggly, nondescript creation win trout when the finely finished product has seemed utterly unattractive. Of course I know when water is low and clear, trout preternaturally shy, nothing but the most perfect of counterfeits will avail. For such fishing an artificial can not be too well constructed. By well constructed, now, I mean artistically built, for always a fly must be well constructed in order to endure casting and fish playing.

I just said tying artificial flies is not a difficult thing, and that stands. When I first bent my stiff, old fingers to the task I was about as awkward and unskillful as you can imagine. Still, I kept at it, much to the amusement of my piscatorial partner. One evening I produced a Royal Coachman, my favorite fly as you know, and the result surpassed my fondest expectations. The Red Gods smiled, or an accident happened. Proudly I laid my creation by the side of one from the shop of a famous fly-tyer. Then I took them down stairs for the inspection of my piscatorial partner. When asked which was the professional's output, she pointed out the one of my handicraft, going on to point out the little differences between the professional made and home-made! Then I told her the one she had been raving over was my own workmanship. She looked at me a moment, then said, "Go jump in the lake!" To this day she thinks I was trying to put one over on her. And I am an angler, with all of an angler's love of truth and veracity! No, tying flies is not difficult, though making your wife believe you can tie real flies is still something else again.

Speaking of an angler's innate love of truth. In an evil day I once told the following story, which an editor said, with thinly veiled sarcasm, was "sufficiently convincing." Following "my" trout stream one day, and being unable to get the perverse rainbow to take what I had to offer, I sat down to think things a fellow shouldn't think, and figure out, if possible, what the fish were feeding on. The spirit of youth was strong upon me (Second childhood!) and I plucked a "cowslip" blossom and dropped the petals one by one down into the current, saying, "You will, You won't, You will, You won't, deciding whether or not I was to solve the riddle. I forgot all about my test long before the last petal decided my question. You see, one of those petals, whirled down into an eddy by the current, was gobbled by a hungry fish. "Gobbled" is the word, right before my staring eyes.

There was but one thing to do, for that was before I had formed the habit of carrying a Yellow Sally, "just for pretty," and that was, *make* a yellow fly. With infinite patience I unraveled a fly to get material, then with a couple yellow petals for wings, set about constructing a fly. You fellows who have achieved a wee bit of skill with the recalcitrant feathers, know nothing of recalcitrancy until you have tried to use a fragile petal from some streamside blossom. Just how many flowers I used before I got the thing at all presentable I am not going to attempt to say, but at last I had a make-shift yellow fly. Now, believe it or not, the first cast resulted in a good rainbow, but he ruined the fly. It took much longer to make a fly than it did to take a fish. That was the story I told, somewhat at length, to that editor man, and when he published it he appended that "sufficiently convincing" note.

Speaking of impossible stories, and while this is not fly-tying, it seems to fit here—did you ever hear of taking trout on blueberries? I was fishing a North Wisconsin stream several years ago, and despite my skill in bending feathers and handling them at the end of a lissom fly-rod, I failed to take any good fish. Meeting a boy who carried a nice string, I, of course, asked him what he caught them on. Came the surprising, and surprisingly laconic answer, "Blueberries!" Of course



Fly tying in the field.

Why men tie flies. (Oval) A rainbow and a brown.

I felt about that as my wife felt about the perfect Royal Coachman I had made. But I will always try anything once, so after the boy had disappeared I found a blueberry, impaled it on my hook and dropped it down into a sheltered pool. Instantly it was taken and I pulled out a goodly brook trout. Of course you won't believe it, but I took six good brook trout on as many blueberries! All that was necessary was to drop the berry deep down and keep it in motion by alternately raising and lowering the rod-tip. Since then I have tried the thing out on many streams, in blueberry time, always getting a few fish. Now hear the gargantuan laughter!

That taught me something about fly-tying, just the same. I make me a fly, just a little, elongated ball of black silk on the bend of the hook, utterly unlike anything ever met with on a trout stream, and when the streams get a bit murky from rising water, it takes trout. Therein is the great advantage of being able to tie your own, you can make things to suit your own fool fancy, or the fool fancy of the trout. I always carry a few feathers, a few strands of silk and some wax with which to make flies to order. And, don't mistake me, my flies are, as a rule, like man, "wonderfully and fearfully made." I honestly think it is an accident when I get them to come right.

Just the same, I am going to repeat what I said at first, the tying of artificial flies is neither difficult nor impossible by anyone. One firm used to get out an amateur fly-tying outfit, including a little book of instructions, a selection of feathers and all the necessary paraphernalia. It was wonderfully complete. You can get feathers enough from domestic fowl to learn how to manipulate them, and a ten-cent store vise will work almost as well as an expensive imported English affair. Two pen-holders, with needles thrust into their ends, will serve as well as "stilettos." You don't have to have all the paraphernalia in order to tie good flies; in fact, if you can't tie flies without paraphernalia, I doubt if you can with it.

There are books aplenty on the subject, a long row of them crowd shoulders on my shelves, and dear they are to me, too; but books are not wholly necessary. I flatter myself that I told enough in my volume on trout fishing to make anyone a fairly good fly-tier, and there is Holden's "Stream Craft," if you want the last word on the subject, just to mention one. I am the proud possessor of all Halford's books; you know he was the English father of the dry-fly; and the meticulous care with which he sets about fashioning the counterfeit presentment is truly astonishing. But while books are good, wonderfully good, they will never make you a good fly-tier any more than they will render you a successful angler. Just begin, *and tie flies*. Soak a fly until you can pick it to pieces, "unravel" it as it were, so discovering how the expert proceeds, remembering you are working backwards; constructive destruction, I call it.

Oh, it is a romantic game is fly-tying, one to conjure with your angler's fancy and tickle your fisherman's imagination. These long evenings are just the time to begin, too. "You have no time"? I suppose that's true. The curse of this age is business, busy-ness.

Scientific Angling

Edited by FREDERICK J. LANE

Outdoor America is the official publication for the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs. Our readers interested in tournament casting are urged to write in to Frank S. Leach, National Secretary, N. A. S. A. C., care of this magazine

1929 ANNUAL TOURNAMENT OF THE LINCOLN PARK CASTING CLUB OF CHICAGO

THE annual tournament of the Lincoln Park Casting Club of Chicago was held at the Club Pool Saturday afternoon, October 12th, and Sunday, October 13th. The Fly Events were cast on Saturday in the worst wind conditions encountered all season. The bad conditions emphasized the mistake of holding an important tournament as late in the season as the second week in October.

The extremely bad casting conditions made the results, particularly in the dry fly events, a rather outstanding achievement for this club which has been for several years one of the best developers of dry fly casters in America.

The Dry Fly Unknown Distance event was a victory for Eddie Davis, who cast a score of 99.6 in spite of the wind—a particularly good achievement. Charles Zeisler took second in this event with a score of 99.4 and F. R. Steel was third with a score of 99.2. As Steel was the National and State Champion in this event for the year, the quality of competition is apparent.

In the Dry Fly Accuracy Event, Steel took first with a score of seven off. P. S. Gilbertson was second with eight off and MacDonald third with nine off. With a thirty mile gale blowing these scores reflected excellent dry fly casting.

In the Wet Fly Event Ernie Lambert, who has been Wet Fly State Champion several times in the past, won with Charles Zeisler second and F. R. Steel third. The terrible wind conditions on the long casts caused the scores to all be high in this event, the winning score being 99 4/15.

The Light Tackle Distance Fly was won by F. R. Steel with an average cast of 96⅔ feet. Eddie Davis was second and Zeisler third.

The Salmon Fly Distance was also won by Steel, with Davis second. The winner averaged 123⅓ feet.

The All-Round Fly Championship which carries real honor in the Lincoln Park Casting Club because of the large num-

(Continued on page 75)

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For Other Book Suggestions, See Page 69

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Your Dog And Mine

By OZARK RIPLEY — *Dog Editor,* OUTDOOR AMERICA

Keep 'Em in Condition

EACH state has game laws adapted to its requirements both for maintaining a supply of game and, if possible, developing an increase. One state has an early open season to conform with the climatic conditions, the amount of game in its coverts and, something which people forget, the size of the population. This brings about late open seasons in the South, and climatic reasons as well as population and the amount of game bring about added duration to the periods in which game birds can be legally hunted.

All of this swings eternally to the sporting dog, for the beagle is required for rabbits, also, hounds and dogs of other sorts for the same purpose. The adaptable springer meets the requirements of ducking grounds and some of the conditions of the quail, grouse and woodcock coverts. The Irish water spaniel, Labrador and Chesapeake show outstanding performance in their sphere. Pointers and setters continue to lead all breeds in popularity when it comes to hunting quails, all varieties of grouse, and that sagacious-looking, long-billed chap, the woodcock. But, if you want dogs to work properly from day to day, no matter the breed or the hunting you do, give them the right treatment and handling, and avoid every dog borrower as you would a devastating siege of bubonic plague.

The writer has dwelt considerably on the dog borrower, and always will. He is one subject at present which can not be avoided, for the reason that his activities are working at their highest pitch. Usually you hate to deny a friend the loan of a dog, particularly if you have shot a deal together. Admittedly, there are men who can handle and do handle field dogs better than you yourself, but they are rare and you have to discover them before you will yield to their importunities. For some men to hunt with your dog means that your animal will increase in value on game. But they are so few that at the time they can easily be eliminated from your program, for they are not usually hot stove leaguers and you can bet, whether rich or poor, they own dogs themselves.

You can detect the dog borrower mighty quickly. Yes, he is a highly vociferous member of the hot stove league. In his own opinion, he knows more about dogs than any man in the universe and, of course, in your presence and while out hunting over your dogs, mind you, he informs you that all the dogs he ever owned were the best in the world, and his tone reflects that he is conferring a favor on you by hunting over what, by innuendo, if not in words to that effect, he conveys, are in every way superior to anything you own, or ever will own.

If you are in doubt about a man going to propose borrowing one of your dogs for a few days' hunting, he will invariably expose his intentions by confiding to you that the reason at present he is without a dog is that with the short hunting seasons of modern times, it does not pay. Still, he knows very well that there are thousands of active bird dog owners in the same position as he—who live in apartments and are faced by the same brief open season, but they know there are boarding places and heaps of other good localities where their dogs can be taken care of and conditioned for a modest sum, all of which assures them of being able to own and shoot over their own dog, or dogs.

The dog borrower never thinks of conditioning a dog. Unfortunately, too many owners can hold a place in the same category. Condition is my pet hobby. Without being in perfect condition, a dog can not perform up to his capabilities. So few men think of conditioning their dogs sensibly for the gruelling work they must do. When the hunting season arrives, the dogs are soft, because they have had no preparatory work, nor can they do justice to themselves.

This matter of condition, and how few men know how to condition a dog, nor even think of it beforehand, was demonstrated to me quite recently in New Brunswick, while hunting woodcock. I had brought my little setter, Winmospeck, with me, for no other reason than that I did not want to appear in company without some sort of dog. He is not an ideal woodcock dog, according to the fondest fancy, nor what most men would expect of a grouse dog. He is an out-and-out quail dog, with a quail brain and the possession of endurance past describing. The bringing of him was not a matter of choice, but of necessity. My pointer, upon which I was dependent for a woodcock dog, failed me in performance as illness came to him when I most needed him.

In the woodcock country my companion had a very capable liver and white pointer, staunch, biddable, a good nose, with more intelligent range than the average dog of the coverts, and he could keep his course fairly well without becoming lost from his handler. I told my companion just what to expect of my setter—which turned out accordingly—that he knew little or nothing about woodcock and only would point one by accident, but he would retrieve promptly and tenderly, back his dog on a point, and all the worst possible going of cover, rocks, swamp or entanglements could not tire him.

Winmospeck, in that woodcock country, was always hunting for quails, which he never found. He continually cast for their sort of likely places for five days, without let-up of speed, despite the punishing going, and without, of course, finding a single specimen. He pointed some woodcock, but only as accidentally they happened to be in his way. He found and retrieved the dead, and his going was always of the quail field and southern order, with tremendous speed.

After a half hour of my setter's running, Joe said to me: "Can that dog keep that pace up another half hour? And how in the world does he keep from getting lost and how does he locate you instantly, no matter how thick the woods are?"

To the first question I answered: "He can keep it up all day, and every day. As to how he locates me without stress in any cover no matter how wide he is going, that is his secret. I can only guess at his method."

"'All day and every day!'" the amiable Joe looked at me with a polite expression of doubt on his face.

"Yes," I smiled back, confidently, "all day and every day. Simply because he has the guts to do it. But, of more importance than that, he is in condition to stand it. And your dog is not, because right now, he is half off his legs going at greater speed than usual trying to keep up with my dog."

"Your dog will lie down occasionally, very soon," I added, which later proved to be true. "And now, listen to me, for I am trying to be helpfully critical. Your dog is simply going to be run off his legs, not because he is a weakling, but because you

"Gyp," belonging to Alec Mermod, St. Louis, Mo., with her two weeks' old family.

never gave one thought to conditioning him for endurance before the hunting season opened, and he is trying to achieve a pace which he has never dreamed of before. You better work him close."

The capable pointer soon had trouble with his legs. The second day he slumped badly, lying down to save himself. Still, he had a great heart and would get up again and hunt. The setter continued moving, always in his dashing way, and at the pace-making, effortless, speedy clip. And he was in a country hard on physical strength, breaking through cover, sinking knee deep in muck, and entanglements of briars, young spruce, hemlock and cedars. He never showed a fondness for woodcock, but he did demonstrate that most vital thing, necessary for bird dog performance, condition. At the end of the fifth day his going was just the same as when he started and his little mind always occupied with the determination to find quail in a country where there are none. The nice young pointer which had carried on slowly throughout the trip with sporadic rest was dead on his feet, from lack of conditioning.

Joe continually blamed his dog for some physical ailment, but he had no reason for this. The trouble was lack of early conditioning, and I went on to tell him the secret of my setter's stamina and maintenance of speed. Winter, spring, summer or fall, he is never let to slump in condition. He is ready to run hard and go big at any of these periods, just as any other dog with spirit can, if he is kept in condition. And there is no secret to the method. All spring and summer, each day without a hiatus, he is given a hard run for two hours. He likes it, as all dogs do or will do, and come positively to expect it.

In August, he is sent to me in Quebec. There he commences with about four hours a day, and by September is going three hours in the morning, and about the same amount of time in the afternoon. Like any other dog, treated thus, if weather prevents his "daily dozen" he becomes impatient, a wire edge develops, and he will go on a galloping self hunt alone, if the least chance is afforded. When the shooting season comes along, this work is not exertion, but enjoyable play, just deliciously experiencing that for which Nature intended him.

The above is meant only to illustrate what actually perfect condition in a bird dog means. Owners should lay just as much stress on it as actual training. When the chief borrower of the hot stove league approaches for the loan of a dog, tell him yes, if he will devote two months to conditioning it, or dig down in his pockets for the sum to pay someone else to do it.

Perhaps it is due to innate stubbornness that I will not admit that the present-day crop of real good dogs is equal to the crop of real good dogs of years past. To explain my attitude would cause going into lengthy details, but I can not refrain from commenting some on the declaration that no dogs of the present day could follow a man out in a buggy to the shooting grounds, as they often did of yore, hunt all day, and then follow afoot home. Surely, they could, if they had the opportunity, and the chance to get in the right condition.

Contrast the present period of gas buggies with the old days of the universally horse-driven vehicles and the environments of those times. Why, it's actually suicide, since the world has gone automobile mad, for a dog to appear on the road! Before the automobile appeared, and its auxiliary, good roads, as well as increased traffic, a bird dog from youth learned to follow its

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master all over, first on foot and then during drives in the country, or ramblings on horseback. The dog automatically conditioned himself for hard going without the master giving much thought to it, because it was all happening daily.

An important thing the amateur neglects when going to the shooting grounds is food the dog likes and positively requires for successful hunting. They fail to think of this beforehand, depending mostly on luck for the fuel which helps a dog carry on; grub is the fuel as necessary as the gas for your car or for your own physical and every other sort of welfare. During the working days, I respectfully disagree with the savants who are insistent on feeding a dog only once a day, and that at night. In this article, the pros and cons are too numerous to mention. Get up early in the shooting territory. Do not depend entirely on your host doing the feeding. Feed your dog a substantial meal two hours before you start hunting and then again at night, all that he will eat. And don't forget to see that the dog gets some fresh meat, if only a little bit. It is essential to canine health. It will not injure your dog in the least if, during the noon hour, when you are lunching and resting, to give him a dog biscuit on which to gnaw.

You express wonderment sometimes concerning people whose dogs seemingly keep in good flesh, no matter how hard they are worked. There is no secret as to their methods. They know how to feed and do it regularly, and they watch each animal to find out its preferences and antipathies in regard to kinds of food. There is a lot to this. One dog likes and thrives on what another does not. They anticipate all this, the dainty eater, too, that will not eat until several hours have passed, and they are provided with the right tempting sort all the time in order to satisfy fickle appetites. All this is a part—a tremendous part—in maintaining a dog in good working condition, so it can stand continual hard going without suffering. Knowing how to feed well is a great asset in learning how to condition a sporting dog.

Getting back to the dog borrower, fancy how you react to indications of carelessness, fatigue or downright indifference of how the dog performs on game, save that you expect him to hold his point until you get to him and hunt and retrieve dead birds. If you are wholly interested in shooting, your dog will gradually slip from the essential control, which made him steady to wing and shot, and obey other, apparently minor, matters. Bad deportment grows quickly in accordance with opportunities. Overanxiety causes many a dog to break to wing and shot. If the master lets the dog have his way a few times in disobeying the rules, rest assured he will augment his endeavors in that direction.

The dog borrower commits your faults, emphasized a hundred times over, for he has no personal interest in the dog other than being, through him, provided with some good shooting. The man who will not own a dog, yet will borrow one, neither has the temperament to handle it afield or to care for it properly otherwise.

TRY A BEAGLE

Dear Ozark Ripley:

Will you please tell me how I can train a scotch terrier for rabbits, he is just a puppy about 4 months old, is it too early to start in?

JAMES TORGE,
Salamanca, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Torge:

Scotch terriers are not good prospects for rabbit dogs. Only once in a while one makes good. The only way you can teach him to follow and hold a trail, if it is in him, is continually putting him on them until he develops a love for hunting. If he has not the nose for it, you can do little with him, save to get him to jump them for you, granting he has the necessary scouting qualities.

A good beagle will suit you better every way.

OZARK RIPLEY.

NOT MUCH HOPE

Dear Ozark Ripley:

Have read your dog articles in Outdoor America, and now wish to ask a question of you. About three months ago a friend gave me a Llewellyn Setter, a very good dog.

She had 13 puppies eight months ago, after which she had the mange, fleas, ticks, a cold and worms. Now she has developed a swelling in her stomach, as though she is again carrying puppies, but she is not. The veterinary says it is dropsy. Will you please give me your opinion of the case?

C. A. TROUTMAN,
Joplin, Mo.

Dear Mr. Troutman:

If your bitch has dropsy little of avail can be done for her. But watch for round worms, or tumor. Ask your veterinary to test her for distemper.

OZARK RIPLEY.

OZARK UP A TREE

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I am going wolf hunting this winter and the dog I expect to use is a spitz. He is very good on the trail and very fast. Do you think he will be all right for wolf hunting?

B. P. W.,
Wichita Falls, Texas.

B. P. W.:

I have to confess you have me up a tree. I have never seen a spitz dog do any wolf hunting. If he holds trail, and is fast, and also takes hold, he may make good. But I have to repeat that I am ignorant on the subject of using spitz dogs for wolf hunting.

OZARK RIPLEY.

PREFER NONE

Dear Ozark Ripley:

What kind of a dog would you recommend for hunting deer in Canada?

H. A. STRICKLAND,
Detroit, Mich.

Dear Mr. Strickland:

For deer hunting in Canada where dogs are still permitted to run them, I think a fox hound of medium speed the best kind to use, though I strongly advise not using any.

OZARK RIPLEY.

RABBITS LOSE SCENT?

Dear Ozark Ripley:

There is an old idea here in my section of Pennsylvania that if a rabbit is shot at and missed, the dog following the hot trail cannot pick up the scent again for some distance, that the rabbit loses all scent.

I myself cannot understand why this should be so and would like to get your opinion.

HAROLD EISENHART,
Trackville, Pa.

Dear Mr. Eisenhart:

I hold to the same opinion as you. Often when a rabbit has been shot at and missed, the dog overruns the trail for a moment in anxiety to catch it, paying no attention whatever to the scent. Sometimes, too, bunny takes a change in tactics, and makes abrupt turns that puzzle the dog. But a rabbit cannot withhold scent.

OZARK RIPLEY.

A GOOD DIET

Dear Ozark Ripley:

We have a year old English Setter that we have just gotten home from the trainers. I would appreciate it very much if you would tell me just how to feed the dog to keep him in good condition.

C. WALTER LEWIS,
Aspinwall, Pa.

Dear Mr. Lewis:

Feed your dog in the morning a light meal of solid foods, such as stale bread soaked in meat broth, and with a bone to gnaw.

Give a bulky meal at night. Rice and meat cooked together is good, and perhaps you have for one dog enough table scraps, but let it be free from small bones, particularly poultry bones. The prepared foods are good, but be sure and give your dog a variety frequently, with cabbage and beets cooked in.

OZARK RIPLEY.

A. J. Naugle, crack accuracy man of the Lincoln Park Casting Club.

Scientific Angling

(Continued from page 71)

ber of good fly casters, was won by Frank Steel, with Davis second, Zeisler third and Gilbertson fourth.

In the ¼ Ounce Accuracy Event, Bert Naugle and Eddie Davis were tied for first with a score of 98.8. F. R. Steel was third.

In the Half-ounce Accuracy Event, Charles Zeisler won with a score of 99.0. Eddie Davis, who was a consistent caster throughout this tournament, was second, with Bert Naugle, who also showed splendid and consistent bait casting all through, in third place.

The ⅝ Ounce Accuracy Bait Event was won by Bert Naugle with an excellent score of 99.8. Eddie Davis pushed the winner closely for this Event with a score of 99.7 and Dave Roderick took third place with a score of 99.6.

The new ⅜ Ounce Accuracy Bait Event, which is to be cast next year in place of the ¼ Ounce and ½ Ounce Events, was won by an entirely new caster, Joe Wanzung, a high school boy, who was casting in his first year of competition and in his first big tournament. This event was won with a score of 99.6 and won the special prize donated by the Davis Shirt Company. Charles Zeisler took second in this new event which is making a very favorable impression among the casters at the Lincoln Park Club. Zeisler's score was 99.4. Bert Naugle took third.

The All-Round Accuracy Bait Championship resulted in a tie between Eddie Davis and Bert Naugle, but was won by Eddie Davis in a cast-off.

The Combination All-Around Accuracy Bait and Fly Championship was won by Eddie Davis with Zeisler second, and Steel third.

This Tournament brought out a good attendance and an excellent number of contestants both from the Lincoln Park Casting Club and also the Illinois Casting Club and the

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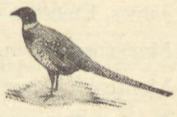

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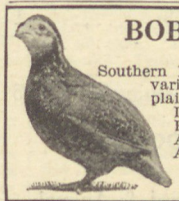

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DARK Interior Alaskan and Quebec mink, scientifically bred, pedigreed. Proven breeders and kittens. Alaskan Mink Ranch, Earl, Wisconsin.

MINKS. Finest quality minks. Cold Spring Fur Farms, Box D, Homer, Minn. (3-1)

MINK of quality. Priced right. Greenacres Fur Farm, Sioux Falls, So. Dak. (9x29)

PAPPIO Mink. Thirteen years selectively bred. Dr. Warta, Omaha, Neb. (3-1)

Miscellaneous Fur Farming

I BREED, ranch, sell and buy fine Raccoon. Black and Grey. Raccoon ranching book $1.25. Net to handle Raccoon $3.40. Maple Grove Raccoon Farm, Leipsic, Ohio. (3-1)

CHINCHILLAS, White New Zealands, Silver Marten Fur Rabbits, Muskrats, Minks, Silver Fox. tell us how you are situated and we will show you how to make big profits. 721 Conrad's Ranch, Denver, Colorado. (3-2)

QUALITY Minks, Skunks, Raccoons, also bred females. Particulars free. Instructions on breeding and care 10c. Minnesota Fur Ranch, Frost, Minn.

Fur Farming

Miscellaneous Fur Farming—Continued

SKUNKS, Minks, Raccoons. Bred females. Orders booked now. Instructive interesting catalog 10c. Shady Fur Farm, Springfield, Minnesota. (2-2)

GENUINE silver badger, mink, marten, fisher, coon, fox. Chinchilla and fox rabbits. Brogden Fur Farms, Rush Lake, Wis. (3-3)

WRITE us your wants in ranch raised Muskrats and pen raised Mink. LaBar's Farm, Austin, Minnesota.

MINK, Raccoon, Muskrat, Ferret breeding stock. Jas. L. Peterman, London, Canada. (3-1)

BEAVER: Lake Superior Blacks and browns. Superior Black Beaver Farm, Earl, Wisconsin.

Muskrats

MUSKRATS: Before buying, write for our proposition on pen raised stock. Large discount on orders booked now for marsh raised muskrats, spring delivery. Write for literature and trial offer on our live catch trap. Lawrence Lake Fur Farm, Staples, Minn. (3-2)

LIVE Muskrats—Black or Brown. Prompt delivery. Order now to avoid being disappointed. We are experienced and reliable. Write for terms and prices. Large contracts and foreign orders solicited. W. A. Gibbs & Son, Dept. J-1, Chester, Pa.

FOR Sale: Wisconsin Muskrats a specialty, excellent breeders, young or old. Ready for shipment Sept. 1, 1929. The Maples, Rib Lake Muskrat Farm, Taylor Co., Rib Lake, Wisconsin. (3-1)

MUSKRATS for sale, Dark Brown Northern Species, fine quality, pen or ranch raised. Write for prices. Prompt shipment. Mid Western Fur Farms Co., Muscatine, Iowa. (3-2)

MUSKRAT for breeding, pen raised. The big dark kind. Noble Co. Fur Farm, R.F.D. 1, Kimmel, Ind. (3-1)

FAMOUS Idaho Muskrats, Hudson Seal, ranch raised. Idaho Fur Ranches, Boise, Idaho. (3-3)

Rabbits

OPPORTUNITY. When better Chinchilla Rabbits are raised we will raise them. Buy your breeding stock with an absolutely money back guarantee if you are not satisfied. Standard, Heavyweights and Giants at let live prices. Progressive Occupations Co., Northfield, Minn. Wholesalers and Retailers in high grade breeding stock. Write for particulars. (3-1)

THERE is a fine income from rabbits when properly handled. Great industry developing. Write for full particulars, free; how many are making money. Aulabaugh Fur Farms, Box 3, Waterloo, Nebr.

KEEP your boy home—make your back yard pay—"Leisure Hours." Book all about Silver Black Fox Rabbits tells how. Postpaid one dollar. Clare Wildner, Superior, Wis. (3-1)

RAISE Chinchillas or White Beveren Fur Rabbits. Big money makers. Send dime for catalog and contract. 409 Elkhorn Fur Farm, Norfolk, Neb. (3-2)

RAISE Fur Rabbits, Chinchillas, Flemish Giants, New Zealands. Booklet 10c. Maikranz Rabbitry, New Bethlehem, Pa. (3-3)

Game, Birds and Animals

PRAIRIE Chicken, Chukor Partridge, Grouse, Quail. Altadena Aviaries, Altadena, California. (3-1)

DEER, Antelope, Elk, Buffalo, Game Birds, Horne's Zoo, Kansas City, Mo. (3-1)

WILD Ducks, Peafowl, Cranes, Swans, Geese, Altadena Aviaries, Altadena, California. (3-1)

GAME Birds, Ornamental Birds, Cage Birds, Horne's Zoo, Kansas City, Mo. (3-1)

RARE Pheasants, Beautiful Birds, All Varieties. Altadena Aviaries, Altadena, California. (3-1)

BOB Whites, Mountain, Blue, Gambles Quail. Horne's Zoo, Kansas City, Mo. (3-1)

WILD Turkeys, Ducks, Geese, Swans, Pheasants. Horne's Zoo, Kansas City, Mo. (3-1)

SILVER Foxes, Mink, Muskrats, Beaver, Otter. Horne's Zoo, Kansas City, Mo. (3-1)

Game, Birds and Animals—Cont'd

PARTRIDGES, Quail, Grouse, Pheasants, Wild Turkeys, Altadena Aviaries, Altadena, California. (3-1)

CAGE Birds, Paroquettes, Parrots, Macaws, Songsters. Altadena Aviaries, Altadena, California. (3-1)

PHEASANTS, Ringneck, Golden, Silver, Reeves, Mongolian, Amherst, Versicolor, Melanotus, Swinhoe Manchurian. Eggs, chix, stock. America's finest bred production stock. Large fertile eggs from strong non-related birds. Price list free or send 10c for instructive, descriptive catalog containing much valuable information. Lux Game Farm, Hopkinton, Ia. (1x30)

PHEASANTS—Matured and young stock; Mongolians, Old English Black-Necks, Silvers, Goldens, Lady Amhersts, Melanotus, Reeves, Versicolors, Linneated, Manchurian Eared, Impeyans (Monauls-full plumaged), Wood Ducks. Robinson Brothers, Aldershot, Ontario, Can. (3-1)

FERRETS for driving rats and other vermin from their dens. White or brown males $5.00, females $5.50, pair $10.00. Ship collect. List free. E. J. Younger, Newton Falls, Ohio.

AMHERST and Ringneck Pheasants, Gray and White Call Ducks (small). Water-fowl, fancy Bantams, Partridge Wyandottes. "Coney Weston" Game Farm, W. H. Milward, Madison, Wis. (3-2)

FOR Sale: Mink, squirrels, raccoons, foxes, ferrets, muskrats, ginseng, rabbits, skunks, wolf puppies, opossums. B. Tippman, Caledonia, Minnesota. (3-1)

RACCOON — Bred Females. March delivery. Both Black and Greys. Selling approximately one hundred. William Mapel, Leipsic, Ohio. (3-2)

FALLOW Deer for sale. Choice fallow deer. White, speckled or brown for sale. Apply C. E. Thomas, Prattville, Alabama. (3-2)

FERRETS, hand trained, tame, $5.00. Yearling females. Special Ratters $6.00. Charles Gallagher, Spencer, Iowa. (3-3)

GOLDEN Pheasants: May hatched; almost fully grown. Ten dollars pair. Lawrence C. Hasinger, Indiana, Pa. (3-2)

OZARK cotton-tail bunnies, king of rabbitdom. Live arrivals guaranteed. H. S. Ferrell, Zig-zag Heights, Neosho, Mo. (3-2)

MATED pairs Canadian Geese for sale. (Wanted) Blue Gander and mated snow geese. Henry Rosenboom, Carthage, Ill.

WILD Canada Geese, also Blue. Snow, White-Fronted. Cackling and Hutchins bought and sold. H. J. Jager, Owatonna, Minn. (3-1)

MONGOLIAN Pheasants, also eggs in season. Glenn Norman, Nevada, Missouri. (3-2)

PIGEONS—All varieties. John Smith, 1407 Ford Ave., Alpena, Mich. (3-2)

Help Wanted, Instructions

TRAPPERS! I teach coyote—fox—cat trapping snaring scent making, etc. 35 years experience enables me to put you right. Many professionals now making from $1,000 to $2,000 per season began as my students. Postal brings bundle valuable trapper circulars. Will Tysan, Wendell, Idaho. (3-1)

WANTED Immediately, men—women, 18-55, qualify at once for permanent government positions, $105-$250 month; experience unnecessary, vacations with full pay; write, Instruction Bureau, 119, St. Louis, Mo., today. (8x29)

Indian Goods

BOW, Arrows, $1.60; watchfobs, $1.00; Moccasins, belts, warclubs, $5.00. Beaded hatbands, headbands, necklaces, $3.00. Dozen selected arrowheads, $2.75. Everything Indian. Costumes. Navajo blankets. Silverwork. Prehistoric relics. Catalogue and Birchbark canoe, 25c. Chief Flying Cloud, Dept. OA, Harbor Springs, Michigan. (11x28)

25 PREHISTORIC Indian Arrows in perfect condition $3.00. Battle axes $2.00. Hammers $2.00. Knives $1.00 and $2.00. R. Heike, Pontiac, Ill. (3-1)

OLD Arms, Indian Relics, Miscellaneous curios, illustrated lists, ten cents. N. Carter, Elkhorn, Wis. (3-1)

Miscellaneous

TRAPPERS—You play a sure losing game when you use old style traps. The makers themselves tell you those traps won't hold caught animals unless the animals can be drowned. "Gibbs" makes the only practical and adaptable traps made, that prevent "Wring-Offs." Double jaws, frame jaws, triple clutch jaws, high grips, giants, won't, any of them, do it, "Gibbs" guarantees that his traps will. "Gibbs" makes two trigger traps, single grip traps in all sizes, live traps, trapping capsules, trap tags, etc. "Gibbs" traps pay you to use them—you pay to use others. Coil Springs break less than leaf springs, too. Send for free catalogue. W. A. Gibbs & Son, Dept. F-1, Chester, Penn.

ENJOY outdoor sports even more. Learn how to catch more fish—How to train your bird dog—How to take proper care of your dogs and other live stock—How to build a kennel—How to build a boat—How to play golf, tennis and water sports—How to identify birds, trees, flowers and other wild life. Master woodcraft, camp craft, fishing and hunting lore. You can do so easily, with real enjoyment, by reading the books listed on page 69 of this issue of Outdoor America. Each is an authority on its subject. For free advice on what books to read write Outdoor America Book Service Department, 549 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill. (3-3)

TOBACCO Habit overcome or no pay. 500,000 used Superba to help stop Cigarettes, Cigars, Chewing, Pipe, Snuff. Treatment sent on trial. Costs $2.00 if successful. Superba Co., 188, Baltimore, Md. (1x30)

SNARES—Famous Kleflock Steel Animal Snares. Choice of expert trappers, work under all conditions, snow or bare ground, No. 0 Light Lynx, Jack Rabbit, Skunk, Woodchuck, Common Rabbit, 3 for 50c, $1.60 doz. No. 1 Light Fox, Lynx, Cat, 45c each, $3.75 doz. No. 2 Heavy Fox, Light Wolf, Lynx, Badger, Beaver, 50c each, $4.00 doz. No. 3 All Wolves, Mountain Lion, Small Bear, 65c each, $5.00 doz. Also swivel snares, snare wire and parts, setting instructions with each order. Kleffman Lock Snare Co., Dept. F, Hibbing, Minn. (2-1)

HUNTING horns, genuine Texas steer blow horns. Hand made by experts, beautifully toned, polished. 12 inch horn $2.00, 14 inch horn $2.50, 16 inch horn $3.00, 18 inch horn $4.00, 20 inch horn $5.00. Horns in the rough, any size, $2.50. Catalogue. Kennel Supply Co., Ramsey, Ill.

FINE steel fire resisting chest or safe. Absolutely necessary for your papers and valuables. Weight fifty pounds. Perfect condition. Will sacrifice at $10.00. E. Villers, Box 67, New Castle, Indiana.

I CATCH from 45 to 60 foxes in from 4 to 5 weeks' time. Can teach any reader of this magazine how to get them. Write for particulars. W. A. Hadley, Stanstead, Que. (6-1)

GIGANTIC mail; send me 25c (coin or stamps) for one pound of mail. Edward Armour, 136T East 28th St., New York. (12-10)

NORTH Wisconsin Agency, Inc. Established 1885. Specialists in writing summer property insurance. Rhinelander, Wis. (3-3)

Music and Musical Instruments

THE Carlisle violin. World's finest tone. Artistic repairing. Carlisle, Hamlet, Ohio. (3-1)

Name Plates

HAND engraved name plates for dog collars, gun cases, etc.; with rivets 50c each. Name Plate Co., Box 662, Elkhart, Ind. (3-2)

Patents

PATENTS. Booklet free. Highest references. Best results. Send drawing or model for search. Watson E. Coleman, Registered Patent Lawyer, 724 Ninth Street, Washington, D. C. (4x26)

Photography—Cameras—Pictures

MAKE money in Photography. Learn quickly at home. Spare or full time. New plan. Nothing like it. Experience unnecessary. American School of Photography, Dept. 1299, 3601 Michigan Avenue, Chicago. (12-11)

Poultry

FREE copyrighted circular showing how anyone can make $100.00 to $500.00 each in spare time with poultry. R. Heike, Pontiac, Ill. (3-1)

Printing, Engraving and Multigraphing

FINEST printing—lowest prices anywhere. Battlefield Press, Gettysburg, Penn. Free battlefield souvenir. (3-3)

Printing Outfits

PRINT your own cards, stationery, circulars, advertising, etc. Junior Press $5.90; job presses, $11, rotary $149. Print for others; big profit. Easy rules furnished. Write for catalog presses, type, paper, etc. Kelsey Company, Q-29, Meriden, Conn. (5-3)

Raw Furs—Tanned

RAW Furs of all kinds tanned. Made into neck pieces, fox or coon, $9.00 each. Same skins you send me returned C. O. D. J. G. Burst, Ridgewood, New Jersey. (3-3)

Real Estate and Lake Shore Property

CANADA Tax Sale. Seized and sold for taxes. $49.50 buys 10 acres close to Lake, $63.00 buys 25 acres Ontario, $103.50 buys 25 acres on Deer River, $144.00 buys 41½ acres Ocean Front, $175.50 buys 117 acres British Columbia, $1665.00 buys 653 acres on River. These properties, with several hundred others, are offered at the prices stated, no mortgage, no further payments. Beautifully situated hunting camps and fishing lodges where there is real hunting and fishing. Summer cottage sites; heavily wooded acreages situated in Muskoka, Highlands of Ontario, and the new North; also farms in old Ontario, Quebec, Prairie Provinces and British Columbia. Our 13th annual list just issued in the form of a twenty page, illustrated booklet describes these properties and gives full particulars. It is mailed free on application. Now is the time to invest in Canada's minerals, forests and farms. Don't delay. These properties won't last long at these prices. Send no money, but send for booklet today so you will have first choice. Tax Sale Service, Room 614, 72 Queen Street W., Toronto, 2, Canada.

HAVE a few choice stocked beaver and muskrat farming locations for sale in a community where fur-farming is the principal occupation. Prices very reasonable, terms easy. H. A. Scotford, Box 97, Clam Lake, Wis. (3-2)

SELL your property for cash, business, residence, or farm, quick service, small commission, information free. National Realty Service Co., 863 E. Michigan Ave., Battle Creek, Michigan. (3-1)

FOR Sale or Lease: Two hunting preserves, 5000 and 7000 acres. Duck, quail, deer, and turkey. Price and terms reasonable. L. Brinkley, Georgetown, S. C. (3-3)

CHOICE Lake Shore Lots on Mantrap Lake, Itasca Park Region, Minnesota, $5.00 down, $5.00 monthly. Guy Chinn, 1534 Searle, Des Moines, Iowa. (3-3)

$5 DOWN, $5 monthly; five acres fruit, poultry, fur farm; river front, Ozarks, $100.00, hunting, fishing, trapping. Harold Hubbard, 1973 North Fifth, Kansas City, Kans. (6-6)

SELL your property quickly for cash, no matter where located. Particulars free. Real Estate Salesman Co., 530 Brownell, Lincoln, Nebr. (3-2)

FOR Sale: Montezuma Well Ranch. Good income property suitable for resort, hunting, fishing, all outdoor sports. Mrs. Mildred Fain, Prescott, Arizona. (3-1)

EXCELLENT quail shooting. 14,000 acres of land. Dogs and guides furnished. For particulars address John DeKay, Box 528, Georgetown, S. C. (3-3)

MUSKRAT farms: Get our free list. DeCoudres Bros., Paw Paw, Mich. (3-1)

Stamp Collecting

KOREA 3 mint 1886 15c; 5 Liberia 10c; 9 Nyassa Triangles 20c; 20 Turkey 10c; 4 Vatican City 10c; 10 Montenegro 15c; 25 Italian Colonies 15c; 3 Roumania Airmail 20c; 1,000 diff. 85c. Album, 85 stamps, hinges, gauge 12c. $1.00 cat. stamp free with every 50c order. Argonaut Stamp Co., Dept. 99, New Canaan, Conn. (2-2)

100 VARIETIES. Foreign stamps 10c to honest collectors. C. Taylor, Cross St., Newport, R. I. (3-2)

15,000 STAMPS low price, approvals 1c up. Dandy packet 2c to approval requests. Harvey Teeple, Decatur, Indiana. (3-3)

PENNY Approvals that satisfy. N. Gronberg, Box 5441, Philadelphia, Pa. (3-3)

150 GOOD mixed foreign stamps, 3c. Elvin Stanton, Niantic, Conn. (3-3)

Taxidermy

MY new catalog of taxidermists' supplies is now ready. Write for your copy NOW. Most beautiful and complete catalog ever published. Brilliant Colored Insert—introducing two New Alluring Colored Art Shields. Dozens of new money-making items. Glass eyes, materials, head forms—everything—and at the lowest prices. You will be highly interested—you will save money—make more money. Write today. Elwood Supply Co., Dept. 15, Omaha, Nebr. (3-2)

NOTICE: Taxidermists, Furriers, fox fur farms, rabbit fur farms. Save money. Write for free catalogue of supplies, tools, best books ever printed on taxidermy, tanning, trapping, fur farming and fur trade. Manufacturers of glass eyes for mounted birds, animals, wooden decoy ducks, human beings, etc. Glass Indian beads (sample card) 25c. Guaranteed wire fur stretchers for all fur animals. F. Schumacher and Sons, 285 Halladay St., Jersey City, N. J. (3-3)

YOU will appreciate our work of art on your first trophy sent to us for mounting. Mounted big game heads and all kinds of fur rugs for sale. We also tan furs and hides. L. E. Drawver (Taxidermist), 306 West Noble St., Okla. City, Oklahoma. (4-1)

FOR your den. Beautiful mounted deer heads. Small buck heads $18.00. Medium $22.00, Large $26.00. All heads have fine shields. Frank Smatlak. Scientific Taxidermist, Rice Lake, Wisconsin.

Taxidermy—Continued

BEAUTIFUL scarfs from your Coyote or Foxskins. Tanning and making $7.00. Strange's Taxidermy, Clarkston, Wash. (3-2)

BIRDS, animals, etc., mounted. Satisfaction guaranteed. Warren V. Hinshaw, Winchester, Indiana. (3-1)

FREE catalog glass eyes—taxidermy books. Write "Get-Acquainted Offer H." Schoepfer, 16 West 36 Street, New York. (3-3)

GAME heads and fur rugs a specialty. Let me preserve your trophies for remembrance. Frank Loomis, Humboldt, Iowa. (3-1)

Wanted

A little of your time in return for generous remuneration. Earn extra money easily and pleasantly and at the same time serve the high ideals to which Outdoor America and the Izaak Walton League of America are dedicated. Write Circulation Department, Outdoor America, 549 West Randolph St., Chicago, Ill., and ask for our special Make-More-Money Proposition. (3-3)

RAW Furs Wanted. We want Northern States Mink, Coon, Muskrat, Weasel, Fox and other furs. We have pleased others, we can please you. Alvin Sapp, Raw Furs, Le Sueur Center, Minn.

WANTED: Hear from owner having good farm for sale. Cash price, particulars. John Black, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin. (3-1)

CASH paid for Butterflies, insects. See Sinclair's advertisement on page 74. (7-7)

Wearing Apparel

REAL Harris Tweed. The Cream of Scotch Homespuns. Direct from the Makers. Best quality only. Suit-lengths available in a large variety of lovely colors. Samples Free on stating shades desired. Newall, 162 Stornoway, Scotland. (12-12)

GENUINE Buffalo used overcoats, in serviceable condition, $15.00; better grades, $18.00 and $37.50. Will send C. O. D. on receipt of $1.00. George B. Gunderson, Erhard, Minn.

too many results!

"Would you please discontinue the ad and keep the change? Have had about sixty answers." *(Name on Request)*

TOO MANY RESPONSES will be your only complaint when you run a classified ad in OUTDOOR AMERICA.

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Such splendid sales results are only natural when you consider that OUTDOOR AMERICA reaches many more sportsmen and outdoor folk than any other magazine in its field at a lower price per thousand circulation.

At 15c a word for one insertion—At 10c a word per insertion for 3 consecutive insertions—THREE consecutive insertions for the price of TWO! Payment in advance.

Write Your Classified Advertisement Here!

OUTDOOR AMERICA,
549 West Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose $.....for the following classified advertisement to run .....times in *OUTDOOR AMERICA*, starting in the..... issue.

Ad must reach us by December 24th to appear in the February issue, in circulation January 10th.

DO IT NOW

Convenient? Man! *they're the smoothest thing yet for fastening winter duds*

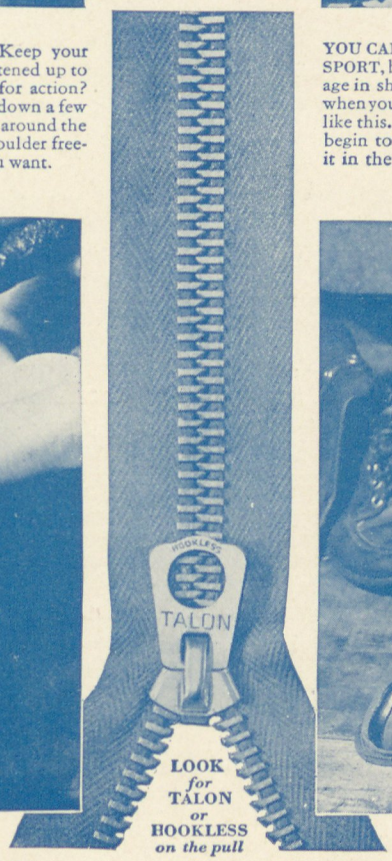
Snug . . . warm . . . dry. That's the only way to enjoy out-of-door winter fun. Lick Old Man Winter at his own freeze-out game with Talon-fastened sportwear. Never before was there such a handy way of fastening. Your fingers can *all* be thumbs, yet it takes only one quick swoosh on the Talon tab to open 'er up or slide 'er shut. And *Talon* slide fasteners won't rust—won't rip off—and can't get out of whack.

The newest of new things, aviation garments, baggage, windbreakers, golf carry-all bags, are equipped with Talon slide fasteners. Insist on Talon-equipped merchandise and look for the name Talon or Hookless when you buy.

WARMING UP? Keep your shirt on, Talon-fastened up to your neck. Ready for action? Slide the fastener down a few notches, and romp around the rink with all the shoulder freedom and action you want.

YOU CAN BE A DEAD GAME SPORT, but there's no percentage in shivering in the blinds when you can warm up in a robe like this. And when the birds begin to stool, you're out of it in the wag of a lamb's tail.

FOR EASY LOADING and a sweet fireside smoke, dip your pipe into this Talon-fastened pouch. Swish it shut without losing a crumb—it keeps your tobacco fresh as a mountain stream and fragrant as morning bacon.



LOOK *for* TALON *or* HOOKLESS *on the pull*

PUT YOUR FOOT IN IT? You'll certainly want to do just that on a frosty morning with this Talon-fastened camp shoe. It hugs your ankle like the bark on a tree, and slides on in a split second, with no tugging.

TALON

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

THE ORIGINAL

SLIDE FASTENER

Made by the HOOKLESS FASTENER CO.
620 Chestnut Street, Meadville, Pa.

TO MANUFACTURERS: Talons can restyle your merchandise, increase your sales and profits. Write for samples and complete details.

SPORTSMEN! Talon Fasteners are the newest, most comfortable idea in sport clothes and accessories in a dog's age. They're being used on everything from game pockets to sleeping-bags. Mail coupon at right for free illustrated 32-page catalog, which shows these many uses, and gives names of manufacturers.

Coupon brings free illustrated catalog

Hookless Fastener Company
620 Chestnut Street, Meadville, Pa.

Please send me your illustrated 32-page Talon catalog.

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

U. S. A. only

It's all they say it is — and more!

FRANKLIN SURETY CO.
Assets over $1,000,000
Guarantees Fulfillment of All Promises in this Ad.

ONLY $2.00

$1,000 REWARD

to anybody who can prove that these testimonials were solicited by us.

Inkograph has proven so satisfactory and has elicited considerable favorable comment am enclosing money order, please send me three more. T. J. Trow, Traveling Claim Agent, Joplin, Mo..

The Inkograph fully justifies all claims you make. I own a Waterman but Inkograph is far preferable. Frank R. Sargent, Oakland, Calif.

You have one of the best writing instruments I ever used regardless of price. I use the lowest grade stationery and there is never a blotch or scratch because of it's round smooth point. It is a wonderful invention. H. L. Orley, Albano, Va.

Oh, boy, I am tickled skinny to have the Inkograph, it's a darling. I can now make carbon copies in taking orders and send originals in ink to factory instead of a penciled sheet. It surely flows over the paper as if it was grease instead of ink. No trouble at all and a thing I could not do before to trace straight lines very fine and clean. No smear, no muss of any kind. It's just great. E. A. Simms, Jersey City, N. J.

My Inkograph is the smoothest writing instrument with which I have ever written. That is saying a lot. I am a teacher by profession. I have a $7.00 pen and another that cost more than the Inkograph, but Inkograph is better than either. It is the greatest improvement in writing instruments since the Babylonians recorded their thoughts on clay tablets with a triangular pointed reed. John R. Atwell, Chadwick, N. C.

My Inkograph is the first and only writing utensil I ever owned that I can use with pleasure. To be without it for any time would upset my business day. It has always worked perfectly. I have never had any difficulty with it. Arthur L. Fox, Centerville, Mich.

I am a bank teller, have used all kinds of fountain pens, but can honestly say for my work I never found a pen so easy and tireless to write. You can pick it up any time in any position and write immediately and all numbers and words will be the same. Try and do it with any other pen. My buddies all agree that it is best for our work. C. R. Morley, Allentown, Pa.

Delighted. It writes bully—you have invented a pen that is perfection. It is so much more rapid than my $9.00 fountain pen. I wish you abundant success. S. L. Carlton, Aurora, Ill.

I am very well pleased with my Inkograph. It is just what I have been looking for. I have had several ink pencils but nothing like the Inkograph; it writes like the point was greased and it makes no difference what kind of paper, it is fine for shipping tags. S.T.Jarrett, Harrisville, W. Va.

The Inkograph, I am thoroughly convinced, is the best writing instrument I have ever used. It is sure, sane and clean and always ready to use. I am very well pleased with it. J. E. Rampton, Pensacola, Fla.

Your Inkograph is everything you state. It is just wonderful. So send me two more. Arthur Olcott, Tucker, La.

That hard smooth ball-like 14 kt. gold point which makes possible writing in ink, over the coarsest paper, as rapidly as with softest lead pencil.

AGENTS

A big value which sells on sight. Writes smoothly and is handier than any fountain pen. Big profits, quick sales, no investment, no competition, quick commissions. Send for Inkograph and with it receive order book, so you can take orders at once, or write for FREE Sales plan booklet.

ANSWERS the purpose of both pen and pencil combined!
Actually improves your handwriting!
Writes freely and easily without a miss, skip or blur!
Never blots, balks, dries up, scratches, leaks or soils hands!
Writes equally well on rough or smooth paper!
Wonderful for making carbon copies with original in ink!
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That's what thousands of satisfied Inkograph users say. Many tell us it is the best writing instrument they have ever used regardless of price. Unlike a fountain pen, anyone can use your Inkograph without fear of spreading or injuring its 14-kt. solid gold point.

Take advantage of our free 10 day trial offer and test the most satisfactory writing instrument you have ever used.

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INKOGRAPH

"PENCIL POINTED PEN"

The Perfect Writing Instrument

PATENTED 1, 27, 1925

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Combines the Best Features
of both pen and pencil, minus the weak points of both, plus improvements not found in either.

A Pen of Refinement
Made of finest quality, highly polished, black fountain pen material, with 14-Kt. solid gold point and feed, safety screw cap, self-filling lever and clip. In workmanship, quality and appearance it is the equal of pens selling for a great deal more.

Cannot Leak
Not the tiniest drop of ink will spill, although one filling is sufficient to write thousands of words.

Patent Automatic Feed
prevents clogging. No complicated mechanism to clean or get out of order.

Makes 3 to 4 Carbon Copies
at one time with original in ink. Bear down as hard as you like, without fear of bending, spreading, injuring or distorting its 14-Kt. solid gold point.
Ideal for Salesmen's Orders, Private Correspondence, Office, Sales and Billing Records or any work requiring exceptionally clear carbon copies.

If Dissatisfied With Your Fountain Pen
—try the Inkograph, it's all we ask. If it does not prove entirely satisfactory, is not handier and superior, and does not write smoother than any fountain pen you ever used, whether it cost $5, $6, $7, or $8, return it to us and we'll refund your money.

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Only when ordering $3.00 style mark X after color desired.

Black ☐
Red ☐
Mottled ☐

Prices Outside U. S. A., $2.00 styles $2.50; $3.00 styles $4.00. Remittance must accompany order.

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If you prefer ladies' size with ring on cap for ladies' sautoir or man's watch chain, **mark X here** ☐

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